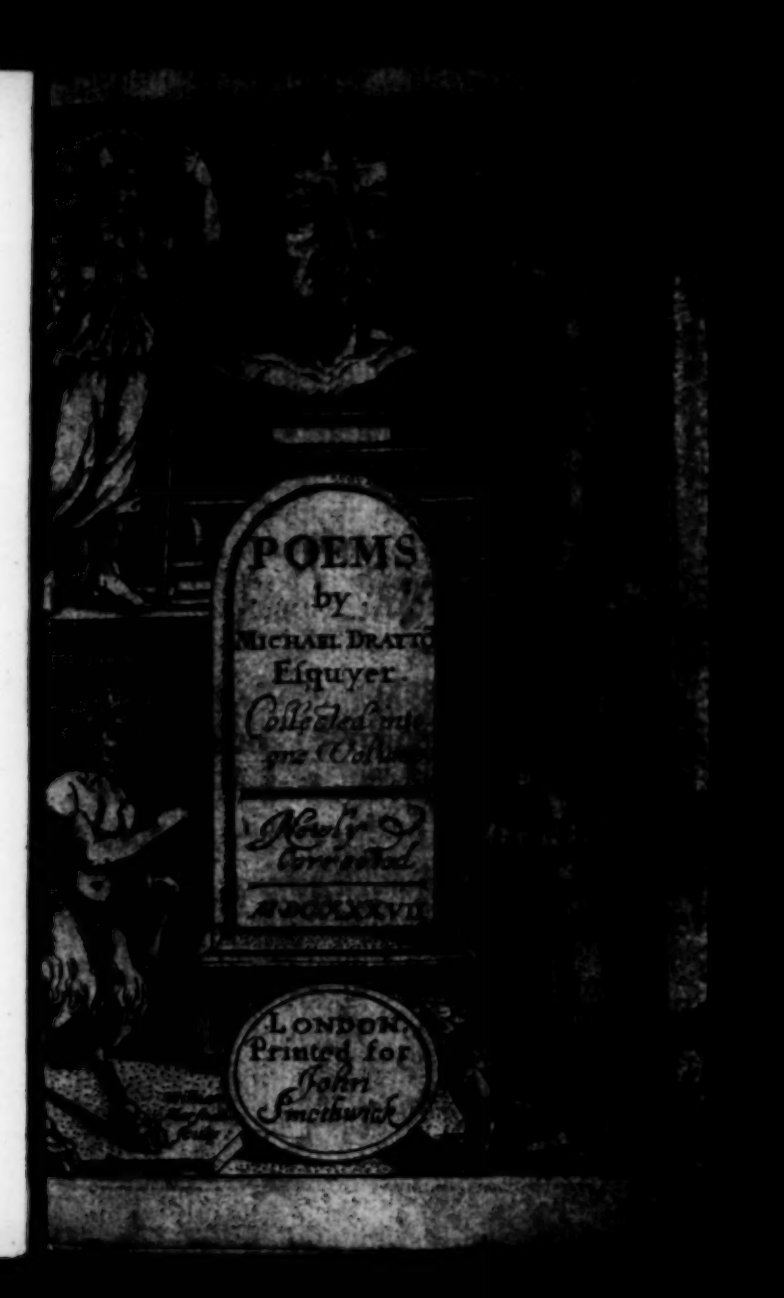

POEMS
by
MICHAEL DRAYTON
Esquyer
LONDON
Printed for
John
Smethwick

POEMS:

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON

ESQUIRE.

Viz.

THe Barons Warres.
Englands Heroicall Epistles.
The Legend of *Robert* Duke of Normandie.
The Legend of *Matilda*.
The Legend of *Pierce Gaveston*.
The Legend of Great *Cromwel*.
Idea.

TO THE NOBLE SIR WALTER ASTON,

Knight of the honourable Order of the BATH; Baronet:

And of his Majesties Privie Chamber.

IR, These my few Poems, the workes of that Maiden Reigne in the Spring of our Acquaintance, as it pleased you then to Patronize, as I singly set them forth, so now collected into this small Volume, I make the best Present that my poore Abilitie is able to tender you. Howsoever they may appeare to these more prodigious Daies, I know not but thus much I will say to mine owne disadvantage, (should they

hap to be unwelcome to these Times) that they were the fruit of that Muse-nursing Season, before this frosty *Boreas* (I meane the worlds coldnesse) had nipt our flowrie *Tempe*, that with his pestilentiall Hogs is like utterly to poyson the *Pierean* Spring, do not *Apollo* mightily protect it: before (I say) Hell had sent up her blacke Furies, that in every corner breathe their venome in the face of cleere Poesie: and, but that as she is Divine, her beauties bee Immortall, they had before this blasted her sweetnesse, and made her as ougly to the world, as they themselves are in the eies of true Judgement and Vertue. Worthy Sir, my wish is, that so long as these Poems can live, they may remaine as a Monument by mee raised to your Honour, whose continuance I wish with as much happinesse to your Family, as can be desired

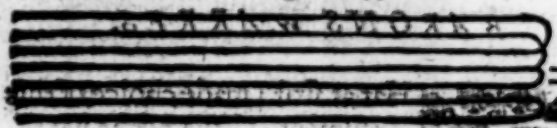
By your Devoted,

M. Drayton.

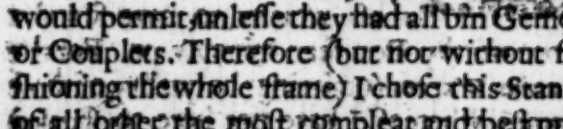
TO THE READER OF THE *BARONS WARRES.*

THat at first I made choice of this Argument, I have not as yet repented me: for if the Muse have not much abused mee, it was most worthy to have found a more worthy Pen than mine owne. For the *Barons Warres* (omitting the quality of those Armes whereof I have not here to speake) were surely, as well for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloudshed, and multitude of horrid accidents, meet matter for Trumpet or Tragedie. Therefore as at first the dignity of the thing was the motive of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater labour was the insufficient and careleſſe printing of many Impreſſions, not only of this Poeme of the Warres, but also of theſe other of mine herewith joyned in this Volume; which hath causeſd mee to undertake them, as you see: yet not so, as if I should seem now to

have excelled my self, and failing in my hopes, be kept without excuse. And whereas I was adviled to write it, and also began it in the Stanza of seven lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this Figure appeareth:



the often Harmonie thereof loathed the Verse more than the majesty of the subject would permit, unlesse they had all bin Gemels or Couplets. Therefore (but not without fashioning the whole frame) I chose this Stanza of all other the most compleat and best proportioned, consisting of eight lines, fixe interwoven, and a Couplet in base.



For the Stanza of seven first named, the Quadrin doth never double, or, to use a word of Heraldry, never bringeth forth Gemels. The Quinzaine too soon. The Sestin hath Twins in the base; but they detaine not the Musicke nor the Cloze (as Musicians terme it) long enough for

for an Epicke Poem. This of eight both holds the tune cleane thorow to the Base of the Columne, (which is the Couplet, the foote or burrome) and closeth not but with a full satisfaction to the eare for so long detention.

Briefly, this sort of Stanza hath in it majesty, perfection, and solidity, resembling the Pillar which in Architecture is called the Tuscan, whose shaft is of six Diameters, and Bases of two. The other reasons this place will not beare; But generally, all Stanza's are in my opinion but Tyrants and Torturers, when they make invention obey their number, which sometime would otherwise scantle it selfe: a fault that great Masters in this Art strive to avoid. Concerning the division which I use in this Poem, I am not ignorant that Antiquitie hath used to distinguish Workes into Bookes, and every one to beare the number of their order: *Homers Iliads* and *Ulyssads* indeed are distinguished by severall letters of the Greek Alphabet, as all the world knowes, and not by the numerall letters only, which to *Iota* are digit, and afterward compound; the *Alpha* being our unite: for the Greeks had no figures nor ciphers in their Arithmetick. *Virgils Æneis*, *Statius Thebaies*, *Silius* worke of the Carthaginian Warre, *Illyricus Argonautickes*,

Vida's

Vida's Chriſteies are all divided into bookes. The Italians uſe *Canto's*; and ſo our firſt late great Reformer, Maſter *Spenſer*. That I aſſume another name for the Section in this volume, cannot be diſgracious nor unavowable.

Laſtly, if I have not already exceeded the length of an Epiſtle, I am to intreat that hee who will (as any man may that will) make himſelfe a party to this of ours, would be pleaſed to remember that Spartan Prince, who being found by certaine Embaſſadours playing among his children, requeſted them to forbeare to cenſure, till alſo they had ſome of their owne. To ſuch I give as ample power and priviledge, as ever *Jus liberorum* could in Rome, craving backe againe at their hands by a re-grant the like of that which I impart. For great reaſon there is, that they ſhould undergoe the licence which themſelves challenge, and ſuffer that in their fames, which they would wrongly put upon others, according to the moſt indifferent law of the *Talio*. Fare you well.

TO

To Master *Michael Drayton.*

WHat Ornaments might I deviſe to fit
Th' aſpiring height of thy admired Spirit?
Or what faire Garland worthy is to ſit
On thy bleſt browes that compaſſe in all merit?
Thou ſhalt not crowned be with common Bayes,
Becauſe for thee it is a Crowne too low;
Apollo's Tree can yeeld thee ſimple praiſe,
It is too dull a Veſture for thy brow:
But with a Wreathe of Starres ſhalt thou be crown'd,
VVhich when thy working temples doe ſuſtaine,
VVill like the Spheares be ever moving round,
After the royall Muſicke of thy braine:
Thy skill doth equall *Phœbus*, not thy birth;
He to Heaven gives Muſicke, thou to Earth.

THOMAS GREENE.

To Master Michael Drayton.

Those painfull Wits which Natures depth admire,
And view the causes of unconstant strife,
Doe tremble, lest the Universe expire
Through lasting Jarres, the enemies of life.
On earthly signes let not such Sages looke,
Nor on the cleere aspect of hope all Starres;
But learne the Worlds continuance from thy Booke,
Which frames, past Natures force, eternall Warres;
Wherein the Muses shewing perfect glorie,
Adorne it with so gracefull Harmonie,
That all the acts of this lamented Storie
Seem not perform'd for Peoples libertie,
Nor through the awe of an imperious King:
But that thy Verses their deep wounds might sing.

John Beaumont.

To his friend the Authour.

HAd I not lov'd Thee and thy Poeſie,
(Dear friend) my Theam ſhould of thy praiſes be:
But in weake Braines it doth ſuſpition move,
When, who is ſeen to praiſe, is knowne to love.
For though that firſt and Virgin birth of thine
Be ſo Articulate, ſo Maſculine,
So truly lim'd, ſo finewie, ſo compact,
So ſweetly faire, ſo every way exact,
As may indure the moſt judicious touch,
And give thy Friends juſt reaſon to avouch
It, ſpight of Envies teeth, a living birth:
Though ſecond, third, fourth, fifth, of equall worth,
Though all be good; yet ſince affection
In judgement may, as ſhadow and projection
In Lantskip, make that which is low ſeem high,
That's ſhallow deep, ſmall great, and farre that's nigh,
So as it well may juſt ſuſpition move,
When, who is ſeen to praiſe, is knowne to love.
Yet thus my cenſure, this my doome ſhall be,
I'le alwaies love Thee, and thy Poeſie.

E. HEYWARD.

To his worthy friend MICHAEL DRAYTON.

I Must admire thee (but to praise were vaine,
What every tasting pallat (so approves)
Thy Martiall Pyrrhicke, *and thy* Epicke *straine,*
Digesting Warres *with heart-uniting* Loves,
The two first Authors of what is compos'd
In this round Syslewe All; *its ancient love,*
All Arts in Discords *and* Concents *are clos'd.*
(And when unwinged soules the Fates restore
To th' earth for reparation of their flights,
The first Musicians, Scholars, Lovers *make;*
The next ranke destinate to Mars *his Knights:*
The following rabble meaner titles take.)
I see thy temples crown'd with Phœbus *rites,*
Thy Bay's *to th' eye with* Lilly *mixt and* Rose,
As to the eare a Diapason *close.*

J. SELDEN.

THE

THE BARONS WARRES,

In the Reigne of EDWARD the SECOND.

The first CANTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The grievous Plagues, and the prodigious Signes,
That this great Warre and Slaughter doe fore-show,
The cause which the proud Baronage combines,
The Queens much wrong, whence many mischiefs grow,
And how the Time to this great Change inclines,
As with what Armes each Countrimen doe goe,
What cause to yeeld the Mortimers pretend,
And their Committment doth this Canto end.

1.

THe bloudy Factions and rebellious Pride
Of a strong Nation, whose ill-manag'd might
The Prince and Peers did many a day divide;
With whom wrong was no wrong, nor right no right,
Whose strife their Swords knew only to decide,
Spur'd to their high speed by their equall spight,
Me from soft Layes and tender Loves doth bring,
Of a far worse than civill Warre to sing.

What

2.

What hellish Fury poys'ned their hot bloud?
Or can we thinke 'twas in the power of charmes,
With those so poore hopes of the publike good,
To have intic'd them to tumultuous Armes;
And from that safety, wherein late they stood,
Reft them so farre from feeling of their harmes,
That France and Belgia with affrighted eies
Stood both amazed at their Miseries?

3.

Th' inveterate malice in their bosomes bred,
Who for their Charter wag'd a former Warre,
Their angry Sires in them that venome fed,
As their true heires of many a wide mouth'd skarre:
Or was't the bloud they had in conquest shed,
Having inlarg'd their Countries bounds so farre,
That did themselves against themselves oppose,
With blades of Bilbo changing English blowes?

4.

O Thou, the wise Director of my Muse,
Upon whose bounty all my powres depend,
Into my breast thy sacred'st Fire infuse;
Ravish my Spirit this great Worke to attend:
Let the still Night my lab'red Lines peruse,
That when my Poems gaine their wished end,
Such, whose sad eies shall reade this Tragicke Story,
In my weak hand may see thy Might and Glory.

What

5.

What Cate would plot, Dissention strove to crosse,
Which like an Earth-quake rent the tottering State,
In warre abroad they suffered publike losse,
And were at home despoil'd by private hate:
Whil'st them those strange calamities did tosse,
(For there was none that nourisht not Debate)
Confusion did the common Peace confound,
No help at hand, yet mortall was their wound.

6.

Thou Church, then swelling in thy mightinesse,
VVhich in thy hand so ample Power didst hold
To stay those Factions, ere their full excesse,
VVhich at thy pleasure thou might'st have control'd,
VVhy didst not thou those Outrages suppresse,
VVhich to all Times thy praise might have enrold?
Thou shouldst to them have laid thy holy Word,
And not thy hand to the unholied Sword.

7.

Bloud-thirsty VVarre arising first from Hell,
And seizing on this chiefe part of the Ile,
VVhere it before neere forty yeeres did dwell,
And with abhorr'd Pollution did defile,
In which so many a famous Souldier fell;
By *Edward Long-shankes* banished a while,
Transfer'd to VVales, and to Albania, there
To ruine them, as it had ravin'd here.

VVhere

8.

Where hovering long with inauspicious wings
About the Verge of these distempred climes,
By comming backe new mischiefe hither brings,
To worke them up to those disasterous crimes;
VVeakneth their power by her diminishings:
And taking fast hold on those wicked times,
So farre inforc'd their fury, that at length (strength.
It cracke the nerves which knit their antient

9.

VVhose frightfull vision, at the first approach,
VVith violent madnesse strook that desperate age;
And did not only those rebellions broach
Amongst the Commons, but the divelish rage
Did on the best Nobility incroach,
And in their damn'd conspiracies ingage
The Royall Bloud, them likewise drawing to bring
By unnaturall Treasons to their naturall King.

10.

VVhen in the North (whilst horror yet was young)
Those dangerous seasons fruitfully comming on,
VVhilst o'er their heads portentuous Meteors hung,
And in the skies fierce Comets brightly shone,
Prodigious births were intermix'd among,
Such as before to times had been unknowne:
In bloudy issues forth the earth doth breake,
Weeping for them whose woes it could not speake.

And

11.

And by the rankenesse of contagious aire
A mortall Plague invadeth man and beast,
VVhich farre dispers'd, and raging every where,
In doubt the same too quickly should have ceast,
T' assiure them of the slaughter being neere,
Yet was by famine cruelly increast;
As though the Heavens in their remisfull doome
Took those they lov'd from worser daies to come.

12.

The level course that we intend to goe,
Now (to the end) that ye may cleerly see,
And that we every circumstance may show,
The state of things, and truly what they be,
And our Materialls how we doe bestow,
VVith each occurrent right in his degree;
From these Portents we now divert our view,
To bring to passe the horrours that insue.

13.

The calling backe of banish'd *Gaveston*,
'Gainst which the Barons had to *Long-shanks* sworne,
The Seigniories and high Provision,
Him in his lawlesse courses to saborne,
Th' abetting of that wanton Minion,
VVho held the old Nobility in scorne;
Stir'd up that hatefull and outragious strife,
VVhich cost so many an English man his life.

O much

14.

O much lov'd *Lacy*, hadst thou spar'd that breath,
VVhich shortly after Nature thee deni'd,
To Lancaster delivered at thy death,
To whom thy only daughter was affi'd,
Taking for pledge his Knightly oath and faith,
Stiffely to sticke upon the Barons side;
Thy Manors, Rents, and Titles of renowne
Had not so soon been forfeit to the Crowne.

15.

Those Lordships *Bruse* to those two *Spensers* past,
Crossing the Barons vehement desire;
As from *Joves* arme that fearfull Lightning cast,
That fifty Townes lay spent in hostile fire:
Alas, too vaine and prodigall a waste,
The strong effect of their conceived ire,
Urging the weake King by a violent hand
T'abjure those false Lords from the troubled land.

16.

VVhen as the faire Queen progressing in Kent,
VVas there deni'd her entrance into Leeds
By *Badlesmer*, a Baron eminent
Against the King, that in this course proceeds,
VVhich further addeth to their discontent
A speciall Spring, which this great Mischiefe feeds:
Wrong upon wrong, by heaping more and more,
To thrust on that which went too fast before.

Which

17.

Which more and more King *Edward* hate increast,
VVhose mind ran still on *Gaueston* degraded,
The thoughts of which so settled in his breast,
That it had all his faculties invaded,
VVhich for the *Spensers* hap'ned out the best,
By whom thereto he chiefly was perswaded;
And by whose counsels he ere long was led
To leave his bright Queen, and to hate her bed.

18.

That shee her selfe, who whilst shee stood in grace,
Imploi'd her powers these Discords to appease,
VVhen yet Confusion had not fully place,
In Times not growne so dangerous as these,
A Party made in their afflicted case,
Her willing hand to his Destruction laies;
That Time, whose soft Palm heals the wound of war,
May cure the sore, but never close the skar.

19.

In all that Heat, then gloriously began
The serious subject of my solid vaine,
Brave *Mortimer*, that some what more than man,
Of the old Heroes great and God-like straine,
For whom, Inuention doing all it can,
His weight of Honour hardly shall sustaine,
To beare his Name immortaliz'd, and hie,
When he in Earth an-numbred yeeres shall lie.

Whose

20.

Whose Uncle then (whose name his Nephew bare)
The only comfort of the wofull Queen,
VVho from his cradle held him as his care,
In whom so many early hopes were seen,
For this young Lord most wisely doth prepare,
VVhilst yet her deep heart-goring wound was green,
And on this faire advantage firmly wrought,
To place him highly in her Princely thought.

21.

This was the man, at whose unusuall birth
The Starres were said to councell to retire,
And in aspects of happinesse and mirth
Mark'd him a spirit to greatnesse to aspire,
That had no mixture of the drossie earth,
But all compact of perfect heavenly fire;
So well made up, that such a one as he,
Jove in a man like *Mortimer* would be.

22.

The quick'ning vertue of which nobler part,
VVith so rare pureneſſe rectifi'd his bloud,
And to so a high a temper wrought his heart,
That it could not be lock'd within a floud,
That no misfortune possibly could thwart;
VVhich from the native greatnesse where it stood,
Shew'd at the first the pitch it was to flie,
Could not with lesse be bounded than the skie.

Worthy

23.

VVorthy the grand-child of ſo great a Lord,
VVho, whilſt our *Long-ſhankes* fortunately raign'd,
Re-edifi'd King *Arthurs* ancient boord,
VVhich he at goodly Kenelworth ordain'd,
And to that former glory it reſtor'd,
To which a hundred gallant Knights retain'd,
With all the pomp that might become a Court,
Or might give Honour to that Martiall ſport.

24.

The heare-ſwolne Lords with fury throughly fir'd,
Whom *Edwards* wrongs to vengeance ſtill provoke,
VVith Lancaſter and Hertford had conſpir'd,
No more to beare the *Spencers* ſervile yoke:
The time is come that they a change deſir'd,
That they (the bonds of their Allegiance broke)
Reſolv'd with bloud their liberty to buy,
And in the quarrell vow'd to live and die.

25.

VVhat priviledge hath our free-birth, they ſay?
Or in our bloud what vertue doth remaine?
To each laſcivious Minion made a prey,
That us and our nobility diſdaine,
VVhilſt they in triumph boaſt of our decay;
Either thoſe ſpirits we never did retaine,
That were our fathers, or by fate we fall
Both from their greatneſſe, liberty, and all.

26.

Our honour lifted from that Soveraigne ſtate,
From whence at firſt it challenged the being,
And proſtitute to infamy and hate,
As with it ſelfe in all things diſagreeing;
Quite out of order, diſ-proportionate,
From the right way prepoſterouſly flying:
VVhilſt others are themſelves, and only we
Are not held thoſe we would but ſeem to be.

27.

Then to what end hath our great conqueſt ſerv'd,
Thoſe acts atchieved by the Norman ſword,
Our Charters, Patents, and our Deeds reſerv'd,
Our Offices and Titles to record,
The creſts that on our Monuments are carv'd,
If they to us no greater good afford?
Thus do they murmure every one apart,
With many a vex'd ſoule, many a grieved heart.

28.

This while the Queen into deep ſorrow throwne,
VVherein ſhee waſtes her goodly youth away,
Beyond beliefe, to all but Heaven unknowne;
This Sparke till now that cloſely covered lay,
By the ſharp breath of deſp'rate Faction blowne,
Converts her long night to a wiſhed day,
Her wofull winter of misfortune chearing,
As the darke world at the bright Sunnes appearing.

Though

29.

Though much perplex'd amidst these hard extremes,
Whilst helps fall short, that should her hopes preferre,
Nor clearly yet could she discerne those beames,
To her desires that else might lighten her,
Her thoughts oft changing, like deceitfull dreames,
In her sad breast such violent passions stirre,
That (striving which each other should controule)
Worke strange confusion in her troubled soule.

30.

To be debarr'd of that Imperiall state,
VVhich to her graces rightly did belong,
Basely rejected, and repudiate,
A vertuous Lady, goodly, faire, and young;
These with such fervour still doe intimate
Her too much settled and inveterate wrong,
That to the least all pardon shee denies,
VVith arguments of her indignities.

31.

VVhilst to dispatch the angry Heavens pursue,
VVhat there un-judg'd had many a day depended,
VVhen all these mischiefes to full ripenesse grew,
And in their harvest hasting to be ended:
For all these Lines into one centre drew,
VVhich way soe're they seem'd to be extended,
And all together in proportion laid,
Although but small, adde somewhat to her aid.

32.

Now comes the time, when *Mortimer* doth enter,
Of great imployment in this Tragicke act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venter,
Promping him ſtill, how ſtrongly he was backt,
Who at this time, even as from Heaven was ſent her,
When the ſtraight courſe to her deſire was tract;
And ſhe upon more certainty doth ſtay,
In a direct, although a dangerous way.

33.

This dreadfull Comet drew her wond'ring eie,
VVhich ſoon began his golden head to reare,
VVhoſe glorious fixure in ſo cleare a skie,
Strooke the beholder with a horrid feare;
And in a Region elevate ſo high,
And by the forme wherein it did appeare,
As the moſt skilfull wiſely did divine,
Fore-ſhew'd the Kingdome ſhortly to decline.

34.

Yet ſtill recoiling at the *Spenſers* power,
So often checkt with their intemp'rate pride,
Th' inconſtant Barons wavering every houre,
The fierce encounter of this boiſtrous tide,
That eas'ly might her livelihood devoure,
Had ſhe not thoſe that skilfully could guide:
She from ſuſpition cunningly retires,
Careleſſe in ſhew of what ſhe moſt deſires.

Diſſembling

35.

Diſſembling ſo, as one that knevv not ill,
So can ſhe rule the greatneſſe of her mind,
As a moſt perfect Rect'reſſe of her will,
Above the uſuall weakneſſe of her kind:
For all theſe ſtormes, immoveable and ſtill,
Her ſecret drift the wiſeſt miſſe to find;
Nor will ſhe knovv yet what theſe factions meant,
But with a pleas'd eye ſootha ſad diſcontent.

36.

The leaſt ſuſpition craftily to heale,
Still in her lookes humility ſhe beares,
The ſafeſt way with mightineſſe to deale,
So Policie Religions habit weares:
'Twas then no time her grievance to reveale,
"Hee's mad, which takes a Lion by the eares.
This knew the Queen, and this well knovv the wiſe,
This muſt they learne that rightly temporize.

37.

The Biſhop *Torleton*, learned'ſt of the land,
Upon a Text of Politiques to preach,
Which he long ſtudying well did underſtand,
And by a method could as aptly teach:
He was a Prelate of a potent hand,
Wiſe was the man that went beyond his reach:
This ſubtle Tutour *Iſabel* had taught
Points, into which King *Edward* never ſought.

38.

VVhen Warre no longer can it ſelfe containe,
But breaketh forth into a generall flame,
And to be ſeen more viſibly and plaine,
Boldly it ſelfe dares publikely proclaime;
And as a poore thing proudly doth diſdaine
To give it ſelfe out by another name,
Or take upon it any ſtrange diſguiſe,
But now with legions furiouſly doth riſe.

39.

As Severne lately in her ebbes that ſanke,
Vaſt and forſaken, leaves th' uncovered ſands,
Fetching full tides, luxurious, high, and ranke,
Seems in her pride t' invade the neighb'ring lands,
Breaking her limits, covering all her bankes,
Threatneth the proud hills with her wat'rie hands;
As though ſhe meant her Empirie to have,
Where even but lately ſhee beheld her grave.

40.

From every place, when Souldiers far and neere
Flocke to the field, as Fortune lots their ſide,
VVith th' ancient weapons they had us'd to beare;
Some as they were directed by their guide,
Others againe as they affected were,
But the moſt part as by their duty tied:
As each one finds the motion of his blood,
Let thoſe that lead them make the quarrell good.

From

41.

From Norfolke, and the countries of the Eaſt,
That with the pike moſt skilfully could fight;
Then thoſe of Kent, unconquer'd of the reſt,
That to this day maintaine their ancient right,
For courage no whit ſecond to the beſt,
The Corniſh men moſt active, bold, and light;
Thoſe neere the Plaine, the Pole-axe beſt that wield,
And claime for theirs the Vanward of the field.

42.

The noble Welſh of th'antient Britiſh race,
From Lancaſhire men famous for their bowes;
The men of Cheſ-ſhire chiefeſt for their place,
Of bone ſo bigge, as onely made for blowes,
VVhich for their faith are had in ſpeciall grace,
And have been ever fearfull to their foes:
The Northerne then in feuds ſo deadly fell,
That for their ſpeare and horſemanſhip excell.

43.

All that for uſe experience could eſpie,
Such as in fens and Marſh-lands uſe to trade,
The doubtfull foards and paſſages to trie
VVith ſtilts and lope-ſtaves that doe aptlieſt wade,
Moſt fit for Scouts and Curriers to deſcrie;
Thoſe from the mynes with pick-axe and with ſpade
For Pioners beſt, that for intrenching are
Men chiefly needfull in the uſe of warre.

44.

O noble Nation, furnished with armes,
So full of spirit, as almost match'd by none!
Had Heaven but blest thee to fore-see thy harmes,
And as thy valiant Nephewes did, have gone
Paris, Roan, Orleance, shaking with alarmes,
As the bright Sunne thy glory then had shone:
To other Realms thou hadst transfer'd this chance,
Nor had your sons been first that conquer'd France.

45.

And thus on all hands setting up their rest,
And all make forward for this mighty day,
Where every one prepares to doe his best,
When at the stake their lives and fortunes lay,
No crosse event their purposes to wrest,
Being now on in so direct a way;
Yet whilst they play this strange & doubtfull game,
The Queen stands off, and secretly gives aime.

46.

But *Mortimer* his foot had scarcely set
Into the road where Fortune had to deale,
But she dispos'd his forward course to let,
Her lewd condition quickly doth reveale,
Glory to her vaine Deitie to get
By him, whose strange birth bare her ominous seale:
Taking occasion from that very houre,
In him to proove and manifest her power.

47.

As when we ſee the early riſing Sunne,
With his bright beames to emulate our ſight;
But when his courſe yet newly is begun,
The hum'rous fogges deprive us of his light,
Till through the clouds he his cleare fore-head run,
Climbing the noonſ-tide in his glorious height:
His cleere beginning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his mid-day great and glorious.

48.

The King (diſcreetly) that conſidered,
The ſpace of earth whereon the Barons ſtand,
As what the powers to them contributed,
Then being himſelfe but partner of his Land;
Of the ſmall ſtrength and army that he led
'Gainſt them which did ſo great a power command,
Wiſely about him doth begin to looke:
Great was the taske which now he undertooke.

49.

And warn'd by danger to miſ-doubt the worſt,
In equall ſcales whilſt tithers fortunes hung,
He muſt performe the utmoſt that he durſt,
Or undergoe intolerable wrong:
As good to ſtirre, as after be enforc'd;
To ſtop the ſourſe whence all theſe miſchiefes ſprung,
He with the Marchers thinkes beſt to begin,
Which firſt muſt loſe, ere he could hope to win.

50.

The *Mortimers* being men of greatest might,
VVhose name was dreadfull, and commanded far,
Sturdy to manage, of a haughty spright,
Strongly alli'd, much followed, popular,
On whom if he but happely could light,
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the warr:
VVhich he intendeth speedily to trie,
To quit that first which most stood in his eie.

51.

For which he expeditiously provided
That part of land into his power to get,
Which, if made good, might keep his foes divided,
Their combination cunningly to let,
Which should they joyne, would be so strongly sided,
Two mighty hosts, together safely met,
The face of warre would looke so sterne and great,
As it might threat to heave him from his seat.

52.

VVherefore the King from London setteth forth
VVith a full Army, furnish'd of the best,
Accompani'd with men of speciall worth,
VVhich to this warre his promises had prest.
Great Lancaster was Lord of all the North,
The *Mortimers* were Masters of the West,
He towards mid-England makes the way 'twixt either,
Which they must cross ere they could come together.

Strongly

53.

Strongly inveagled with delightfull hope,
Stoutly t' affront and shoulder with debate,
Knowing to meet with a resolved troupe,
That came prepar'd with courage and with hate,
Whose stubborne crests if he inforc'd to stoupe,
It him behoves to tempe some powerfull fate,
And through stern guards of swords and hostile fire
Make way to peace, or shamefully retire.

54.

When now the Marchers well upon their way,
(Expecting those that them supplies should bring,
VVhich had too long abus'd them by delay)
VVere suddenly encountred by the King;
They then perceive that dilatory stay
To be the cause of their ruining,
When at their bosomes blacke destruction stood,
With open jawes prepared for their blood.

55.

And by the shifting of th' unconstant wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,
VVhich even at first so awkwardly they find,
Before they could give sea-roome to their Fleet,
Cleane from their course, and cast so far behind,
And yet in perill every houre to split,
Some unknowne harbour suddenly must sound,
Or run their fortunes desp'rately on ground.

The

56.

The elder Peere, grave, politicke, and wise,
VVhich had all dangers absolutely scan'd,
Finding high time his Nephew to advise,
Since now their state stood on this desp'rate hand,
And from this mischiefe many more to rise,
VVhich his experience made him understand:
Nephew (saith he) 'tis but in vaine to strive,
Counsell must help our safety to contrive.

57.

The downe-right perill present in our eye,
Not to be shun'd, we see what it assures;
Thinke then what weight upon our fall doth lye,
And what our being this designe procures:
As to our friends what good may grow thereby,
Prove, which the test of reason best endures:
"For who observes strict Policies true lawes,
"Shifts his proceeding to the varying cause.

58.

To hazzard fight with the Imperiall powers,
Will our small troupes undoubtedly appall;
Then this our warre us wilfully devoures,
Yeelding our selves, yet thus we lose not all,
We leave our friends this smaller force of ours,
Reserv'd for them, though haplesly we fall:
"That weakenesse ever hath a glorious hand,
"That falls it selfe to make the cause to stand.

Twixt

59.

'Twixt unexpected and so dangerous ills,
That 's safe, wherein we smallest perill see,
VVhich to make choice of reason justly wills,
And it doth best with Policie agree:
The idle vulgar breath is nothing skills,
'Tis sound discretion must our Pilot be;
"He that doth still the fairest meanes preferre,
"Answers opinion howsoe're he erre.

60.

And to the worlds eye seeming yet so strong,
By our descending willingly from hence,
'Twill shew we were provoked by our wrong,
Not having other sinister pretence:
This force left off that doth to us belong,
VVill in opinion lessen our offence:
"Men are not ever incident to losse,
"When Fortune seems them frowardly to crosse.

61.

Nor give we envie absolute excesse,
To search so farre our subtleties to find,
There 's neerer meanes this mischief to redresse,
And make successefull what is yet behind;
Let 's not our selves of all hope dispossesse,
Fortune is ever variously inclin'd:
"A small advantage in th' affaires of Kings,
"Guides a slight meane to compasse mighty things.

This

62.

This speech so caught his Nephewes pliant youth,
(Who his graue Sire did ever much respect)
Proceeding from integritie and truth:
VVell could hee counsell, well could hee direct
VVith strong perswasions, which he still pursu'eth,
VVhich in a short time shew'd by the effect,
"A wise mans counsell by a secret fate,
"Seeming from reason, yet proves fortunate.

63.

To which the King they gravely doe invite,
By the most strict and ceremonious way;
No circumstance omitted, nor no rite
That might give colour to their new essay,
Or that applause might publikely excite,
To which the King doth willingly obey:
Who like themselves, in seeing danger neare,
Rather accept a doubt than certaine feare.

63.

Which he receives in presage of his good,
To his successe auspiciously appli'd,
Which somewhat cool'd his much distemp'red bloud,
Ere he their force in doubtfull armes had tri'd;
And whilst they thus in his Protection stood,
At his disposing wholly to abide,
He first in safety doth dismisse their power,
Then sends them both his pris'ners to the Tower.

Q all

65.

O all preparing Providence Divine!
In thy large booke what ſecrets are enrol'd?
What ſundry helps doth thy great power aſſigne,
To prop the courſe which thou intend'ſt to hold?
What mortall ſenſe is able to define
Thy myſteries, thy counſels manifold?
It is thy wiſedome ſtrangely that extends
Obſcure proceedings to apparent ends.

66.

This was the meanes by which the fates diſpoſe
More dreadfull plagues upon that age to bring,
Utter confuſion on the heads of thoſe
That were before the Barons ruining;
With the ſubverſion of the publiques foes,
The murther of the miſerable King:
And that which 'came Caſtrophe to all,
Great *Mortimers* inevitable fall.

67.

This to theſe troubles lends a little breath,
As the firſt pawſe to hearten this affaire,
And for a while deferres oft-threatning death,
Whilſt each their breach by leiſure would repaire,
And as a bound their fury limiteth;
But in this manner whilſt things ſtrangely fare,
Horrour beyond all wonted bounds doth ſwell,
As the next Canto fearfully ſhall tell.

The end of the firſt Canto. THB.

THE BARONS WARRES.

The second CANTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

At Burton bridge the puissant powers are met,
The forme and order of the doubtfull fight,
Whereas the King the victory doth get,
And the proud Barons are inforc'd to flight;
When they againe towards Borough forward set,
Where they by him were vanquished out-right:
Lastly, the Lawes doe execute their power
On those which there the sword did not devoure.

I.

THis chance of warre, that suddenly had swept
So large a share from their selecte store,
Which for their help they carefully had kept,
That to their aide might still have added more;
By this ill-lucke into their Armie crept,
Made them much weaker than they were before:
So that the Barons re-inforc'd their bands,
Finding their hearts to stand in need of hands.

For

2.

For deadly hate so long and deeply rooted,
Could not abide to heare the name of peace,
So that discretion but a little booted
Gainst that, thereby which only did increase:
For the least griefe by malice was promoted,
Anger set on, beginning to surcease;
So that all counsell much their eares offended,
But what to spoile and sad invasion tended.

3.

All up in action for the publike cause,
Scarcely the meanest, but he a party stood;
Tax'd by the letter of the censuring Lawes
In his estate, if failing in his bloud;
And who was free'st, intangled by some clause,
Which to their fury gives continuall food:
"For where confusion once hath gotten hold,
"Till all fall flat, it hardly is control'd.

4.

And now by night, when as pale leaden sleep
Upon their eye-lids heavily did dwell,
And step by step on every sense did creep,
Mischiefe, that blacke inhabitant of Hell,
Which never failes continuall watch to keep,
Fearfull to thinke, a horrid thing to tell,
Entred the place whereas those warlike Lords
Lay mail'd in armour, girt with fatall swords.

She

5.

Shee with a sharp sight and a meager looke,
VVas alwaies prying where shee might doe ill,
In which the Fiend continuall pleasure tooke,
(Her starved body plenty could not fill)
Searching in every corner, every nooke
VVith winged feet, too swift to worke her will,
Furnish'd with deadly instruments shee went
Of every sort, to wound where so she ment.

6.

Having a viall fill'd with banefull wrath,
(Brought from Cocytus by that cursed Spright)
VVhich in her pale hand purposely shee hath,
And drops the poyson upon every wight:
For to each one she knew the ready path,
Though in the midst and dead time of the night:
Whose strength too soon invadeth every Peere,
Not one escap'd her that she commeth neere.

7.

That the next morning breaking in the East,
VVith a much-troubled and affrighted mind,
Each whom this venome lately did infest,
The strong effect in their swolne stomackes find;
Now doth the poyson boile in every breast,
To sad destruction every one 's inclin'd,
Rumours of spoile through every cave doth flie,
And threatning fury sits in every eie.

8.

This done, in haſte ſhe to King *Edward* hies,
VVho late growne proud upon his good ſucceſſe,
His time to feaſts and wantonneſſe applies,
And with crown'd cups his ſorrowes doth ſuppreſſe,
Upon his fortune wholly that relies;
And in the boſome of his Courtly preſſe,
Vaunteth the hap of this victorious day,
VVhilſt the ſicke land in ſorrow pines away.

9.

Thither ſhe comes, and in a Minions ſhape
She getteth neere the perſon of the King,
And as he taſtes the liquor of the grape,
Into the cup her poyſon ſhe doth wring:
Not the leaſt drop untainted doth eſcape,
For to that purpoſe ſhe her ſtore did bring:
Whoſe ſtrong commixture (as the ſequell tri'd)
Fill'd his hot veines with arrogance and pride.

10.

That having both ſuch courage and ſuch might,
As to ſo great a buſ'neſſe did belong,
Neither yet thinke by their unnaturall fight,
VVhat the Republike ſuffred them among:
For miſtie errour ſo deludes their ſight,
(Which ſtill betwixt them and cleere reaſon hung)
And their opinions in ſuch ſort abus'd,
As that their fault can never be excus'd.

Now

11.

Now our *Minerva* puts on dreadfull armes,
Further to wade into this bloudy warre,
And from her slumber wak'ned with alarmes,
Riseth to sing of many a Massacre,
Of gloomy Magicks and benumming Charmes,
Of many a deep wound, many a fearfull skarre:
For that low socke wherein she us'd to tread,
Marching in greaves, a Helmet on her head.

12.

Whilst thus vaine hope doth these false Lords de-
Who having drawne their forces to a head, slude
They their full purpose seriously pursu'd,
By Lancaster and valiant Hertford led,
Their long proceeding lastly to conclude;
Whilst now to meet both armies hotly sped,
The Barons taking Burton in their way,
Till they could heare where *Edwards* army lay.

13.

To which report too suddenly bewrai'd
Their manner of encamping, and the place,
Their present strength, and their expected aid,
As what might most availe them in this case.
The speedy march th' Imperiall power had made,
Had brought them soon within a little space:
For still the King conducted had his force,
Which way he heard the Barons bent their course.

Upon

14.

Upon the Eaſt, from buſhie Needwoods ſide,
There riſeth an up eaſie-climbing Hill,
At whoſe faire foot the ſilver Trent doth ſlide,
And the ſlow aire with her ſoft murmuring fill,
Which with the ſtore of liberall brookes ſuppli'd,
Th' inſatiate meads continually doth ſwill,
Over whoſe ſtreame a bridge of wond'rous ſtrength
Leads on from Burton, to that Hill in length.

15.

Upon the Mount the King his Tentage fixt,
And in the Towne the Barons lay in ſight,
When as the Trent was riſen ſo betwixt,
That for a while prolong'd th' unnaturall fight,
With many waters that it ſelfe had mixt,
To ſtay their fury doing all it might:
"Things which preſage both good & ill there be,
"Which Heaven fore-ſhewes, but will not let us ſee.

16.

The Heaven(ev'n)mourning o'er our heads doth ſit,
Grieving to ſee the times ſo out of courſe,
Looking on them, who never looke at it,
And in meere pitie melteth with remorſe;
Longer from teares that could not ſtay a whit,
Whoſe influence on every lower courſe,
From the ſwolne fluxure of the clouds, doth ſhake
A ranke Impoſtume upon every lake.

O war-

17.

O warlike Nation, bold thy conqu'ring hand,
Even senslesse things doe waine thee yet to pawse;
Thy mother soile on whom thou arm'd do'st stand,
Which should restraine thee by all naturall lawes,
Canst thou (unkind) inviolate that band?
Nay, Heaven and Earth are angry with the cause:
Yet stay thy foot, in mischiefes ougly gate,
Ill comes too soon, repentance oft too late.

18.

O, can the clouds weep over thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy droughty eies?
See'st thou the snare, and wilt not shun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by passed miseries?
'Tis yet but early in this dismall day,
Let late experience learne thee to be wise:
An ill fore-seen may eas'ly be prevented, (ted
But hap'd, un-help'd, though ne'er enough lamen-

19.

Cannot the Scot of your late slaughter boast?
And are yee yet scarce healed of the sore?
Is 't not enough ye have already lost,
But your owne madnesse must needs make it more?
Will ye seek safety in some forraine coast?
Your wives and children pitied ye before: (brue,
But when your owne blouds your owne swords im-
Who pities them who should have pitied you?

20.

The neighb'ring groves are ſpoiled of their trees,
For boats and timbet to allay the floud,
Where men are lab'ring as 'tweere Summer Bees,
Some hollowing trunks, ſome binding heaps of wood,
Some on their backs, ſome working on their knees,
To winne the bank whereon the Barons ſtood:
Which o'er the current they by ſtrength muſt rew,
To ſhed that bloud which many an age ſhall rew.

21.

Some ſharp their ſwords, ſome right their Morrians
Their Greaves and Pouldrons others riveting faſt,
The Archers now their bearded arrowes whet,
Whilſt every where the clam'rous Drums are brac'd,
Some taking view where they ſure ground might get,
Not one, but ſome advantage doth foreca ſt:
With ranks & files each Plaine & Medow ſwarmes,
As all the Land were clad in angry Armes.

22.

The creſts and badges of each Nobler name,
Againſt their owners rudely ſeem to ſtand,
As angry for th' atchievements whence they came,
That to their fathers gave that generous brand.
O yee unworthy of your ancient fame,
Againſt your ſelves to lift your conqu'ring hand,
Since forraine ſwords your height could not abate,
By your owne pride your ſelves to ruinate!

Upon

23.

Upon his Surcote valiant *Nevill* bore
A silver Saltoire upon Martiall red;
A Ladies sleeve high-spirited *Hastings* wore,
Ferrer his Tabard with rich Verry spred,
Well knowne in many a Warlike match before;
A Raven set on *Corbets* armed head,
And *Culpepper* in silver armes enrail'd,
Bare thereupon a bloudy Bend engrail'd.

24.

The noble *Percy* in this dreadfull day,
With a bright Cressant in his Guidehome came,
In his white Cornet *Verdon* doth display
A fret of Gueles, priz'd in this mortall game,
That had been seen in many a doubtfull fray,
His Lances penons stained with the same;
The angry horse chaf'd with the stubborne bit,
With his hard hoofe the earth in fury smit.

25.

I could the summe of *Staffords* arming show,
What colours *Rosse* and *Courtney* did unfold,
Great *Warrens* Blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious circumstance have told,
Nam'd every Ensigne as they stood arow;
But O, deare Muse, too soon thou art control'd!
For in remembrance of their evill speed,
My pen, for inke, warme drops of bloud doth sheed.

O

26.

On the Kings part th' Imperiall Standard's pitch'd,
VVith all the Hatchments of the English Crowne,
Great Lancaster (with no leſſe power enrich'd)
Sets the ſame Leopards in his colours downe.
O, if ye be not franticke or bewitch'd,
Yet doe but ſee that on your ſelves you frowne:
A little note of diff'rence is in all,
How can the ſame ſtand, when the ſame doth fall?

27.

Behold the Eagles, Lions, Talbots, Beares,
The Badges of your famous Anceſtries;
Shall thoſe brave markes by their inglorious heires
Stand thus oppos'd againſt their Families?
More ancient Armes no Chriſtian Nation beares,
Reliques unworthy of their Progenies:
Thoſe Beaſts ye beare doe in their kinds agree,
O, that than beaſts more ſavage men ſhould be!

28.

And whilſt the King doth in ſad councell ſit,
How he might beſt the other banke recover,
See how misfortune ſtill her time can fit;
Such as were ſent the country to diſcover,
(As up and downe from place to place they flit)
Had found a foard to paſſe their forces over:
"Ill newes hath wings, and with the wind doth goe,
"Comfort 's a cripple, and comes ever ſlow.

29.

When *Edward* fearing Lancasters supplies,
Proud Richmond, Surrey, and great Pembroke sent,
On whose successe he mightily relies,
Under whose conduct halfe his Army went,
The neerest way conducted by the Spies;
And he himselfe, and *Edmond* Earle of Kent
Upon the hill in sight of Burton lay,
Watching to take advantage of the day.

30.

Stay Surrey, stay, thou mai'st too soon be gone,
Pawse till this heat be somewhat over-past,
Full little know'st thou whither thou do'st run,
Richmont and Pembroke never make such haste,
Ye doe but strive to bring more horrour on:
" Never seeke sorrow, for it comes too fast.
Why strive ye thus to passe this fatall flood,
To fetch but wounds, and shed your neerest bloud

31.

Great Lancaster, yet sheath thy angry sword,
On *Edwards* armes, whose edge thou should'st not fe
Thy naturall Kinsman, and thy Sov'raigne Lord,
Both from the loines of our *Plantagenet*;
Call yet to mind thy once engaged word:
Canst thou thy oath to *Long-shankes* thus forget?
" Men should performe before all other things,
" The serious vowes they make to God and King

The

32.

The winds were hush'd (no little breath doth blow)
Which seems fast still, as though they list'ning stood;
With trampling crowds the very earth doth bow,
And through the smoake the Sun appear'd like bloud;
What with the shour, and with the dreadfull show,
The beards of beasts ran bellowing to the wood,
When drums and trumpets to the charge did sound,
As they would shake the gross clouds to the ground.

33.

The Earls then charging with their power of horse,
Taking a signall when they should begin,
Being in view of the Imperiall force,
VVhich at that time assai'd the bridge to win;
VVhich made the Barons change their former course,
T' avoid the present danger they were in:
VVhich on the sudden had they not fore-cast,
Of their last day that houre had been the last.

34.

When from the hill the Kings maine pow'rs come downe,
Which had *Aquarius* to their valiant guide,
Brave Lancaster and Hertford from the towne
Doe issue forth upon the other side;
Peere against Peere, the Crowne against the Crowne,
The King assailes, the Barons munifi'd:
Englands red Crosse upon both sides doth flie, (crie
Saint *George* the King, Saint *George* the Barons

35.

Like as an exhalation hot and dry,
Amongſt the aire-bred moiſty vapours throwne,
Spetteth his lightning forth outragiouſly,
Rending the thick clouds with the thunder-ſtone,
VVhoſe fiery ſplinters through the thin aire flye,
That with the horrour heaven and earth doth groane:
With the like clamour and confuſed O,
To the dread ſhocke the deſp'rate Armies goe.

36.

There might men ſee the famous Engliſh Bowes,
VVherewith our foes we wonted to ſubdue,
Shoot their ſharp arrowes in the face of thoſe,
VVhich oft before victoriouſly them drew;
Yet ſhun their aime, and troubled in the looſe,
Thoſe well-wing'd weapons mourning as they flew,
Slip'd from the bow-ſtring, impotent and ſlacke,
As to the Archers they would faine turne backe.

37.

Behold the remnant of Troy's ancient ſtocke,
Laying on blowes, as Smiths on anviles ſtrike,
Grappling together in the fearfull ſhocke,
Where ſtill the ſtrong encountreth with the like,
(And each as ruthleſſe as the hard'ned rocke)
Wer't with the ſpeare, or browne bill, or the pike,
Still as the wings or battels came together,
Ere Fortune gave advantage yet to either.

From

38.

From batt'red helmes, with ev'ry envious blow,
The ſcatt'red plumes flie looſly here and there,
To the beholder like to flakes of ſnow,
That ev'ry light breath on its wings doth beare,
As they had ſenſe and feeling of our woe:
And thus affrighted with the ſudden feare, (make,
Now backe, now forward, ſuch ſtrange windings
As though uncertaine which way they ſhould take.

39.

Slaughter alike invadeth either hoaſt,
Whilſt ſtill the battell ſtrongly doth abide,
Which ev'ry where runs raking through the coaſt,
As't pleas'd outragious Fury it to guide;
Yet not ſuffic'd where tyrannizing moſt:
So that their wounds, like mouthes, by gaping wide,
Made as they meant to call for preſent death, (breath.
Had they but tongues, their deepneſſe gives them

40.

Here lies a heap halfe ſlaine, and partly drown'd,
Gaſping for breath amongſt the ſlimie ſegges,
And there a ſort laid in a deadly ſwound,
Trod with the preaſe into the mud and dregges;
Others lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the bodies, maim'd of armes and legges:
One ſticks his foe, his ſcalpe another cuts,
Ones feet intangled in anothers guts.

42.

One his assailing enemy beguiles,
As from the bridge he fearfully doth fall;
Crush'd with his weight upon the stakes and piles:
Some in their gore upon the pavement sprall,
Our native bloud our native earth defiles,
And dire destruction overwhelmeth all:
Such hideous shrikes the bedlam souldiers breath,
As the damn'd Sp'rits had howled from beneath.

43.

The Faction still defying *Edwards* might,
Edmond of Woodstocke, with the men of Kent
Charging afresh, renues the doubtfull fight
Upon the Barons, languishing and spent,
Bringing new matter for a Tragicke sight;
Forth against whom their skilfull Warriours went,
Bravely to end what bravely did begin,
Their noblest Sp'rits will quickly lose or win.

44.

As before Troy bright *Thetis* gold-like sonne,
Talbot himselfe in this fierce conflict bare,
Mowbray in fight him matchlesse honour won,
Clifford for life seem'd little but to care,
Awdley and *Elmebridge* perill scorne to shunne,
Gifford seem'd danger to her teeth to dare,
Nor *Badlesmer* gave back to *Edwards* power,
As though they strove whom death should first de-

I'le

44.

I'le not commend thee *Mountfort*, nor thee *Tell*,
Elſe your high valour much might juſtly merit,
Nor *Dervil*, dare I whiſper of thy praiſe,
Nor *Willington*, will I applaud thy ſpirit,
Your facts forbid that I your fame ſhould raiſe;
Nor *Damory*, thy due mai'ſt thou inherit?
Your bayes muſt be your well-deſerved blame,
For your ill actions quench my ſacred flame.

45.

O, had you faſhion'd your great deeds by them,
Who ſummon'd Acon with an Engliſh drum;
Or theirs before, that to Jeruſalem
Went with the generall power of Chriſtendome:
Then had ye raught Fames richeſt Diadem,
As they who fought to free the Saviours tombe,
And like them had immortaliz'd your names,
Where now my ſong can be but of your ſhames.

46.

O Age inglorious, armes untimely borne,
When that approved and victorious ſhield
Muſt in this civill Maſſacre be torne,
Brus'd with the blowes of many a forraine field;
And more, in this ſad overthrow be worne
By thoſe in fight inforc'd it up to yeeld!
For which ſince then, the ſtones for very dread,
Againſt rough ſtormes cold drops for teares doe ſhed.

47.

When ſoon king *Edwards* faint & wav'ring friends
Which had this while ſtood doubtfully to pauſe,
When they perceive, that Deſtinie intends,
That his ſucceſſe ſhall juſtifie his cauſe,
Each in himſelfe freſh courage apprehends,
(For Victory both feare and friendſhip drawes)
And ſmile on him on whom they late did frowne,
All lend their hands to hew the conqu'red downe.

48.

That ſcarce a man, which *Edward* late did lacke,
Whilſt the proud Barons bare an upright face,
But (when they ſaw that they had turn'd their backe)
Joines with the King, to proſecute their chaſe,
The Baronage ſo headlong goes to wracke:
In the juſt triall of ſo neere a caſe,
Inforc'd to prove the fortune of the coaſt,
The day at Burton that had cleerly loſt.

49.

And to the aide of the victorious King,
(VVhich more and more gave vigour to his hope,
VVith good ſucceſſe him ſtill encouraging,
And to his actions lent an ampler ſcope)
Sir *Andrew Herckley* happily doth bring
On their light-horſe a valiant Northerne troupe,
Arm'd but too aptly, and with too much ſpeed,
Moſt to doe harme, when leaſt thereof was need.

When

50.

When ſtill the Barons, making forth their way
Through places beſt for their advantage knowne,
Retaine their army, bodied as they may,
By their defeat farre weaker that was growne:
In their beſt skill deviſing day by day,
T' offend th' aſſailant, and defend their owne,
Of their miſ-haps the utmoſt to endure,
If nothing elſe their ſafety might aſſure.

51.

In their ſad flight, with fury followed thus,
Tracing the North through many a tireſome ſtrait,
And forc'd through many a paſſage perillous,
To Burrow-bridge, led by their luckleſſe fate:
Bridges ſhould ſeem to Barons ominous,
For there they laſtly were precipitate;
Which place the mark of their miſchance doth beare,
For ſince that time graſſe never proſp'red there.

52.

Where, for new bloudſhed they new battels rang'd,
And take new breath, to make deſtruction new:
Chang'd is their ground, but yet their fate unchang'd,
Which too directly ſtill doth them purſue;
Nor are they and their miſeries eſtrang'd,
To their eſtates though they meere ſtrangers grew:
The only hope whereon they doe depend,
With courage is to conſummate their end.

53.

Like as a heard of over-heated Deere,
By hot-spur'd Hunters lab'red to be caught,
With hues and hounds recov'red ev'ry where,
When as they find their speed availes them naught,
Upon the Toiles run headlong without feare,
With noise of hounds and hollow's as distraught:
Even so the Barons in this desp'rate case,
Turne upon those which lately did them chase.

54.

Ensign beards ensign, sword 'gainst sword doth shake,
Drum brawles with drum, as rank doth rank oppose,
Ther's nor a man that care of life doth take,
But death in earnest to his bus'nesse goes,
A gen'rall havocke as of all to make,
And with destruction doth them all inclose,
Dealing it selfe impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, as foe by foe, doth fall.

55.

Yet the brave Barons, whilst they doe respite,
(In spighe of Fortune, as they stood prepar'd)
With courage charge, with comelinesse retire,
Make good their ground, and then relieve their guard,
Withstand the ens'rer, then pursue the flier,
New forme their battell, shifting ev'ry ward.
As your high skill were but your quarrell good,
O noble Spirits, how deare had been your bloud!

That

56.

That well-arm'd band ambitious *Herikley* led,
Of which the Barons never dreamt before,
Then greatly ſtood King *Edwards* power in ſtead,
And in the fight aſſail'd the enemy ſore:
O day moſt fatall, and moſt full of dread!
Never can time thy ruinous waſte reſtore:
Which with his ſtrength though he attempt to do,
Well may he ſtrive for, and yet faile of too.

57.

Pale death beyond his wonted bounds doth ſwell,
Carving proud fleſh in Cantles out at large;
As leaves in Autumne, ſo the bodies fell
Under ſharp ſteele at ev'ry boiſt'rous charge:
O, what ſad pen can their deſtruction tell,
Where ſcalpes lay beaten like the batt'red Targe?
And every one he claimeth as his right,
Whoſe lucke it was not to eſcape by flight.

58.

Thoſe warlike Enſignes waving in the field,
Which lately ſeem'd to brave th' imbattell'd foe,
Longer not able their owne weight to wield,
Their lofty tops to the baſe duſt doe bow:
Here ſits a helmet, and there lies a ſhield,
O, ill did Fate thoſe ancient armes beſtow,
Which as a quarry on the ſoil'd earth lay,
Seiz'd on by Conqueſt, as a glorious prey.

Where

59.

Where noble *Bohun*, that moſt Princely Peere,
Hertford much honor'd, and of high deſert,
And to this Nation none as he ſo deare,
Paſſing the bridge with a reſolved heart,
To ſtop his ſouldiers, which retiring were,
Was 'twixt two plankes ſlain through his lower part:
But Lancaſter, not deſtin'd there to die,
Taken, reſerv'd to further miſerie.

60.

Whoſe Tragicke ſcene ſome Muſe vouchſafe to ſing:
His, of five Earldomes who then liv'd poſſeſt,
A brother, ſonne, and unkle to a King,
With favour, friends, and with abundance bleſt:
What could man think, or could deviſe the thing,
That lue ſeem'd wanting to his worldly reſt?
"But on this earth what's free from Fortunes pow'r?
"What an age got, is loſt in halfe an houre.

61.

Some few, themſelves in Sanctuaries hide,
VVhich, though they have the mercy of the place,
Yet are their bodies ſo unſanctifi'd,
As that their ſoules can hardly hope for grace;
VVhere they in feare and penury abide
A poore dead life, which length'neth but a ſpace:
Hate ſtands without, whilſt horrour ſtill within
Prolongs their ſhame, yet pard'neth not their ſin.

Nor

62.

Nor was death then contented with the dead,
Of full revenge, as though it were deni'd,
And till it might have that accompliſhed,
It held it ſelfe in nothing ſatisfi'd;
And with delaies no longer to be fed,
An unknowne torment further doth provide,
That dead men ſhould in miſery remaine,
To make the living die with greater paine.

63.

Ye ſov'raigne Cities of this wofull Iſle,
In cypreſſe wreathes, and your moſt ſad attire,
Prepare your ſelves to build the Funerall pile,
Lay your pale hands to this exequious fire,
All mirth and comfort from your ſtreets exile,
Fill'd with the groanes of men when they expire:
The nobleſt bloud approaching to be ſhed,
That ever dropt from any of your dead.

64.

VVhen *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter, that late
Th' rebellious Barons trait'rouſly retain'd,
As the chiefe agent in this great debate,
VVas for the ſame (ere many daies) arraign'd,
'Gainſt whom at Pomfret they articulate,
(To whom thoſe Treaſons chiefly appertain'd;)
Whoſe proofes apparent, ſo well, nay, ill ſped,
As from his ſhoulders reft his rev'rend head.

Yet

65.

Yet Lancaſter, it is not thy loſt breath
That can aſſure the ſafety of the Crowne,
Or that can make a covenant with death,
To warrant *Edward*, what he thinks his owne;
But he muſt pay the forfeit of his faith,
When they ſhall riſe, which he hath trodden downe:
"All's not a mans that is from others rackt,
"And other agents other waies doe act.

66.

Nor was it long, but in that fatall place,
The way to death where Lancaſter had led,
But many other in the ſelfe ſame caſt,
Him in like manner ſadly followed.
London, would thou hadſt had thy former grace,
As thou art firſt, moſt bloud that thou hadſt ſhed,
By other Cities nor exceeded farre,
Whoſe ſtreets devoure the remnant of that warre.

67.

O Parents ruthfull and heart-renting ſight!
To ſee that ſonne that your ſoft boſomes fed,
His mothers joy, his fathers ſole delight,
That with much coſt, yet with more care was bred:
O ſpectacle (ev'n) able to affright
A ſenſleſſe thing, and terrefie the dead!
His deare, deare bloud upon the cold earth powr'd,
His quarter'd coarſe of Crowes and Kites devour'd.

But

68.

But 'tis not you that here complaine alone,
Or to your ſelves this fearfull portion ſhare;
Here's ſtrange and choice variety of moane,
Poore orphans teares with widowes mixed are,
With many friends ſigh, many maidens groanes
So innocent, ſo ſimply pure and rare,
As Nature, which till then had ſilence kept,
Neere burſt with ſorrow, bitterly had wept.

69.

O bloudy Age! had not theſe things been done,
I had not now in theſe more calmer times,
Into the ſearch of thoſe paſt troubles runne;
Nor had my virgin unpolluted rimes
Altr'd the courſe wherein they firſt begun,
To ſing theſe horrid and unnaturall crimes:
My layes had ſtill been of *Idea's* bowre,
Of my deare *Anchor*, or her loved *Stowre*.

70.

Nor other ſubject than your ſelfe had choſe,
Your birth, your vertues, and your high reſpects,
Whoſe bounties oft have nouriſh'd my repoſe;
You, whom my Muſe ingeniouſly elects,
Denying earth your brave thoughts to incloſe,
Maugre the Momiſts and Satyricke ſects:
That whilſt my Verſe to after-times is ſung,
You may live with me, and be honor'd long.

But

71.

But greater things my ſubject hath in ſtore,
Still to her taske my armed Muſe to keep,
And offreth her occaſion as before,
VVhereon ſhe may in mournfull Verſes weep:
And as a ſhip being gotten neere the ſhore,
By awkward winds re-driven to the deep;
So is the Muſe, from whence ſhe came of late,
Into the buſineſſe of a troubled ſtate.

The end of the ſecond Canto.

THE BARONS WARRES.

The third CANTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

By ſleepy Potions that the Queen ordaines,
Lord Mortimer *eſcapes out of the Tower;*
And by falſe ſlights, and many ſubtle traines,
She gets to France, to raiſe a forraine power:
The French King leaues his ſiſter; need conſtraines
The Queen to Henalt in a happy houre:
Edward *her ſonne to* Philip *is affi'd,*
They for inuaſion inſtantly prouide.

1.

SCarſe had theſe paſſed miſeries an end,
But other troubles inſtantly began;
As miſchiefe doth new matter apprehend,
By things that ſtill irregularly ran:
For further yet their fury doth extend,
All was not yeelded that King *Edward* wan:
And ſome there were in corners that did lie,
Which o'er his actions had a watchfull eie.

When

2.

When as the King (whilſt things thus fairly went)
Who by this happy victory grew ſtrong,
Summon'd at Yorke a ſolemne Parlament
T' uphold his right, and help the *Spencers* wrong.
(In all affaires t' eſtabliſh his intent)
Whence more and more his Minions greatneſs ſprung,
VVhoſe counſels ſtill in ev'ry buſ'neſſe croſt
Th' inraged Queen, in all misfortunes toſt.

3.

VVhen as the eld'ſt, a man extremely hated,
(VVhom till that time the King could not preferre,
Untill he had the Barons pride abated)
That Parliament made Earle of Winchester,
As *Hereford* Earle of Carlile he created:
And likewiſe *Baldock* he made Chancellor;
One whom the King had for his purpoſe wraught,
A man, as ſubtle, ſo corrupt and naught.

4.

VVhen as miſhaps (that ſeldome come alone)
Thicke in the neckes of one another fell,
The Scot began a new invaſion,
And France did thence the Engliſh pow'rs expell,
The Iriſh ſet the Engliſh pale upon,
At home the Commons ev'ry day rebell:
Miſchiefe on miſchiefe, curſe doth follow curſe,
One ill feare paſt, but after comes a worſe.

For

5.

For *Mortimer* that wind most fitly blew,
Troubling their eies, which otherwise might see,
VVhilst the wise Queen, who all advantage knew,
VVas closely casting how to set him free;
And did the plot so seriously pursue,
Till she had found the meanes how it should be,
Against opinion and Imperious might,
To work her owne ends through the jawes of spight.

6.

And to that purpose she a potion made,
In operation of that pois'ning power,
That it the spirits could prefently invade,
And quite dis-sense the senses in an houre,
VVith such cold namnesse, as it might perswade,
That very death the patient did devoure
For certaine houres, and sealed up the eies,
'Gainst all that Art could possibly devise.

7.

In which, she Plantan and cold Lettuce had,
The Water-lilly from the Marish ground,
VVith the wan Poppy, and the Nightshade sad,
And the short Mosse that on the trees is found,
The pois'ning Henbane, and the Mandrake dead,
With Cypress flowres that with the rest were pown'd;
The braine of Cranes amongst the rest she takes,
Mix'd with the bloud of Dormice, and of Snakes.

Thus

8.

Thus, like *Medea*, ſate ſhe in her cell,
Which ſhe had circled with her potent charmes,
From thence all hind'rance cleerly to expell;
Then her with Magicke inſtruments ſhe armes,
And to her buſ'neſſe inſtantly ſhe fell:
A Veſtall fire ſhe lights, wherewith ſhe warmes
The mixed juices, from thoſe Simples wrung,
To make the med'cine wonderfully ſtrong.

9.

The ſundry feares that from her fact might riſe,
Men may ſuppoſe, her trembling hand might ſtay,
Had ſhe conſider'd of the enterpeiſe,
To thinke what perill in th' attempt there lay;
Knowing beſides, that there were ſecret ſpies
Set by her foes to watch her ev'ry way:
" But when that ſexe leave vertue to eſteem, (ſeem.
Thoſe greatly erre, which thinke them what they

10.

Their plighted faith they at their pleaſure leave,
Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate,
On whom they ſmile, they ſurely thoſe deceive,
In their deſires they be inſatiate:
Them of their will there's nothing can bereave,
Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date:
They lay by feare, when they at ruine aime,
They ſhun not ſin, as little weigh they ſhame.

The

11.

The elder of the *Mortimers* this while,
That their sure friends so many sundry waies,
By fight, by execution, by exile,
Had seen cut off, then finished his daies:
Which (though with griefe) doth somewhat reconcile
The youngers thoughts, and lends his cares some ease:
Which oft his heart, oft troubled had his head,
For the deare safety of his Unkle dead.

12.

But there was more did on his death depend,
Than Heav'n was pleas'd the foolish world should know;
And why the Fates thus hasted on his end,
Thereby intending stranger plagues to show.
Brave Lord, in vaine thy breath thou didst not spend,
From thy corruption greater conflicts grow;
VVhich began soon and fruitfully to spring,
New kinds of vengeance on that age to bring.

13.

As heart could wish, when ev'ry thing was fit,
The Queen attends her Potions power to prove;
Their stedfast friends their best assisting it,
Their trusty servants seale up all in love:
And *Mortimer*, his valour and his wit
Then must expresse, whom most it doth behove:
Each place made sure, where guides and horses lay,
And where the ship, that was for his convay.

When

14.

VVhen as his Birth-day he had greatly kept,
And us'd that day thoſe of the Towne to feed;
And on the Warders other bounties heapt,
For his advantage he that day decreed:
VVhich did ſuſpition clearly intercepe,
And much avail'd him at that time of need:
VVhen after cates, their thirſt at laſt to quench,
He mix'd their liquor with that ſleepy drench.

15.

Which ſoon each ſenſe doth with dead coldnes ſeize,
VVhen he which knew the Keepers of each Ward,
Out of their pockets quickly tooke the keyes,
His coarded Ladders readily prepar'd;
And ſtealing forth through darke and ſecret waies,
(Not then to learne his Compaſſe by the Card)
To winne the walls couragiouſly doth goe,
VVhich look'd as ſcorning to be maſt'red ſo.

16.

They ſoundly ſleep, whilſt his quicke ſpirits awake,
Expos'd to perill in the high'ſt extremes,
Aleydes labours as to undertake, (ſtreames,
O'er walls, o'er gates, through watches, and through
By which his owne way he himſelfe muſt make:
And let them tell King *Edward* of their dreames.
For ere they came out of their brain-ſicke trance,
He made no doubt to be arriv'd in France.

The

17.

The ſullen night had her blacke curtaine ſpred,
Lowring that day had mirthe up ſo long,
And that the morrow might lie long a bed,
She all the Heav'n with duskie clouds had hung:
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly horned head,
Away to Weſt, and under earth ſhe flung,
As ſhe had long'd to certifie the Sun,
What in his abſence in our world was done.

18.

The leſſer lights, like Sentinels in warre,
Behind the clouds ſtood privily to prie,
As though unſeen they ſubt'ly ſtrove from farre,
Of his eſcape the manner to deſcrie,
Hid was each wand'ring as each fixed Starre,
As they had held a councell in the skie,
And had concluded with that preſent night,
That not a Starre ſhould once give any light.

19.

In a ſlow ſilence all the ſhoares are huſht,
Only the Shreech-owle ſounded to th' aſſault,
And Iſis with a troubled murmure ruſht,
As if conſenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foot the ſand or gravell cruſht,
There was a little whiſp'ring in the Vault,
Mov'd by his treading, ſoftly as he went,
VVhich ſeem'd to ſay, it furth'red his intent.

Whilſt

20.

Whilſt that wiſe Queen, whom care yet reſtleſs kept,
For happy ſpeed to heaven held up her hands,
With worlds of hopes and feares together heapt
In her full boſome, liſtning as ſhe ſtands,
She ſigh'd and pray'd, and ſigh'd againe and wept,
She ſees him how he climbes, how ſwims, how lands:
Though abſent, preſent in deſires they be,
" Our ſoule much farther than our eies can ſee.

21.

The ſmall clouds iſſuing from his lips, ſhe ſaith,
Lab'ring ſo faſt as he the ladder clame,
Should purge the aire of peſtilence and death;
And as from Heav'n that filch'd Promethian flame,
The ſweetneſſe ſo, and vertue of his breath,
New creatures in the element ſhould frame:
And to what part it had the hap to ſtray,
There ſhould it make another milkie way.

22.

Attain'd the top, whilſt ſpent, he paws'd to blow,
She ſaw how round he caſt his longing eies,
The earth to greet him gently from below,
How greatly he was fav'red of the skies:
She ſaw him marke the way he was to goe,
And tow'rds her Palace how he turn'd his eies;
From the walls height, as when he down did ſlide,
She heard him cry, Now Fortune be my guide.

As

23.

As he descended, so did she descend,
As she would hold him that he should not fall,
On whom alone her safety did depend:
But when some doubt did her deep thoughts appall,
Distractedly the did her hands extend
For speedy help, and earnestly did call.
Softly againe, if death to him should hap,
She beg'd of Heav'n his grave might be her lap.

24.

To shew him favour, she intreats the aire,
For him she beg'd the mercy of the wind,
For him she kneel'd before the night with praier,
For him her selfe she to the earth inclin'd,
For him, his rides beseeching Thames to spare,
And to command his billowes to be kind;
And tells the floud, if he her Love would quit,
No floud of her should honour'd be but it.

25.

But when she thought she saw him swim along,
Doubting the streame was taken with his love,
She fear'd the drops that on his tresses hung,
And that each wave, which most should woo him
To his cleare body that so closely clung, (strove,
Which when before him with his breast he drove,
Pallid with griefe, she turn'd away her face,
Jealous that he the waters should imbrace.

26.

That angry Lion having slip'd his chaine,
As in a feuer, made King *Edward* quake;
Who knew, before he could be caught againe,
Deare was the blood that his strong thirst must slake:
He found much labour had been spent in vaine,
And must be forc'd a further course to take,
Perceiving tempests rising in the wind,
Of which too late too truly he diuin'd.

27.

By his escape that aduerse part growne proud,
On each hand working for a second warre,
And in their councels nothing was allow'd,
But what might be a motiue to some iarre;
And though their plots were carried in a cloud,
From the discerning of the popular,
The wiser yet, whose iudgements further raught,
Eas'ly perceiue how things about were brought.

28.

Those secret fires, by enuious Faction blowne,
Brake out in France, which couer'd long had laine;
King *Charles* from *Edward* challenging his owne,
First Guyne, next Ponticu, and then Aquitain,
To each of which he made his Title knowne,
Nor from their seisure longer would abstaine:
The cause thereof lay out of most mens view, (knew.
Which though fooles found not, wise men quickly

Their

29.

Their projects hitting (many a day in hand)
That to their purpose prosp'rously had thriv'd,
The Base whereon a mighty frame must stand,
By all their cunnings that had been contriv'd;
Finding their actions were so throughly man'd,
Their fainting hopes were woud'rously reviv'd,
They made no doubt, to see in little time,
The full of that, which then was in the prime.

30.

The King much troubled with the French affaire,
Which, as a shapelesse and unwieldy masse,
Wholly imploy'd the utmost of his care,
To *Charles* of France his Embassie to passe,
For which it much behov'd him to prepare,
Before the warre too deeply setled was:
Which when they found, they likewise cast about,
As they would goe, to make him send them out.

31.

VVhich, when they came in councell to debate,
And to the depth had seriously discust,
Finding how neerly it concern'd the State,
To stay a warre both dang'rous and unjust;
That weighty busnesse to negotiate,
They must find one of speciall worth and trust:
VVhere ev'ry Lord his censure freely past,
Of whom he lik'd, the Bishop was the last.

32.

Torlton, whose tongue mens ears in chains could tie,
And like *Joves* fearfull thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authority did lie,
Than in those words the *Sibyls* did rehearse,
VVhose sentence was so absolute and hie,
As had the power a judgement to reverse:
For the wise Queen, with all his might did stand,
To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

33.

Urging what credit she the cause might bring,
Impartiall 'twixt a husband and a brother,
A Queen in person betwixt King and King;
And more than that, to shew her selfe a mother,
There for her sonne, his right establishing,
Which did as much concerne them as the other:
Which colour serv'd to worke in this extreme,
That of which then the King did never dreame.

34.

Torlton, was this thy spirituall pretence?
VVould God thy thoughts had been spirituall,
Or lesse perswasive thy great eloquence:
But O! thy actions were too temporall,
Thy knowledge had too much preheminence,
Thy reason subtle, and sophisticall:
"But all's not true that supposition saith,
"Nor have the mightiest Arguments most faith.

Nor

35.

Nor did the Biſhop thoſe his Learned lacke,
As well of power, as policie and wit,
That were prepar'd his great deſigne to backe,
And could amend where ought he did omit:
For with ſuch cunning they had made their packe,
That it went hard, if that they ſhould not hit;
That the faire Queen to France with ſpeed muſt go,
Hard had he pli'd, that had perſwaded ſo.

36.

VVhen ſhe, well fitted both of wind and tide,
And ſaw the coaſt was ev'ry way ſo cleere,
As a wiſe woman ſhe her buſ'neſſe pli'd,
VVhilſt things went currant, and well carried were,
Her ſelfe and hers to get abourd ſhe hi'd,
As one, whoſe fortune made her ſtill to feare:
Knowing thoſe times ſo variouſly inclin'd,
And ev'ry toy ſoon alt'ring *Edwards* mind.

37.

Her followers ſuch, as meerly friendleſſe ſtood,
Sunke, and dejected by the *Spenſers* pride,
VVho bore the taints of treaſon in their bloud,
And for revenge would leave no waies untri'd,
Whoſe means were bad, but yet their minds were good,
When now at hand they had their help deſcri'd:
Nor were they wanting miſchiefe to invent,
To worke their wills, and further her intent.

38.

VVhilſt *Mortimer* (that all this while hath laine
From our faire courſe) by Fortune ſtrangely croſt,
In France was ſtruggling how he might regaine,
That which before in England he had loſt,
And all good meanes doth gladly entertaine,
No jot diſmaid in all thoſe tempeſts toſt,
Nor his great mind could ſo be overthrowne,
All men his friends, all countries were his owne.

39.

Then Muſe (tranſported by thy former zeale,
Led in thy progreſſe, where his fortune lies)
To thy ſure aide I ſeriouſly appeale;
To ſhew him fully, without fain'd diſguiſe,
The ancient *Heroes* then I ſhall reveale,
And in their patternes I ſhall be preciſe,
VVhen in my Verſe, tranſparent, neat, and cleare,
They ſhall in his pure character appeare.

40.

He was a man (then boldly dare to ſay)
In whoſe rich ſoule the Vertues well did ſute,
In whom, ſo mix'd, the Elements all lay,
That none to one could ſov'raignty impute,
As all did governe, yet all did obey:
He of a temper was ſo abſolute,
As that it ſeem'd, when Nature him began,
She meant to ſhew all that might be in man.

So

42.

So throughly season'd, and so tightly set,
That in the levell of the clearest eye,
Time never touches him with deforming fret,
Nor had the power to warp him but awry;
Whom in his course no crosse could ever let,
His elevation fixed was so hye,
That those rough storms, whose rage the world doth prove,
Never raught him, who sate them far above.

43.

Which the Queen saw, who had a seeing spirit,
For she had mark'd the largeneſſe of his mind,
And with much judgement look'd into his merit,
Above the usuall compaſſe of her kind,
His Grandsires greatneſſe rightly to inherit,
When as the Ages in their course inclin'd,
And the world weake, with time began to bow
To that poore baſeneſſe that it rests at now.

44.

He weighs not wealth, nor yet his Wigmore left,
Lest needleſſe heaps, as things of nothing stand,
That was not his, that man could take by theft,
He was a Lord, if he had sea or land,
And thought him rich of those who was not reft,
"Man of all creatures hath an upright hand,
"And by the Starres is only taught to know,
"That as they progreſſe heav'n, he earth should doe.

44.

Wherefore wiſe Nature from this face of ground,
Into the deep taught man to find the way,
That in the flouds her treaſure might be found,
To make him ſearch for what ſhe there did lay;
And that her ſecrets he might throughly ſound,
She gave him courage, as her only key,
That of all creatures, as the worthieſt he,
Her glory there and wond'rous works ſhould ſee.

45.

Let wretched worldlings ſweat for mud and earth,
VVhoſe groveling boſomes lick the recreant ſtones,
Such Peſants carke for plenty and for dearth,
Fame never lookes upon thoſe proſtrate drones;
The brave mind is allotted in the birth,
To manage Empires from the ſtate of thrones,
Frighting coy Fortune, when ſhe ſtern'ſt appeares,
VVhich ſcorneth ſighes, and jeereth at our teares.

46.

But when report (as with a trembling wing)
Tickled the entrance of his liſtning eare,
VVith newes of ſhips ſent out the Queen to bring,
For her at Sandwich which then waiting were,
He ſurely thought he heard the Angels ſing,
And the whole frame of heav'n make up the Quire,
That his full ſoule was ſmoth'red with exceſſe,
Her ample joyes unable to expreſſe.

Quoth

47.

Quoth he, ſlide billowes ſmoothly for her ſake,
VVhoſe ſight can make your aged *Nereus* young,
For her faire paſſage even allies make,
And as the ſoft winds waft her ſailes along,
Sleeke ev'ry little dimple of the lake:
Sweet *Syrens*, and be ready with your ſong;
Though 'tis not *Venus* that doth paſſe that way,
Yet is as faire as ſhe borne on the ſea.

48.

Ye ſcaly Creatures, gaze upon her eye,
And never after with your kind make warre;
O ſteale the accents from her lips that flye,
VVhich like the tunes of the Celeſtials are,
And them to your ſicke amorous thoughts apply,
Compar'd with which, *Arions* did but jarre:
Wrap them in aire, and when blacke tempeſts rage,
Uſe them as charmes the rough ſeas to aſſwage.

49.

France, ſend t' attend her with full ſholes of oares,
VVith which her fleet may ev'ry way be pli'd;
And when ſhe landeth on thy bleſſed ſhores,
And the vaſt Navie doth at anchor ride,
For her departure, when the wild ſea roares,
Ship mount to heaven, and there be ſtelliſi'd:
Next *Jaſons Argo*, on the burniſh'd throne,
Aſſume thy ſelfe a Conſtellation.

50.

Queen *Isabel* then landing with delight,
Had what rich France could lend her for her eaſe;
And as ſhe paſſ'd, no Towne but did invite
Her with ſome ſhew, her appetite to pleaſe:
But *Mortimer* once comming in her ſight,
His ſhape and features did her fancy ſeize;
When ſhe, that knew how her fit time to take,
Thus ſhe her moſt lov'd *Mortimer* beſpake:

51.

O *Mortimer*, ſweet *Mortimer*, quoth ſhe,
What angry power did firſt the meanes deviſe,
To ſeparate Queen *Iſabel* and thee,
Whom (to deſpight) Love yet together ties?
But if thou think'ſt the fault was made by me,
For a juſt penance to my longing eies,
Though guiltleſſe they, this be to them aſſign'd,
To gaze upon thee till they leave me blind.

52.

My deare, deare heart, thought I to ſee thee thus,
When firſt in Court thou didſt my favour weare,
When we have watch'd, leſt any noted us,
Whilſt our lookes us'd loves meſſages to beare,
And we by ſignes ſent many a ſecret buſſe,
An Exile then, thought I to ſee thee here?
But what couldſt thou be then, but now thou art?
Though baniſh'd England, yet not from my heart.

That

53.

That fate which did thy franchiſement inforce,
And from the depth of danger ſet thee free,
Still regular and conſtant in that courſe,
Made me this ſtraight and even path to thee,
Of our affections as it tooke remorſe,
Our birth-fix'd Starres ſo luckily agree,
Whoſe revolution ſeriouſly directs
Our like proceedings to the like effects.

54.

Onely wiſe councell hath contriv'd this thing,
For which we wiſh'd ſo many a wofull day,
Of which the cleare and perfect managing
Is that ſtrong prop, whereon our hopes may ſtay:
Which in it ſelfe th' authority doth bring,
That weake opinion hath not power to ſway,
Confuting thoſe, whoſe ſightleſſe judgements ſit
In the thicke ranke with ev'ry common wit.

55.

Then ſince th' affay our good ſucceſſe aſſures,
And we her fav'rites leane on Fortunes breaſt,
That ev'ry houre new comfort us procures,
Of theſe her bleſſings let us chuſe the beſt;
And whilſt the day of our good hap endures,
Let's take the bounteous benefits of reſt:
Let's feare no ſtorme, before we feele a ſhowre,
My ſon a King, two Kingdomes helpe my dower.

Of

56.

Of wanton *Edward* when I first was woo'd,
VVhy cam'ſt thou not into the Court of France?
Before thy King, thou in my grace hadſt ſtood:
O *Mortimer*, how good had been thy chance!
My love attempted in that youthfull mood,
I might have been thine owne inheritance;
Where entring now by force, thou holdſt by might,
And art diſſeiſor of anothers right.

57.

Thou Idoll, Honour, which we fooles adore,
(How many plagues doe reſt in thee to grieve us?)
VVhich when we have, we find there is much more,
Than that which onely is a name can give us;
Of reall comforts thou do'ſt leave us poore,
And of thoſe joyes thou often do'ſt deprive us,
That with our ſelves doth ſet us at debate,
And makes us beggers in our greateſt ſtate.

58.

With ſuch brave raptures from her words that riſe,
She made a breach in his impreſſive breaſt,
And all his pow'rs ſo fully did ſurprize,
As ſeem'd to rocke his ſenſes to their reſt,
So that his wit could not that thing deviſe,
Of which he thought his ſoule was not poſſeſt;
VVhoſe great abundance, like a ſwelling floud
After a ſhowre, ran through his raviſh'd bloud.

Like

59.

Like as a Lute, that's touch'd with curious skill,
Each ſtring ſtretch'd up, his right tone to retaine,
Muſickes true language doth ſpeake at will,
The Baſe and Treble married by the Meane,
Whoſe ſounds each note with harmony doe fill,
Whether it be in Deſcant, or on Plaine;
So their affections, ſet in Keyes alike,
In true Conſent meet, as their humours ſtrike.

60.

As the plaine path to their deſigne appeares;
Of whoſe wiſh'd ſight they had been long debar'd,
By the diſſolving of thoſe threat'ning feares,
That many a purpoſe, many a plot had mar'd;
Their hope at full, ſo heartily them cheares,
And their protection by a ſtronger guard,
Lends them that leiſure, the events to caſt
Of things to come, by thoſe already paſt.

61.

For this great buſ'neſſe eas'ly ſetting out,
By due proportion, meaſuring ev'ry pace,
T' avoid the cumbrance of each hindering doubt;
And not to faile of comelineſſe and grace,
They came with every circumſtance about,
Obſerve the perſon, as the time and place:
Nor leave they ought, that in Directions lawes,
They could but thinke might beautifie the cauſe.

Their

62.

Their Embaſſie deliv'ring in that height,
As of the ſame the dignity might fit,
Apparelling a matter of that weight,
In ceremony well beſeeming it;
And that it ſhould goe ſteadily and right,
They at their audience no one point omit,
As to the full each tittle to effect,
That in ſuch caſes wiſedome ſhould reſpect.

63.

Nor to negotiate never doe they ceaſe,
Till they againe that ancient league combine;
Yet ſo, that *Edward* ſhould his right releaſe,
And to his ſon the Provinces reſigne:
With whom King *Charles* concludes the happy peace,
Having the homage due to him for Guine;
And that both Realmes ſhould ratifie their deed,
They for both Kings an enterview decreed.

64.

Yet in this thing, which all men thought ſo plaine,
And to have been accompliſh'd with ſuch care,
Their inward falſhood hidden did remaine,
Quite from the colour that the out-ſide bare:
For onely they this enterview did gaine,
T' intrap the King, ſo trained to their ſnare;
For which they knew that he muſt paſſe the ſeas,
Or elſe the Prince, which better would them pleaſe.

Which

65.

Which by the *Spenſers* was approved, who
(As in his Councels they did chiefly guide)
With him their Sov'raigne, nor to France durſt goe,
Nor in his abſence durſt at home abide;
Whilſt the weake King ſtood doubtfull what to doe,
His liſt'ning eares they with perſwaſions pli'd,
That he to ſtay was abſolutely wonne,
And for that buſ'neſſe to diſpatch his ſonne.

66.

Thus is the King incompaſſ'd by their skill,
And made to act what *Torlton* did deviſe,
Who thruſt him on, to draw them up the hill,
That by his ſtrength they might get power to riſe,
For they in all things were before him ſtill:
That perfect Steerſ-man in all policies
Had caſt to walke, where *Edward* bare the light,
And by his aime he levelled their ſight.

67.

Thus having made, what *Edward* moſt did will
For his advantage, further their intent,
With ſeeming good ſo varniſhing their ill,
That it went currant by the faire event,
And of their hopes the utmoſt to fulfill:
Things in their courſe came in ſo true conſent,
To bring their buſ'neſſe to that happy end,
That they the ſame might publikely defend.

The

68.

The precious time no longer they protract,
Nor in ſuſpence their friends at home doe hold,
Being abroad ſo abſolutely backt,
They quickly waxed confident and bold,
In their proceeding publiſhing their act;
Nor did they feare to whom report it told,
But with an armed and erected hand,
T' abet their owne did abſolutely ſtand.

69.

And that baſe Biſhop then of Exceſter,
A man experienc'd in their councels long,
(Thinking perhaps his falſhood might preferre
Him, or elſe moved with King *Edwards* wrong;
Or whether that his frailty made him erre,
Or other fatall accident among:)
But he from France, and them, to England flew,
And knowing all, diſcover'd all he knew.

70.

Their Treaſons long in hatching thus diſclos'd,
And *Torltons* drift by circumſtances found,
VVith what conveyance things had been diſpos'd,
The cunning us'd in caſting of their ground,
The frame as fit in every point compos'd,
VVhen better counſell coldly came to ſound,
Awak'd the King to ſee his weake eſtate,
VVhen the prevention came a day too late.

Yet

71.

Yet her departing whilſt ſhe doth adjourne,
Charles, as a brother, by perſwaſion deales,
Edward with threats would force her to returne;
Pope *John* her with his dreadfull Curſe aſſailes:
But all in vaine againſt her will they ſpurne,
Perſwaſion, threat, nor curſe with her prevailes:
Charles, Edward, John, ſtrive all to doe your worſt,
The Queen fares beſt, when ſhe the moſt is curſt.

72.

Which to the *Spenſers* ſpeedily made ſeen,
With what clean ſleight things had bin brought about,
And that thoſe here, which well might rul'd have been,
Quickly had found, that they were gotten out,
And knowing well their wit, their power and ſpleen,
Of their owne faſtneſs much began to doubt,
And therefore muſt ſome preſent meanes invent,
T' avoid a danger, elſe moſt imminent.

73.

When they, who had the Frenchmens humours felt,
And knew the bait wherewith they might be caught,
By promiſe of large penſions with them dealt,
If that King *Charles* might from her aid be wrought:
"What mind ſo hard, that money cannot melt?
Which they to paſſe in little time had brought;
That *Iſabel*, too eaſily over-way'd
By their great ſummes, was fruſtrate of her aid.

Yet

74.

Yet could not this amaze that mighty Queen,
(Whom sad affliction never had control'd,
Never such courage in that sexe was seen,
She was not cast in other womens mould)
Nor could rebate the edge of her high spleen,
Who could endure warre, travell, want, and cold,
Struggling with Fortune, ne're by her oppreſt,
Moſt cheerfull ſtill when ſhe was moſt diſtreſt.

75.

But then reſolv'd to leave ingrateſull France,
And in the world her better fate to trie,
Changing the aire, hopes time may alter chance,
Under her burthen ſcorning ſo to lie,
Her weak'ned ſtate ſtill striving to advance,
Her mighty mind flew in a pitch to hie:
Yet ere ſhe went, her vex'd heart that did ake,
Somewhat to eaſe, thus to the King ſhe ſpake:

76.

Is this a Kings, a Brothers part (quoth ſhe?)
And to this end did I my griefe unfold?
Came I to heale my wounded heart to thee,
Where ſtaine out-right, I now the ſame behold?
Be theſe thy vowes, thy promiſes to me?
In all this heat art thou become ſo cold,
To leave me thus forſaken at the worſt,
My ſtate at laſt more wretched than at firſt?

Thy

77.

Thy wife alone weighing what my wants require,
To thy deare mercy might my teares have ti'd,
Our bloods receiving heat both from one fire;
And we by Fortune, as by birth alli'd,
My sute supported by my just desire,
VVere arguments not to have been deni'd:
The grievous wrongs that in my bosome bee,
Should be as neere thy care as I to thee.

78.

Nature too early working on my sexe,
Thus at thy pleasure my poore fortune leaves,
Which being incit'd with hopes of due respects
From thee, my trust dishonestly deceives,
Who me and mine unnaturally neglects,
And of all comfort lastly us bereaves:
What 'cwixt thy baseneſſe and thy beastly will,
T' expoſe thy sister to the worth of ill.

79.

But for my farewell thus I propheſie,
That from my womb he 's sprung, or he shall spring,
VVho shall subdue thy next posteritie,
And lead a captive thy succeeding King,
The just revenge of thy vile injurie:
To fatall France, I as a *Sibyl* sing
Her Cities sacke, the slaughter of her men,
Of whom one Engliſhman shall conquer ten.

The

80.

The Earle of Henault, in that ſeaſon great,
The wealthy Lord of many a warlike Tower,
Who, for his friendſhip, Princes did intreat,
As fearing both his policy and power,
Having a brother wond'rouſly compleat,
Call'd *John* of Beamount (in a happy houre,
As it for the diſtreſſed Queen did chance)
That time abiding in the Court of France.

81.

He, there the while, this ſhuffling that had ſeen,
VVho to her party *Iſabel* had wonne,
To paſſe for Henault, humbly prayes the Queen,
Prompting her ſtill what good might there be done,
To eaſe the anguiſh of her tumorous ſpleen,
Offring his faire Neece to the Prince her ſonne,
The only way to winne his brothers might,
Againſt the King to backe her in her right.

82.

VVho had an eare, not fill'd with his report,
To whom the ſouldiers of that time did throng,
The patterne to all other of his ſort,
VVell learn'd in what to honour did belong.
VVith that brave Queen long trained up in Court,
And conſtantly confirmed in her wrong:
Beſides all this, croſſ'd by the adverſe part,
In things that ſate too neere to his great heart.

Sufficient

83.

Sufficient motives to invite diſtreſſe,
To apprehend ſo excellent a meane,
(Againſt thoſe ills that did ſo ſtrongly preſſe)
Whereon the Queen her weake eſtate might leane,
And at that ſeaſon, though it were the leſſe,
Yet for a while it might her want ſuſtaine;
Untill th' approaching of more proſp'rous daies,
Her drouping hopes to their firſt height might raiſe.

84.

When they at large had leiſure to debate,
Where welcome look'd with a well-pleaſed face,
From thoſe diſhonours ſhe received late,
For there ſhe wanted no obſequious grace,
Under the guidance of a gentler fate,
All bounteous offers freely they imbrace,
And to conclude, all ceremonies paſt,
The Prince affies faire *Philip* at the laſt.

85.

All Covenants betwixt them ſurely ſeal'd,
Each to the other laſtingly to bind,
Nothing but done with equity and zeale,
And ſuting well with Henaults mighty mind,
Which to them all did much content reveale;
The eaſe the Queen was like thereby to find,
The comfort comming to the lovely Bride,
Prince *Edward* pleas'd, and joy on every ſide.

The end of the third Canto.

THE

THE BARONS WARRES.

The fourth CANTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Queen in Henault mighty friends doth win,
In Harwich haven safely is arriv'd,
Garboiles in England more and more begin,
King Edward *of his safety is depriv'd,*
Flieth to Wales, at Neath received in,
Whilst many plots against him are contriv'd:
Lastly betrai'd, the Spensers *and his friends*
Are put to death, with which this Canto ends.

P.

NOw seven times *Phœbus* had his welked Wain
Upon the top of *Cancers* Tropicke set,
And seven times in his descent againe,
His fiery wheeles had with the Fishes wet,
In the occurrents of King *Edwards* raigne,
Since mischiefe did these miseries beget;
Which through more strange varieties had run,
Than he that while celestiall signes had done.

Whilst

2.

Whilſt our ill-thriving in thoſe Scottiſh broiles,
Their ſtrength and courage greatly did advance,
In a ſmall time made wealthy by our ſpoiles;
And we much weak'ned by our warres in France,
Were well-neere quite diſheart'ned by our foiles:
But at theſe things the Muſe muſt only glance,
And *Herckley*'s reaſons haſte to bring to view,
He ſerious ſubject ſooner to purſue.

3.

When *Robert Bruſe* with his brave Scottiſh band,
By other in-rodes on the borders made,
Had well-neere waſted all Northumberland,
Whoſe Townes he levell with the earth had laid;
And finding none his pow'r there to withſtand,
On the North part of ſpacious Yorkſhire prey'd,
Bearing away with pride his pillage gor,
As fate to him did our laſt fall allot.

4.

For which that *Herckley* by his Sov'raigne ſent,
T' intreat a needfull, though diſhonor'd peace,
Under the colour of a true intent,
Kindled the warre, in a faire way to ceaſe,
And with King *Robert* did a courſe invent,
His homage due to *Edward* to releaſe:
Beſides, their faith they each to other plight,
In peace and warre to joyne with all their might.

Yet

5.

Yet more, King *Robert* (things being carried ſo)
His ſiſter to that trech'rous Earle affi'd,
Which made too plaine and evident a ſhow
Of what before his truſt did cloſely hide:
But the cauſe found, from whence this League ſhould grow,
By ſuch as (neere) into their actions pri'd,
Diſcover'd Treaſons, which not quickly croſt,
Had ſhed more bloud than all the wars had coſt.

6.

Whether the Kings weake councels cauſes are,
That ev'ry thing ſo badly falleth out,
Or that the Earle did of our ſtate deſpaire,
When nothing proſper'd that was gone about,
And therefore careleſſe how the Engliſh fare;
I'le not diſpute, but leave it as a doubt:
Or ſome vaine title his ambition lackt,
But ſomething hatch'd this treaſonable act.

7.

Which once revealed to the jealous King,
The apprehenſion of that trait'rous Peere
He left to the Lord *Lucie's* managing,
(One whoſe prov'd faith he had held ever deare)
By whoſe brave carriage in ſo hard a thing,
He did well worthy of his truſt appeare:
Who in his Caſtle, careleſly defended,
That crafty *Carlel* cloſely apprehended.

For

8.

For which, ere long, to his juſt triall led,
In all the robes befitting his degree,
VVhere *Scroope*, chiefe Juſtice in that dang'rous ſtead,
Commiſſion had, his lawfull Judge to be;
And on the proofes of his Indictment read,
His treaſons, all ſo eaſily might ſee:
VVhich ſoon themſelves ſo plainly did expreſſe,
As might aſſure them of his ill ſucceſſe.

9.

His ſtile and titles to the King reſtor'd,
Noted with names of infamy and ſcorne,
And next, diſarmed of his Knightly ſword,
On which (before) his fealty was ſworne,
Then, by a Varlet of his Spurres diſ-ſpur'd,
His coat of Armes (before him) raz'd and torne;
And to the Hurdle laſtly he was ſent,
To a trait'rous death, that trait'rouſly had meant.

10.

VVhereon the King a Parlament procur'd,
To fixe ſome things, whoſe fall he elſe might feare;
VVhereby he hop'd, the Queen to have abjur'd,
His ſonne, and ſuch as their adjutors were:
But thoſe, of whom himſelfe he moſt aſſur'd,
What they had ſeem'd, the ſame did not appeare;
When he ſoon found he had his purpoſe miſt,
For there were thoſe that durſt his power reſiſt.

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When he ſoon found he had his purpoſe miſt,
For there were thoſe that durſt his power reſiſt.

11.

For Hereford, in Parliament accus'd
Of sundry Treasons, wherein he was caught,
By such his courses strictly as perus'd,
VVhereby subversion of the Realme was sought,
His holy habit and his trust abus'd,
Who, to his answer when he should be brought,
Was by the Clergie (in the Kings despight)
Seiz'd, under colour of the Churches right.

12.

VVhen some, the fav'rers of this fatall warre,
VVhom this example did more sharply whet,
Those for the cause that then impris'ned were,
Boldly attempt at liberty to set;
VVhose purpose frustrate, by their enemies care,
New garboiles doth continually beget,
Bidding the King with care to looke about,
Those secret fires so hourely breaking out.

13.

And th' Earle of Kent, who was by *Edward* plac'd
As the great Gen'rall of his force in Guyne,
VVas in his absence here at home disgrac'd,
And frustrated both of supplies and coine,
By such lewd persons, to maintaine their waste,
As from his Treasures ceas'd not to purloine:
Nor could the King be mov'd, so careless still
Both of his owne losse, and his brothers ill.

Whose

14.

VVhoſe diſcontent too quickly being found,
By ſuch as all advantages did wait,
VVho ſtill appli'd ſtrong cor'ſives to the wound,
And by their trickes and intricate deceit,
Hind'red thoſe meanes that hap'ly might redound,
That faſt ariſing miſchiefe to defeat:
Till *Edmunds* wrongs were to that ripeneſs growne,
That they had made him abſolute their owne.

15.

VVith all his faithfull followers in thoſe warres,
Men well experienc'd, and of worthieſt parts,
VVho for their pay received only Scarres,
VVhilſt the inglorious had their due deſerts;
And Minions hate of other hope debarres,
Which vex'd them deeply to the very hearts,
That to their Gen'rall for revenge they cry,
Joyning with *Beamount*, giving him ſupply.

16.

Theſe great Commanders, and with them combine
The Lord *Pocelles*, *Sares*, and *Boyſeers*,
Dambretticourt, the young and valiant *Hein*,
Eſtotivyle, *Comines*, and *Villeers*,
The valiant Knights, Sir *Michael de la Lyne*,
Sir *Robert Baliol*, *Boſwit*, and *Semeers*;
Men of great skill, whom ſpoile and glory warmes,
Such as (indeed) were dedicate to Armes.

17.

Leading three thouſand muſt'red men in pay,
Of French, Scots, Alman, Swiſſer, and the Dutch;
Of native Engliſh, fled beyond the ſea,
VVhoſe number neere amounted to as much,
VVhich long had look'd, nay, waited for that day,
VVhom their revenge did but too neerly touch:
Beſides, friends ready to receive them in,
And new commotions ev'ry day begin.

18.

Whilſt the wiſe Queen, from England day by day,
Of all thoſe doings that had certaine word,
Whoſe friends much blam'd her over-long delay,
When as the time ſuch fitneſſe did afford,
Doth for her paſſage preſently purvay,
Bearing proviſion ev'ry houre aboord,
Ships of all burthens rigg'd and manned are,
Fit for invaſion, to tranſport a warre.

19.

When ſhe for England fairely ſetting forth,
Spreading her proud ſailes on the wat'ry plaine,
Steereth her courſe directly to the North,
VVith her young *Edward* Duke of Aquitaine,
VVith other three, of ſpeciall name and worth,
(The deſtin'd ſcourges of King *Edwards* raigne)
Her ſouldier *Beamount*, and the Earle of Kent,
VVith *Mortimer*, that mighty Malecontent.

For

20.

For Harwitch road, a fore-wind finely blowes,
But blew too faſt, to kindle ſuch a fire,
Whilſt with full ſaile, and the ſtiffe tide, ſhe goes;
It ſhould have turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,
The Fleet it drove, was fraughted with our woes;
But ſeas and winds doe *Edwards* wracke conſpire:
"For when juſt Heaven to chaſtiſe us is bent,
"All things convert to our due puniſhment.

21.

The coaſts were kept with a continuall ward,
The Beacons watch'd, her comming to deſcrie;
Had but the love of ſubjects been his guard,
'T had been t' effect that he did fortifie:
But whilſt he ſtood againſt his foes prepar'd,
He was betrai'd by his home enemie:
Small help by this he was but like to win,
Shutting warre out, he lockt deſtruction in.

22.

VVhen *Henry*, brother to that luckleſſe Prince,
The firſt great mover of that civill ſtrife,
Thomas, whom Law but lately did convince,
That had at Pomfret left his wretched life:
That *Henry*, in whoſe boſome ever ſince
Revenge lay covered watching for reliefe,
Like fire in ſome fat Min'rall of the earth,
Finding a fit vent, gives her fury birth.

23.

And being Earle Marshall, great upon that coast,
VVith Bells and Bone-fires welcomes her ashore;
And by his office gath'ring up an hoast,
Shew'd the great spleen that he to *Edward* bore,
Not of the same wrath'd at all to boast;
The Clergies power in readinesse before,
And on their friends a rage as freely laid,
To raise munition for their present aid.

24.

And to confusion all their powers expose,
On the rent bosome of the Land, which long
Warre, like the sea, on each side did inclose,
A warre from our owne home-dissentions sprung,
In little time which to that greatnesse rose,
As made us loath'd our neighb'ring States among:
But this Invasion, that they hither brought,
More mischiefe farre than all the former wrought.

25.

Besides, this Innovation in the State
Lent their great action such a violent hand,
VVhen it so boldly durst insinuate
On the cold faintnesse of th' infeebled Land;
That being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way so openly to stand,
To their intendment, might, if followed well,
Regaine that height, from whence they lately fell.

Their

26.

Their ſtrengths together in this meane time mets,
All helps and hurts, by warres beſt counſels vſu'd,
As what might further, what their courſe might let,
As their reſpects conſciencely they laid,
As where they hop'd ſecurity to get,
Whereon at worſt their fortunes might be ſtai'd:
So fully furniſh'd, as themſelves deſir'd,
Of what the action needfully requir'd.

27.

VVhen at Saint Edmunds they a while repoſe,
To reſt themſelves, and their fra-beaten force,
Better to learne the manner of their foes,
To th' end hee idly ſo direct their courſe,
And ſeeing daily how their Army growes,
To take a full view of their foot and horſe;
With much diſcretion managing the warre,
To let the world know what he doe, they dare.

28.

VVhen as the King of their proceedings heard,
And of the rowes that daily to them runne;
But little ſtrength at London then prepar'd,
Where he had hop'd moſt favour to have wonne;
He left the City to the watchfull guard
Of his approv'd, moſt truſted Stapleton;
To *John* of Eltham, his deare ſonne, the Tower,
And goes himſelf vow'rds Wales, to raiſe him power.

29.

Yet whilſt his name doth any hope admit,
He made proclaim'd, in paine of goods and life,
Or who would have a ſubjects benefit,
Should bend themſelves againſt his ſon and wife,
And doth all ſlaughters gen'rally acquit,
Committed on the movers of this ſtrife;
As who could bring in *Mortimers* proud head,
Should freely take th' revenues of the dead.

30.

VVhich was encountred by the Queens Edict,
By publiſhing the juſtneſſe of her cauſe,
That ſhe proceeded in a courſe ſo ſtrict,
T' uphold their ancient liberties and lawes:
And that on *Edward* ſhe did nought inflict,
For private hate, or popular applauſe;
Only the *Spenſers* to account to bring,
VVhoſe wicked counſels had abus'd the King.

31.

VVhich ballaſted the multitude, that ſtood
As a barke, beaten betwixt wind and tide,
By winds expos'd, oppoſed by the floud,
Nought therein left, to land the ſame to guide:
Thus floated they in their unconſtant mood,
Till that the weakneſſe of King *Edwards* ſide
Suffred a ſeiſure of it ſelfe at laſt,
VVhich to the Queen a free advantage caſt.

Thus

32.

Thus *Edward* left his England to his foes,
VVhom danger did to recreant flight debaſe,
As farre from hope, as he was neere his woes,
Depriv'd of Princely ſov'raignty and grace,
Yet ſtill grew leſſe, the farther that he goes,
His ſafety ſoon ſuſpecting ev'ry place:
No help at home, nor ſuccour ſeen abroad,
His mind wants reſt, his body ſafe aboad.

33.

One ſcarce to him his ſad diſcourſe hath done,
Of Henaults power, and what the Queen intends;
But whilſt he ſpeakes, another hath begun:
A third then takes it, where the ſecond ends,
And tells what rumours through the countries run,
Of thoſe new foes, of thoſe revolted friends:
Straight came a fourth, in poſte that thither ſped,
With newes of foes come in, of friends out fled.

34.

VVhat plagues did *Edward* for himſelfe prepare?
Forſaken King, O whither didſt thou flie!
Changing the clime, thou couldſt not change thy care,
Thou fledſt thy foes, but followedſt miſerie:
Thoſe evill luckes, in numbers many are,
That to thy foot ſteps doe themſelves apply;
And ſtill thy conſcience, corroſiv'd with griefe,
Thou but purſu'ſt thy ſelfe, both rob'd, and thiefe.

35.

VVho seeking succour, offred next at hand,
At last, for Wales he takes him to the seas,
And seeing Lundy, that so faire did stand,
Thither would steere, to give his sorrowes ease;
That little model of his greater land,
As in a dreame, his fancy seem'd to please:
For faine he would be King (yet) of an Ile,
Although his Empire bounded in a mile.

36.

But when he thought to strike his prosp'rous saile,
As under Lee, past danger of the flood,
A sudden storme of mixed Sleet and Haile,
Not suffreth him to rule that peece of wood:
"VVhat doth his labour, what his toile availe,
"That is by the Celestiall Powers withstood?
And all his hopes him vainly doe delude,
By God and men incessantly pursu'd.

37.

In that blacke tempest long turmoil'd and tost,
Quite from his course, and well he knew not where,
'Mongst rockes and sands, in danger to be lost,
Not in more perill, than he was in feare;
At length perceiving he was neere some coast,
And that the weather somewhat 'gan to cleare,
He found 'twas Wales; and by the mountaines tall,
That part thereof, which we Glamorgan call.

In

38.

In Neath, a Caſtle next at hand, and ſtrong,
Where he commandeth entrance, with his crue,
The Earle of Gloſter, worker of much wrong,
His Chancellor *Baldocke*, which much evill knew.
Reding his Marſhall, other friends among;
Where cloſely hid (though not from envies view)
The Muſe a little leaveth them to dwell,
And of great ſlaughter ſhapes her ſelfe to tell.

39.

Now lighter humour leave me, and be gone,
Your paſſion poore yeelds matter much too ſlight:
To write thoſe plagues that then were comming on,
Doth aske a pen of Ebon, and the night,
If there be ghoſts, their murther that bemoane,
Let them approach me, and in piteous plight
Howle, and about me with blacke tapers ſtand,
To lend a ſad light to my ſadder hand.

40.

Each line ſhall lead to ſome one weeping woe,
And ev'ry cadence as a tort'red cry,
Till they force teares in ſuch exceſſe to flow,
That they ſurround the circle of each eye:
Then whilſt theſe ſad calamities I ſhow,
All looſe affections ſtand ye idly by,
Deſtin'd againe to dip my pen in gore,
For the ſad'ſt tale that time did e'r deplore.

41.

New ſorts of plagues were threat'ned to the earth,
The raging Ocean paſt his bounds did riſe,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Unheard of ſickneſſe, and calamities,
More unaccuſtom'd and unlook'd for dearth,
New ſorts of Meteors gazing from the skies:
As what before, had ſmall or nothing bin,
And only then their plagues did but begin.

42.

And whilſt the Queen did in this courſe proceed,
The land lay open to all offred ill:
The lawleſſe Exile did returne with ſpeed,
Not to defend his Country, but to kill:
Then were the priſons diſſolutely freed,
Both field and towne with wretchedneſſe to fill:
London, as thou waſt author of ſuch ſhame,
Even ſo waſt thou moſt plagued with the ſame.

43.

VVhoſe giddy Commons, mercileſſe and rude,
Let looſe to miſchiefe on that diſmall day,
Their hands in bloud of *Edwards* friends imbru'd;
VVhich in their madneſſe having made away,
Th' implacable, the monſtrous multitude,
On his Lievtenant *Stapleton* did prey:
Who drag'd by them o'er many a loathſome heap,
Beheaded was before the Croſſe in Cheap.

Here

44.

Here first she read, upon her ruin'd wall,
Her sad destruction, which was but too nie;
Upon her gates was shatter'red her fall,
In mangled bodies her anatomie,
VVhich for her errors did that reck'ning call,
As might have wraught teares from her ruthlesse eyes;
And if the thicke aire dim'd her hatefull sight,
Her buildings were on fire, to give her light.

45.

Her chanels serv'd for inke, her paper stones,
VVhereon to write her murther, incest, rapes;
And for her pen's, a heap of dead mens bones,
To make each letter in some monstrous shape,
And for her accents, sad departing grones:
And that to time no desp'rate act should scape,
If she with pride againe should be o'ergone,
To take that booke, and sadly looke thereon.

46.

The tender Girle, spoil'd of her Virgin shame,
Yet for that sinne no ravisher was shent:
Blacke is my inke, more blacke was her defame,
None to revenge, scarce any to lament,
Nought could be done to remedy the same,
It was too late those mischiefes to prevent:
Against those horrours she did idly strive,
But saw her selfe to be devour'd alive.

She

47.

She wants redresse, and ravishment remorse,
None would be found, to whom she could complaine,
And crying out against th' Adulterers force,
Her plaints untimely did returne in vaine;
The more she griev'd, her misery the worse:
Onely to her this helpe there did remaine,
She spoil'd of fame, was prodigall of breath,
And made her life cheere by her resolute death.

48.

Then of that world men did she want complaine,
When they might have been buried, when they di'd,
Young children safely in their cradles laine,
The man new married have enjoy'd his Bride,
When in some bounds ill could it selfe containe;
The sonne kneel'd by his fathers death-bed side,
The living wrong'd, the dead no right could have,
The father saw his sun to want a grave.

49.

But 'twas too late those courses to recall,
None have externall nor internall feare,
Those deadly sounds, by their continuall fall,
Settle confusion in each deaf'ned eare;
Of our ill times this was the worst of all,
Onely of garboiles that did love to heare,
Armes our attire, and wounds were all our good,
Branded the most with rapine and with blood.

Inglorious

50.

Inglorious age, of whom it should be said,
That all these mischiefs should abound in thee,
That all these sinnes should to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free!
O let not Time us with those ills upbraid,
Lest feare what hath been, argue what may be,
And fashioning so a habit in the mind,
Make us alone the haters of our kind!

51.

O pow'rfull Heaven, in whose most soveraign raign,
All thy pure bodies move in harmony,
By thee, in an inviolable chaine,
Together link'd, so ti'd in unity,
That they therein continually remaine,
Swai'd in one certaine course eternally:
VVhy his true motion keepeth every starre,
Yet what they governe, so irregular.

52.

But in the course of this unnaturall warre,
Muse, say from whence this height of mischiefe grew,
That in so short time spread itselfe so farre,
From whence so sundry bloudsheds did ensue,
The cause, I pray thee, faithfully declare:
VVhat? men religious, was the fault in you,
Who restly growne, with your much power, withdraw
Your stuff'ned neckes from th' yoke of civill awe?

No.

53.

No wonder though the people grew profane,
When Church-mens lives gave Lay-men leave to fall,
And did their former humblenesse disdaine;
The shirt of haire turn'd coat of costly pall,
The holy Ephod made a cloake for gaine:
VVhat done with cunning, was Canonicall,
And blind promotion shun'd that dang'rous rode,
VVhich the old Prophets diligently trode.

54.

Hence 'twas, that God so slightly was ador'd,
That rocke remov'd, whereon our faith was grounded,
Conscience esteem'd but as an idle word,
And being weake, by vaine opinions wounded:
Professors lives did little fruit afford,
And in her sects, Religion lay confounded;
Most sacred things were merchandize become,
None talk'd of Texts, but prophecying dumbe.

55.

The Church then rich, and with such pride possest,
VVas like the poyson of infectious aire,
That having found a way into the breast,
Is not prescrib'd, nor long time staies it there,
But through the Organs seizeth on the rest,
The ranke contagion spreading ev'ry where;
So, from that evill by the Church begun,
The Common-wealth was lastly over-run.

When

56.

When craft crept in, to cancell wholſome lawes,
Which faſt'ning once on the defective weale,
Where doubts ſhould ceaſe, they roſe in ev'ry clauſe,
And made them hurt, which firſt were made to heale;
"One evill ſtill another forward drawes:
"For when diſorder doth ſo farre prevaile,
"That conſcience is caſt off, as out of uſe,
"Right is the cloake of wrong, and all abuſe.

57.

Meane while, the King thus keeping in his hold,
(In that his poore impriſoned libertie,
Living a death, in hunger, want, and cold,
Almoſt beyond imagin'd miſerie)
By hatefull Treaſon ſecretly was ſold,
Through keyes deliver'd to the enemie:
"For when th' oppreſſ'd is once up to the chin,
"Quite over head, all help to thruſt him in.

58.

The dire diſaſter of that captiv'd King,
So ſurely ſeiz'd on by the adverſe part,
(To his few friends ſad matter menacing)
Strucke with pale terrour ev'ry willing heart,
Their expectation cleane diſcouraging,
Him no evaſion left, whereby to ſtart;
And the black cloud, which greatlieſt did them feare,
Roſe, where their hopes once brighteſt did appeare.

For

59.

For first, their envie with unusuall force,
Fell on the *Spensers*, from whose onely hate
The warre first sprung; who found their lawlesse course
Drew to an end, confined by their fate:
Of whom, there was not any tooke remorse,
But as pernicious cankers of the State,
The father first to Bristow being led,
Was drawne to death, then hang'd and quartered.

60.

When as the heire to Winchester then dead,
The lot ere long to his sonne Glofter fell:
Reding the Marshall the like way was led,
And after him the Earle of Arundel,
To pay the forfeit of a reverend head:
Then *Muchelden*, and with him *Daniel*,
These following him in his lascivious waies,
Then went before him, to his fatall daies.

61.

Like some large pillar, of a lordly height,
On whose proud top some huge frame doth depend,
By time disabled to uphold the weight,
And that with age his backe begins to bend,
Shrinkes to his first seat, and in piteous plight,
The lesser props with his sad load doth spend;
So far'd with King *Edward*, crushing all
That had stood neere him in his violent fall.

The

62.

The State whereon theſe Princes proudly leane,
VVhoſe high aſcent, men trembling ſtill behold,
From whence oft times with inſolent diſdaine,
The kneeling ſubject heaves himſelfe controll'd,
Their earthly weakneſſe truly doth explaine,
Promoting whom they pleaſe, not whom they ſhould;
When as their fall ſhewes how they foulely er'd,
Procur'd by thoſe, whom fondly they prefer'd.

63.

For when that men of merit goe ungrac'd,
And by her Fauours, ignorance held in,
And Parafites in good mens roomes are plac'd,
Onely to ſooth the higheſt in their ſinne,
From thoſe whoſe skill and knowledge is debas'd,
There many ſtrange enormities begin:
"For great wits forged into factious tooles,
"Prove great men (oft) to be the greateſt fooles.

64.

But why, ſo vainly time doe I beſtow,
The baſe abuſe of this vile world to chide?
Whoſe blinded judgement ev'ry houre doth ſhew,
What folly weake mortality doth guide.
Wiſe was that man which laugh'd at humane woe,
My ſubject ſtill more ſorrow doth proville,
And theſe deſignes more matter ſtill doe breed,
To haſten that which quickly muſt ſucceed.

The end of the fourth Canto. THE

THE BARONS WARRES.

The fifth CANTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Th' imprisoned King his Scepter doth forsake,
To quit himselfe of what he was accus'd;
His foes him from the Earle of Lester take,
Who their Commission faine would have refus'd:
His Torturers a mock'rie of him make,
And basely and reproachfully abus'd,
By secret waies to Berckley he is led,
And there in prison lastly murthered.

1.

THe wretched King unnaturally betrai'd,
By too much trusting to his native Land,
From Neath in Wales to Kenelworth convai'd
By th' Earle of Lester, with a mighty band;
Some few his Favourers, quickly over-wayd:
When straight there went a Parlament in hand,
To ratifie the generall intent,
For resignation of his government.

Falne

2.

Falne through his frailty and intemperate will,
That with his fortune it ſo weakly far'd,
To undergoe that unexpected ill,
For his deſerved puniſhment prepar'd;
Paſt meaſure, as thoſe miſeries to fill
To him allotted, as his juſt reward:
All arm'd with malice, either leſſe or more,
To ſtrike at him, who ſtrucke at all before.

3.

It being a thing the Commons ſtill did crave,
The Barons thereto reſolutely bent,
Such happy helps on ev'ry ſide to have,
To forward that their forcible intent,
So perfect ſpeed to their great action gave,
Eſtabliſh'd by the generall conſent:
On *Edward* that ſuch miſeries did bring,
As never were inflicted on a King.

4.

Earles, Biſhops, Barons, and the Abbots all,
Each in due order, as became their ſtate,
By Heralds placed in the Caſtle Hall;
The Burgeſſes for places corporate,
(Whom the great buſineſſe at that time did call)
For the Cinque Ports, the Barons convocare
With the Shire Knights, for the whole body ſent,
Both for the South, and for the North of Trent.

When

5.

VVhen *Edward*, cloathed mournfully in blacke,
VVas forth before the great assembly brought,
A dolefull Hearse upon a dead mans backe,
VVhose heavie lookes expreſs'd his heavie thought,
In which there did no part of ſorrow lacke,
"True griefe needs not faign'd action to be taught:
His Funerall ſolemniz'd in his cheere,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the beere.

6.

Torſton, as one ſelect to that intent,
The beſt experienc'd in that great affaire,
A man grave, ſubtle, ſtout, and eloquent,
Firſt, with faire ſpeech th' aſſembly doth prepare;
Then with a grace auſtere, and eminent,
Doth his abuſe effectually declare,
Winning each ſad eye to a reverend feare,
To due attention drawing every eare.

7.

Urging th' exactions raiſed by the King,
VVith whoſe full plenty he his Minions fed,
Him and his ſubjects ſtill impoveriſhing;
And the much bloud he laviſhly had ſhed,
A deſolation on the Land to bring:
As under him, how ill all buſ'neſſe ſped;
The loſſe in warre, ſuſtained through his blame,
A laſting ſcandall to the Engliſh name.

Withall,

8.

Withall, proceeding with the future good,
That they thereby did happily intend,
And with what upright policie he stood,
No other hopes their fortunes to attend;
The resignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend:
The present want, that will't do to be so,
Whose imposition they might not foreslow.

9.

Much more he spake; but faine would I be short,
To this intent a speech delivering:
Nor may I be too curious to report,
What toucheth the deposing of a King:
Wherefore I warne thee, Muse, not to exhort
The after-times to this forbidden thing,
By reasons for it, by the Bishop laid,
Or from my feeling what he might have said.

10.

The grave delivery of whose vehement speech,
Grac'd with a dauntlesse, uncontracted brow,
Th' assembly with severity did teach,
Each word of his authentike to allow,
That in the bus'nesse there could be no breach,
Each thereto bound by a peculiar vow:
Which they in publike gen'rally protest,
Calling the King to consummate the rest.

Whose

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Each thereto bound by a peculiar vow:
Which they in publike gen'rally protest,
Calling the King to consummate the rest.

Whose

11.

Whose fair cheeks cover'd with pale sheets of shame,
Neere in a swound, he his first scene began;
VVherein his passions did such postures frame,
As ev'ry sense plai'd the Tragedian,
Truly to shew from whence his sorrowes came,
Farre from the compasse of a common man:
As Nature to her selfe had added art,
To teach despaire to act a Kingly part.

12.

O pity! didst thou live, or wert thou not?
(Mortals by such sights have to stone been turn'd)
Or what, men have been, had their seed forgot?
Or that for one, another never mourn'd?
In what so strangely were ye over-shot,
Against your selves, that your owne frailty spurn'd?
Or had teares then abandon'd humane eies,
That there was none to pitie miseries?

13.

His passion calm'd, his Crowne he taketh to him,
VVith a slight view, as though he thought not on it,
As he were sensselle that it should forgoe him;
And then he casts a scornfull eye upon it,
As he would leave it, yet would have it woo him:
Then snatching at it, loth to have forgone it,
He puts it from him; yet he would not so,
He faine would keep, what faine he would forgoe.

In

14.

In this confused conflict in his mind,
Teares drowning sighes, and sighes repelling teares:
But when in neither, that he ease could find,
And to his wrong no remedy appeares,
Perceiving none to pitie there inclin'd,
Besides, the time to him prefixed weares;
As then his sorrow somewhat 'gan to slake,
From his full bosome, thus he them bespake:

15.

If first my title stedfastly were planted
Upon a true indubitate Succession,
Confirm'd by Nations, as by Nature granted,
VVhich lawfully deliver'd me possession;
You must thinke Heaven sufficiency hath wanted,
And so deny it power, by your oppression,
That into question dare thus boldly bring
The awfull right of an annointed King.

16.

That hallowed Unction, by a sacred hand,
Which once was powr'd upon this crowned head,
And of this Kingdome gave me the command,
VVhen it about me the rich verdure spread,
Either my right in greater stead should stand,
Or wherefore then was it so vainly shed?
Whose profanation, and unrev'rend touch,
Just Heaven hath often punish'd, alwaies much.

17.

As from the Sun, when from our Sov'raigne due,
Whoſe vertuall influence, as the ſourſe of right,
Lends ſafety of your livelihood to you,
As from our fulneſſe taking borrow'd light;
VVhich to the ſubject being ever true,
VVhy thus oppugne you by prepoſt'rous might?
But what Heaven lent me, wiſely to have uſed,
It gives to him that vainly I abuſed.

18.

Then here I doe reſigne it to your King;
Pawſing thereat, as though his tongue offended,
With griping throwes ſeem'd forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full point, as he there had ended.
O, how that ſound his grieved heart did wring!
Which he recalling gladly would have mended.
"Things of ſmall moment we can ſcarcely hold,
"But griefes that touch the heart are hardly told.

19.

Which ſaid, his eyes ſeem'd to diſſolve to teares,
After ſome great ſtorme, like a ſhow'r of raine,
As his tongue ſtrove to keep it from his eares,
Or he had ſpoke it with exceeding paine;
O, in his lips how vile that word appeares,
Wiſhing it were within his breaſt againe!
Yet ſaith he, Say ſo to the man you beare it,
And thus ſay to him, that you meane ſhall weare it.

"Let

20.

" Let him account his bondage from that day.
" That he is with a Diadem inveſted;
" (A glittering Crowne hath made this haire ſo gray)
" VVithin whoſe circle he is but arreſted;
" To true content, this is no certaine way,
" VVith ſweeter cates the meane eſtate is feaſted:
" For when his proud feet ſcorn to touch the mold,
" His head 's a priſoner in a gaole of gold.

21.

" In numbring ſubjects, he but numbers eare;
" And when with ſhouts the people doe begin,
" Let him ſuppoſe, th' applauſe but prayers are,
" That he may ſcape the danger he is in,
" VVherein t' adventure he ſo boldly dares:
" The multitude hath multitudes of ſin,
" And he that firſt doth cry, God ſave the King,
" Is the firſt man him evill newes doth bring.

22.

" Loſt in his owne, miſ-led in others waies,
" Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
" Himſelfe diſpleaſing, wicked men to pleaſe,
" Obey'd no more than he ſhall tyrannize,
" The leaſt in ſafety, being moſt at eaſe,
" With one friend winning many enemies:
" And when he ſitteth in his greateſt ſtate,
" They that behold him moſt, beare him moſt hate.

23.

A King was he but now, that now is none,
Diſarm'd of powre, and here dejected is;
By whoſe depoſing he enjoyes a Throne,
VVho, were he naturall, ſhould not have done this:
I muſt confeſſe, th' inheritance his owne;
But whilſt I live, it ſhould be none of his:
But the ſon climbes, and thruſts the father downe,
And thus the crowned, goes without a Crowne.

24.

Thus having plai'd his hard conſtrained part,
His ſpeech, his reigne, the day together ended,
His breaſt ſhot through with ſortowes deadlieſt dart,
Car'd for of none, not look'd on, unattended,
Sadly returning with a heavie heart,
To his ſtrait lodging ſtrictly recommended,
Left to bemoane his miſerable plight,
To the deafe walls, and to the darkſome night.

25.

VVhilſt things were thus diſaſt'rouſly decreed,
Seditious Libels every day were ſpred,
(By ſuch as lik'd not of the violent deed)
That he by force ſhould be delivered:
Whether his wrong, remorſe in ſome did breed,
That him (alas) untimely pitied;
Who knew; or whether but devis'd by ſome,
To cloake his murther, afterward to come.

26.

And hate at hand, which hearkning ſtill did lurke,
And ſtill ſuſpitious *Edward* was not ſure,
Fearing, that blood with Leiceſter might worke,
Or, that him friends his name might yet procure,
Which the Queens faction mightily did ſtrike:
At Kenelworth, that no way could endure
His longer ſtay, but caſt to have him laid,
Where his friends leaſt might hope to lend him aid.

27.

Of which, when as they had debated long,
Of Berckley Caſtle they themſelves bethought,
A place by nature that was wond'rous ſtrong,
And yet farre ſtronger eas'ly might be wrought:
Beſides, it ſtood their chiefeſt friends among,
And where he was unlikelieſt to be ſought;
And for their men, to worke what they deſir'd,
They knew where Villains were that might be hir'd.

28.

For though the Great, to cover their intent,
Seem not to know of any that are ill,
Yet want they not a divelliſh inſtrument,
Which they have ready ever at their will:
Such men theſe had, to miſchiefe wholly bent,
In villany, notorious for their skill,
Diſhoneſt, deſp'rate, mercileſſe, and rude,
That dar'd into damnation to intrude.

29.

Vile *Gurney* and *Matrevers* were the men,
Of this blacke Scene, the actors chose to be,
VVhose hatefull deed pollutes my Maiden pen:
But, I beseech you, be not griev'd with me,
Which have these names now (that were famous then)
Some boughes grow crooked from the straightest tree:
Ye are no way partakers of their shame,
The fault is in their fact, not in their name.

30.

To Kenelworth they speedily dispatch'd,
Fitted with each thing that they could desire,
At such a time, as few their comming watch'd,
When of their bus'nesse none was to enquire:
Well were the men and their Commission match'd,
For they had their authority entire,
To take the King, his Guardian to acquit,
And to bestow him where they thought it fit.

31.

This crue of Ribalds, villanous and nought,
VVith their co-agents in this damned thing,
To noble Lester their Commission brought,
Commanding the deliv'ry of the King,
W^ch (with much griefe) they lastly from him wrought;
About the Castle closely hovering,
VVatching a time, till silence and the night,
Could with convenience priviledge their flight.

With

32.

With ſhamefull ſcoffes, and barbarous diſgrace,
Him on a leane ill-favour'd Jade they ſet,
In a vile garment, beggerly and baſe,
Which (it ſhould ſeem) they purpoſely did get;
So carrying him in a moſt wretched caſe,
Benum'd and beaten with the cold and wet,
Depriv'd of all repoſe and naturall reſt,
VVith thirſt and hunger grievouſly oppreſt.

33.

Yet ſtill ſuſpitious that he ſhould be knowne,
From beard and head they ſhav'd away the haire,
VVhich was the laſt that he could call his owne:
Never left Fortune any Wight ſo bare,
Such tyrannie on King was never ſhowne,
And till that time, with mortals had been rare;
His comfort then did utterly deceive him,
But to his death, his ſorrowes did not leave him.

34.

For when they had him farre from all reſort,
They tooke him downe from his poore weary beaſt,
And on a Mole-hill (for a State in Court)
VVith puddle water him they lewdly dreſt,
Then with his wofull miſeries made ſport;
And for his Baſon, fitting with the reſt,
A ruſty iron Skull: O wretched ſight!
VVas ever man ſo miſerably dight?

35.

His teares increas'd the water with their fall,
Like a poole, rising with a ſudden raine,
VVhich wreſtled with the puddle, and withall,
A troubled circle made it to retaine;
His endleſſe griefe which to his mind did call,
His ſighes made billowes like a little maine:
Water and teares contending, whether ſhould
The maſt'rie have, the hot ones, or the cold.

36.

Vile Traitors, hold off your unhallowed hands,
His brow upon it Majeſtie ſtill beares;
Dare ye thus keep your Sov'raigne Lord in bands?
And can your eyes behold th' Annointed's teares?
Or if your ſight all pity thus withſtands,
Are not your hearts yet pierced through your eares?
"The mind is free, what ere afflict the man,
"A King's a King, doe Fortune what ſhe can.

37.

"Dare man take that which God himſelf hath given?
"Or mortall ſpill the ſpirit by him infus'd,
"Whoſe pow'r is ſubject to the pow'r of Heaven?
"Wrongs paſſe not unreveng'd, although excus'd.
Except that thou ſet all at fixe and ſeven,
Riſe Majeſty, when thou art thus abus'd:
Or for thy refuge, which way wilt thou take,
VVhen in this ſort thou do'ſt thy ſelfe forſake?

When

38.

When in deſpight and mock'rie of a Crowne,
A wreathe of graſſe they for his temples make:
Which when he felt, then comming from a ſwoune,
And that his ſpirits a little 'gan to wake;
Fortune (quoth he) thou do'ſt not alwaies frowne,
I ſee thou giv'ſt, as well as thou do'ſt take,
That wanting naturall covert for my braine,
For that defect, thou lend'ſt me this againe.

39.

To whom, juſt Heaven, ſhould I my griefe complain,
Since it is onely thou that worke'ſt all?
How can this body naturall ſtrength remaine,
To ſuffer things ſo much unnaturall?
My cogitations labour but in vaine,
'Tis from thy Juſtice that I have my fall,
That when ſo many miſeries doe meet,
The change of ſorrow makes my torment ſweet.

40.

Thus they to Berckley brought the wretched King,
Which for their purpoſe was the place fore-thought.
Ye Heavenly Pow'rs, doe ye behold this thing,
And let this deed of horrour to be wrought,
That might the Nation into queſtion bring?
But O, your waies with juſtice ſtill are fraught!
But he is hap'd into his earthly hell,
From whence he bad the wicked world farewell.

41.

They lodg'd him in a melancholy roome, (farre,
VVhere, through ſtrait windowes the dull light came
(In which the Sunne did at no ſeaſon come)
Which ſtrength'ned were with many an iron barre,
Like to a vault under ſome mighty tombe,
VVhere night and day wag'd a continuall warre;
Under whoſe floore the common Sewer paſt,
Up to the ſame, a loathſome ſtench that caſt.

42.

The ominous Raven often he doth heare,
VVhoſe croking, him of following horrour tells,
Begetting ſtrange imaginary feare,
VVith heavie ecchoes, like to paſſing Bells:
The howling Dogge a dolefull part doth beare,
As though they chim'd his laſt ſad burying knells:
Under his eave the buzzing Shreech-Owle ſings,
Beating the windowes with her fatall wings.

43.

By night affrighted in his fearfull dreames,
Of raging Fiends and Goblins that he meets,
Of falling downe from ſteep rockes into ſtreames,
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding ſheets,
Of wand'ring helpleſſe in farre forraine Realmes,
Of ſtrong temptations by ſeducing Sprights;
VVherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himſelfe affraid.

Then

44.

Then came the Vision of his bloudy raigne,
Marching along with Lancasters sterne ghost,
Twenty eight Barons, either hang'd or slaine,
Attended with the rufull mangled hoast,
That unreveng'd did all that while remaine,
At Burton Bridge, and fatall Borough lost;
Threat'ning with frownes, and quaking ev'ry lim,
As though that piece-meale they would torture him.

45.

And if it chanc'd, that from the troubled skies,
The least small starre through any chinke gave light,
Straight waies on heaps the thronging clouds did rise,
As though that Heaven were angry with the night,
That it should lend that comfort to his eyes;
Deformed shadowes glimpsing in his sight,
As darknesse, that it might more ougly bee,
Through the least cranny would not let him see.

46.

When all th' affliction that they could impose
Upon him, to the utmost of their hate,
Above his torments, yet his strength so rose,
As though that Nature had conspir'd with Fate;
VVhen as his watchfull and too wary foes,
That ceas'd not still his woes to aggravate,
His further helps suspected, to prevent,
To take away his life, to Berckley sent.

And

47.

And to that end a Letter fashioning,
VVhich in the words a double sense did beare;
VVhich seem'd to bid them not to kill the King,
Shewing withall, how vile a thing it were;
But by the pointing, was another thing,
And to dispatch him, bids them not to feare:
Which taught to find, the murth'rers need no more,
Being thereto too ready long before.

48.

VVhen *Edward* hop'd a Chronicle to find,
Of those nine Kings which did him there precede,
VVhich some there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
On which, to passe the houres, he fell to reade,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind;
But in his breast that did sore conflicts breed:
"For when true sorrow once the fansie seizeth,
"VVhat ere we see, our misery increaseth.

49.

And to that Norman, entring on this Isle,
Call'd *William Conqueror*, first his time he plies,
The fields of *Hastings* how he did defile
VVith Saxon bloud, and *Harold* did surprize;
And those, which he so could not reconcile,
How over them he long did tyrannize:
Where he read, how the strong o'ercame the strong,
As God oft-times makes wrong to punish wrong.

How

50.

How *Robert* then his eldeſt ſon abroad,
Ruſus his ſecond ſeiz'd on his eſtate,
His fathers ſteps apparendy that trode,
Depreſſing thoſe who had been conquer'd late;
But as on them he laid a heavie load,
So was he guerdon'd by impartiall fate:
For whilſt mens roomes for beaſts he did intend,
He in that Forreſt had a beaſtly end.

51.

Henry, his young'ſt, his brother *William* dead,
Taketh the Crovvne from his uſurping hand,
Due to the eldeſt, good Duke *Robert's* head,
Not then returned from the Holy Land:
VVhoſe power was there ſo much diminiſhed,
That he his foe not able to withſtand,
VVas ta'en in battell, and his eyes out-done,
For which, the ſeas left *Henry* not a ſonne.

52.

To *Maud* the Empreſſe he the Scepter leaves,
His onely daughter, whom (through falſe pretext)
Stephen Earle of Bulloin from the Kingdome heaves,
The Conquerors nephew, in ſucceſſion next,
By which the Land a ſtranger warre receives,
VVherewith it long was miſerably vext:
Till *Stephen* failing, and his iſſue gone,
The heire of *Maud* ſteps up into the Throne.

Henry,

53.

Henry the Second, *Maud* the Empreſſe ſonne,
Of th' Engliſh Kings, *Plantaginet* the firſt,
By *Stephens* end, a glorious reigne begun;
But yet his greatneſſe ſtrangely was accurſt,
By his ſonne *Henries* Coronation:
Which to his age much woe and ſorrow nurſt,
When his, whom he had labor'd to make great,
Abroad his Townes, at home uſurp'd his Seat.

54.

Richard, his ſon, him worthily ſucceeds,
VVho not content with what was ſafely ours,
(A man whoſe mind ſought after glorious deeds)
Into the Eaſt tranſports the Engliſh powers;
Where, with his ſword whilſt many a Pagan bleeds,
Relentleſſe Fate doth haſte on his laſt houres,
By one, whoſe Sire he juſtly there had ſlaine,
VVith a ſharp arrow ſhot into the braine.

55.

Next followed him his faithleſſe brother *John*;
By *Arthurs* murther (compaſs'd by his might)
His brother *Geffrey*, th' Earle of Britaines ſonne;
But he by poyſon was repai'd his ſpight:
For whilſt he ſtrove to have made all his owne;
(For what he got by wrong, he held his right)
And on the Clergie tyrannouſly fed,
VVas by a Monke of Swinſted poyſoned.

Henry

56.

Henry his ſonne, then crowned very young,
For hate the Engliſh to the father bare,
The ſonne's here raigning was in queſtion long,
Who thought, on France t' have caſt the Kingdomes care;
With whom the Barons, inſolent and ſtrong,
For the old Charter in commotion were:
Which his long raigne did with much care moleſt;
Yet with much peace went laſtly to his reſt.

57.

Of him deſcends a Prince, ſtout, juſt, and ſage,
(In all things happy, but in him, his ſonne)
In whom, wiſe Nature did her ſelfe ingage,
More than in man, in *Edward* to have done;
Whoſe happy raigne recur'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to his Empire wonne:
O God (quoth he) had he my patterne bin,
Heav'n had not powr'd theſe plagues upon my ſin.

58.

Turning the leafe, he found at unawares,
What day young *Edward* Prince of Wales was borne;
VVhich letters look'd like conjuring Characters,
Or to deſpight him, they were ſet in ſcorne,
Blotting the paper like diſfiguring skarres:
O, let that name (quoth he) from bookes be torne,
Leſt in that place the ſad diſpleaſed earth
Doe loath it ſelfe, as ſtundered with my birth.

Bec

59.

Be thence hereafter humane birth exil'd,
Sunke to a lake, or ſwallow'd by the ſea;
And future Ages asking for that child,
Say 'twas abortive, or 'twas ſtolne away:
And left, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy un-numbred houres devoure that day:
Let all be done, that pow'r can bring to paſſe,
To make forgot, that ſuch a one there was.

60.

The troubled teares then ſtanding in his eyes,
Through which he did upon the letters looke,
Made them to ſeem like roundlets, that ariſe
By a ſtone caſt into a ſtanding brooke,
Appearing to him in ſuch various wiſe,
And at one time ſuch ſundry faſhions tooke,
As like deluding Goblins did affright,
And with their foule ſhapes terrifie his ſight.

61.

And on his death-bed ſits him downe at laſt,
His fainting ſpirits fore-ſhewing danger nie,
When the doores forth a fearfull howling caſt,
To let thoſe in, by whom he was to die:
At whoſe approach, whilſt there he lay agaſt,
Thoſe ruthleſſe Villaines did upon him flie;
Who ſeeing none, to whom to call for aid,
Thus to theſe cruell Regicides he ſaid:

O be

62.

O be not authors of ſo vile an act,
My bloud on your poſterity to bring,
VVhich after time with horrour ſhall diſtract,
VVhen fame ſhall tell it, how you kill'd a King:
And yet more, by the manner of the fact,
Mortality ſo much aſtoniſhing,
That they ſhould count their wickednesſe ſcarce ſin,
Compar'd to that, which done by you hath bin.

63.

And ſince you deadly hate me, let me live;
Yea this advantage angry Heaven hath left,
Which, except life, hath ta'en what it did give:
But that revenge ſhould not from you be reft,
Me yet with greater miſery to grieve,
Hath ſtill reſerv'd this from its former theft;
That this, wch might of all theſe plagues prevent me,
Were I depriv'd it, laſteth to torment me.

64.

Thus ſpake this wofull and diſtreſſed Lord,
As yet his breath found paſſage to and fro,
VVith many a ſhort pant, many a broken word,
Many a ſore groane, many a grievous throw,
Whilſt him his ſpirit could any ſtrength afford
To his laſt gaſpe, to move them with his woe;
Till over-maſt'red by their too much ſtrength,
His ſickly heart ſubmitted at the length.

When

65.

When 'twixt two beds they clos'd his wearied coarſe,
Baſely uncovering his moſt ſecret part,
And without humane pity or remorſe,
VVith a hot ſpit they thruſt him to the heart.
O that my Pen had in it but that force,
T' expreſſe the paine I but that ſurpaſſeth art;
And that the ſoule muſt even with trembling doe,
For words want weight, nor can they reach thereto.

66.

When thoſe (i' th' depth and dead time of the night)
Poore ſimple people, that then dwelled neare,
VVhom that ſtrange noiſe did wond'rouſly affright,
That his laſt ſhreeke did in his parting heare,
As pitying that moſt miſerable Wight,
(Betwixt compaſſion and obedient feare)
Turn'd up their eyes, with heavineſſe oppreſt,
Praying to Heaven, to give the ſoule good reſt.

67.

Berckley, whoſe faire ſeat hath bin famous long,
Let thy ſad ecchoes ſhreeke a deadly ſound,
To the vaſt aire complaine his grievous wrong,
And keep the bloud that iſſued from his wound,
The teares that drop'd from his dead eyes among,
In their blacke foot-ſteps printed on the ground,
Thereby that all the ages that ſucceed,
May call to mind the foulneſſe of their deed.

Let

68.

Let thy large buildings ſtill retaine his groanes,
His ſad complaints by learning to repeat,
And let the dull walls, and the ſenſleſſe ſtones,
By the impreſſion of his torment ſwear,
And for not able to expreſſe his moanes,
Therefore with paine and agonie repleat,
That all may thither come, that ſhall be told it,
As in a mirrour clearly to behold it.

69.

And let the *Genius* of that wofull place
Become the guide to his more frightfull ghoſt,
VVith haire diſhevel'd, and a gaſtly face,
And haunt the priſon where his life was loſt,
And as the Den of horrour and diſgrace,
Let it be fearfull over all the coaſt;
That thoſe hereafter that doe travell neare,
Never may view it, but with heavie cheare.

The end of the fifth Canto.

THE BARONS WARRES.

The sixth CANTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lord Mortimer *made Earle of March, how he*
And the bright Queen rule all things by their might;
The state wherein at Nottingham they be,
The cost wherewith their pompous Court is dight,
Envi'd by those, their hatefull pride that see:
The King attempts the dreadfull cave by night;
Entring the Castle, taketh him from thence,
And March at London dies for his offence.

1.

NOw, whilst of sundry accidents we sing,
Some of much sadnesse, others of delight,
In our conceit strange objects fashioning;
We our free numbers tenderly invite,
Somewhat to slacke this melancholy string:
For we too soon of death come to endite,
When things of moment in the course we hold,
Fall in their order fitly to be told.

Whilst

2.

Whilſt they the houres doe carefully redeeme,
Their fraudfull courſes finely to contrive,
How foule ſoe'r, to make them faire to ſeem,
For which, they all did diligently ſtrive,
To tempt men ſhill, ſo of them to eſteem,
That all might wiſh their purpoſes to thrive:
For it was cunning mixed with their might,
That had, & ſtill muſt make their wrong ſeem right.

3.

The pompous Synod of thoſe earthly gods,
VVas then aſſign'd to Salisbury, to bring
Things to be even, that had been at odds,
To the faire entrance of the new-crown'd King,
And thereby ſo to ſettle their abodes,
That peace from their firſt Parlament might ſpring:
Wiſely to end what well they had begun,
For many thought, that ſtrange things had bin done.

4.

VVhilſt *Mortimer* (ſo Lord of his deſire,
That none prevail'd his purpoſe to defeat)
His ſtile of Baron heav'd an Earldome higher,
T' extend the honour of his ancient ſeat,
That his command might be the more entire;
Who only then but th' Earle of March was great?
Who knew, the Land into her lap was throwne,
Which having all, would never ſtarve her owne.

And

5.

And firme they ſtood, as thoſe two ſtedfaſt Poles,
'Twixt which, this *All* doth on the Axtree move,
Whoſe ſtrength the frame of government upholds,
Which to thoſe times their wiſedomes did approve:
Strong muſt that fate be, which their will controules,
Or had the power them from their ſeats to ſhove:
For well they found, that that wᵗʰ they could feele,
Muſt of force make the Realme it ſelfe to reele.

6.

VVhen *Edwards* nonage, that of peace had need,
The Scot incourag'd to renew the warre,
Of which it much behov'd them to take heed,
Matters ſo ſtrangely manag'd as they were,
VVhich ſhould they ſuffer (by neglect) to breed,
Nothing they yet had made, but it might marre,
Which for their good (reſerving their eſtate)
They prove to purchaſe at the deareſt rate.

7.

Nor leſſe than *Ragman* the rough Scot ſuffic'd,
Of all our writings, of the moſt renowne,
By which the Kings of Scotland had dimis'd,
Their yeerly homage to the Engliſh Crowne,
VVith other Reliques (that were highly priz'd)
But that which made the patient'ſt men to frowne,
Was the Black Croſſe of Scotland ominous deem'd,
Before all other, anciently eſteem'd.

To

8.

To colour which, and to confirme the peace,
They made a marriage betweene them and us,
And for a ſtrong pretext to that releaſe,
VVhich to the wiſeſt ſeem'd moſt dangerous;
VVhilſt *Robert* reign'd, and after his deceaſe,
That it might laſt, it was concluded thus,
David their Prince, our Princeſſe *Joan* ſhould take,
Betwixt the Realmes a laſting League to make.

9.

When th' Earle of Kent, that had been long of thoſe,
VVhich in their actions had a pow'rfull hand,
Perceiving them of matters to diſpoſe,
Tending to the ſubverſion of the Land,
And further danger daily did diſcloſe,
If that the Kingdome they ſhould ſtill command:
VVhilſt he their fall did cunningly fore-caſt,
Did but his owne too violently haſte.

10.

For giving out, his brother to ſurvive,
(Of all men called the deceaſed King)
Into the peoples heads ſuch doubts did drive,
As into queſtion *Edwards* right did bring.
Ill this report was rais'd, and worſe did thrive,
Being ſo foule and dangerous a thing;
That as a mover of inteſtine ſtrife,
He for the Treaſon forfeited his life.

VVhilſt

11.

VVhilst *Edward* takes but what they onely give;
VVhose nonage crav'd their carefullest protection,
VVho knew to rule, and lie but learn'd to live,
From their experience taking his direction:
Hard was the thing, that they could not contrive,
When he that reign'd was crown'd by their election;
And that the right which did to him belong,
And must uphold him, chiefly made them strong.

12.

Providing for the Councell of the King
Those of most power, the nobleſt of the Peeres,
Experienc'd well, compleat in ev'ry thing,
Whose judgements had bin rip'ned with their yeeres,
With comelineſſe their actions managing:
Yet whilst they row, 'tis *Mortimer* that ſteeres;
"Wel might we think, the man were more than blind,
"That wanted ſea-roomth, and could rule the wind.

13.

Keeping their courſe, that it ſtill clearly ſhone,
By the moſt curious cunning to be ſcan'd,
And made that which was *Edwards* then, their owne,
Being received from his ſoy'raigne hand,
Into their boſomes abſolutely throwne,
Both for his good, and ſafety of his Land,
All their proceedings coloured with that care,
To the worlds eye ſo faire an out-ſide bare.

And

14.

And they which could the Complements of State,
To Greatnesse gave each ceremonious Rite,
To their Designes to give the longer date,
The like againe in others to excite;
In entertaining Love, they welcom'd Hate,
And to one Banquet freely both invite:
"A Princes wealth, by spending still doth spred,
"Like to a brooke, by many Fountaines fed.

15.

To Nottingham the North's Imperious eye,
VVhich as a Pharus doth survey the soile,
Armed by nature danger to defie;
March, to repose him after all his toile,
(VVhere Treason least advantage might espie)
Closely convey'd his past-price valued spoile:
That there residing from the publike sight,
He might with pleasure relliſh his delight.

16.

Nineſcore in Check belonging to their Court,
By honour'd Knight-hood knit in mutuall bands,
Men moſt ſelect, of ſpeciall worth and ſort:
Much might they doe, that had ſo many hands:
March and the Queen maintaine one equall port
In that proud Caſtle, which ſo farre commands:
Frō whence they ſeem'd as they like thoſe would riſe,
Who once threw Rockes at the Imperiall Skies.

17.

As Fortune meant her power on March to show,
And in her armes to beare him through the skie,
By him to daunt whos'ever sat below,
Having above them mounted him so hie:
VVho, at his beckt was he that did not bow,
If at his feet he did not humbly lie?
"All things concurre with more than happy chance,
"To raise the man, whom Fortune will advance.

18.

Here all along the flower-befilled Vales,
On her cleere sands the silver Trent doth slide,
And to the Medowes, telling wanton tales,
Her crystall limbes lasciviously, in pride,
(As ravished with the enamour'd Gales)
VVith often turnings casts from side to side;
As she were loth the faire sight to forsake,
And runne her selfe into the German Lake.

19.

And North from thence, rude Sherwood as she roves,
Casts many a long looke at those lofty Tow'rs,
And with the thicknesse of her well-growne Groves,
Shelters the Towne from stormy Winters show'rs,
In pleasant Summer, and to shew her loves,
Bids it againe to see her shady Bow'rs:
Courting the Castle, which as turning to her, (her
Smiles to behold th' inamor'd Wood-Nymph wo
March

20.

March and the Queen so planted in this place,
Thither in person Princely Edward drove,
Who seem'd, their friendships friendly to embrace,
And upon ev'ry little offred cause,
Ready to doe them ceremonious grace;
Whom they observe (of Court that knew the Lawes)
Whilst in the Town King Edward took his Seat,
The Queens great confidence made the Castle sweat.

21.

VVhere, when they pleas'd in counsell to debate,
Or they the King at any pleasure met,
They came with such magnificence of State,
As did all eyes upon their Greatnesse set,
Prizing their presence at the costly rate,
As to the same due reverence might beget:
VVhich, in most people admiration wrought,
And much amazed many a wand'ring thought.

22.

O, could ambition apprehend a stay,
The giddy course it wand'reth in to guide!
And give it safety in that slipp'rie way,
VVhere the most worldly providence doe slide,
It not so soon should see its owne decay:
But it so much besotted is with pride,
That it ne'r thinketh of that pit at all,
Wherein, through boldnesse, it doth blindly fall.

23.

But never doth it surfet with excesse,
Each dish, so savorie, season'd with delight,
Nor nothing can the gluttony suppresse,
But still it longs, so liquorish is the sight,
Nor having all, is in desire the lesse,
Till it so much be tempted past the might,
That the full stomack more than well suffic'd,
Vomits, what late in vilely gourmandiz'd.

24.

Like to some low Brooke, from a loftier ground,
By waste of waters that is over-flow'd,
Is fated, till it shoulder downe the mound,
And the old course quite of it selfe unload,
That where it was, it after is not found,
But from the strait bankes layes it selfe abroad,
Leading the fountaine that doth feed it by,
So leaves the channell desolate and dry.

25.

When as those few, that many teares had spent,
By gazing long on murth'red *Edwards* grave,
Mutt'red in corners, griev'd, and discontent,
And finding those, them willing Eare that gave,
Still as they durst discovered what they meant,
Tending their pride and greatnesse to deprave;
Urging withall, what some might justly doe,
If things so borne, were rightly look'd into.

And

26.

And some gave out, that *Mortimer* to rise,
Had cut off Kent, that next was to succeed,
Whose treasons they avow'd March to surmise,
As a meere colour to that lawlesse deed;
VVhich his ambition onely did devise,
Quite out the Royall Family to weed,
And made account, if *Edward* once were gone,
He o'r the rest might step into the Throne.

27.

As those his favourers, in those former times,
Then credulous, that Honour was his end,
And for the hate they bare to others crimes,
Did not his faults so carefully attend:
Perceiving he so dissolutely climbes,
Having then brought his purpose to an end,
VVith a severe eye did more strictly looke
Into the course, which his Ambition tooke.

28.

All fence the Tree, that serveth for a shade,
Whose big-growne body doth beare off the wind,
Till that his wastfull branches doe invade
The new-sprung Plants, and them in prison bind;
VVhen as a Tyrant to his weaker made,
And as a vile devourer of his kind,
All lend their hands at his large root to hew,
Whose greatnesse hind'reth others that would grow.

29.

So, at his ease securely whilst he sate,
And as he would, so all things settled were,
Under the guidance of a gracious Fate,
Never more free from Jealousie and Feare;
So great his mind, so mighty his estate,
As they admit not danger to be neere:
But still we see, before a sudden showre,
The Sunne upon us hath the greatest power.

30.

VVithin the Castle had the Queen devis'd,
(Long about which, she busied had her thought)
A Chamber, wherein she imparadiz'd,
What shapes for her could any where be sought;
Which in the same were curiously compris'd,
By skilfull Painters excellently wrought:
And in the place of greatest safety there,
Which she had nam'd the Tower of *Mortimer*.

31.

A Roome prepar'd with Pilasters she chose,
That to the roofe their slender points did reare,
Arching the top, whereas they all did close,
VVhich from below shew'd like an Hemisphere:
In whose concavity she did compose
The Constellations, there to us appeare
In their cospereall shapes, with Starres inchased,
As by th' old Poets they on Heaven were placed.

About

32.

About which lodging, eow'rds the upper face,
Ran a fine border, circularly led,
As equall 'twixt the Zenith and the Base,
VVhich as a Zone the Waste ingirdled,
That lent the sight a becathing, by the space
'Twixt things neere hand, and those farre over head:
Upon the plaine wall of which lower part,
Painting expres'd the utmost of her Art.

33.

There *Phebus* clipping *Hiacynthus* dead,
VVhose lifes last drops did the gods breast inbrew,
His teares so mixed with the young Boyes blood,
That whether was the more, no eye could view;
And though together lost as in a flood,
Yet here and there th' one from the other drew:
The pretty Wood-Nymphs chafing him with Balm,
Proving to wake him from his deadly qualme.

34.

Apol'o's Quiver, and farre-killing Bow,
His gold-fring'd Mantle on the grasie-full ground,
T' expresse whose act, Art (ev'n) her best did show,
The Sledge so shadow'd still, as to rebound,
As it had scarce done giving of the blow,
Lending a lasting freshnesse to the wound,
The purple flower from the Boyes blood begun,
That since ne're spreads, but to the rising Sun.

35.

Neere that was *Iō* in a Heifers ſhape,
Viewing her new-ta'n figure in a brooke,
In which, her ſhadow ſeem'd on her to gape,
As on the ſame ſhe greedily did looke,
To ſee how *Jove* could cloud his wanton ſcape:
So done, that the Beholders oft miſtooke
Themſelves; to ſome, that one way did allow
A womans likeneſſe, th' other way a Cow.

36.

There *Mercury* was like a Shepheards Boy,
Sporting with *Hebe* by a Fountaine brim,
VVith many a ſweet glance, many an am'rous toy;
He ſprinkling drops at her, and ſhe at him:
VVherein the Painter ſo explain'd their joy,
As he had meant the very life to limne:
For on their browes he made the drops ſo cleare,
That through each drop their faire skins did appear.

37.

By them in Landskip, rockie *Cynthus* rear'd,
VVith the clouds leaning on his lofty crowne,
On his ſides ſhewing many a ſtraggling heard,
And from his top, the cleare ſprings creeping downe
By the old rockes, each with a hoary beard,
VVith Moſſe and climbing Ivie over-growne:
So done, that the Beholders, with the skill,
Never enough their longing eyes could fill.

The

38.

The halfe-nak'd Nymphs, ſome climbing, ſome de-
The ſundry Flowers at one another flung, (ſcending,
In poſtures ſtrange their limber bodies bending;
Some cropping branches, that ſeem'd lately ſprung,
Upon the brakes their coloured Mantles rending,
VVhich on the Mount grew here and there among:
Combing their haire ſome, ſome made Garlands by,
So ſtrove the Painter to content the eye.

39.

In one part, *Phaëton* caſt amongſt the clouds
By *Phœbus* Palfreyes, that their reines had broke,
His Chariot tumbling from the welked ſhrowds,
And the fierce Steeds flew madding from their yoke,
The Elements confuſedly in crowds,
And Heaven & Earth were nought but flame & ſmoke.
A piece ſo done, that many did deſire
To warme themſelves, ſome frighted with the fire.

40.

And into Padus falling, as he burn'd,
Thereinto throwne by *Jove*, out of the skies:
His weeping ſiſters, there to Trees were turn'd,
Yet ſo of women did retaine the guiſe,
That none could cenſure, whether (as they mourn'd)
Drops from their boughs, or teares fell from their eies:
Done for the laſt, with ſuch exceeding life,
As Art therein with Nature ſeem'd at ſtrife.

41.

And for the light to this brave Lodging lent,
The Workman, who as wisely could direct,
Did for the same the windowes so invent,
That they should artificially reflect
The day alike on ev'ry Liniament,
To their proportion, and had such respect,
As that the beames, condensated and grave,
To ev'ry Figure a sure colour gave.

42.

In part of which, under a golden Vine,
VVhich held a curious Canopie through all,
Stood a rich bed, quite covered with the twine,
Shadowing the same in the redoubling fall,
VVhose clusters drew the branches to decline,
'Mongst which, did many a naked *Cupid* sprawle:
Some, at the sundry-colour'd Birds did shoot,
And some, about to plucke the purple fruit.

43.

On which, a Tissue counterpoine was cast,
Arachnes Web did not the same surpasse,
VVherein the story of his fortunes past,
In lively Pictures neatly handled was,
How he escap'd the Tower, in France how grac'd,
VVith stones imbroid'red of a wond'rous masse;
About the border, in a fine-vvrought fret,
Emblem's, Empresa's, Hieroglyphicks set.

This

44.

This flatt'ring Sun-shine had begot the showre,
And the blacke clouds with such abundance fed,
That for a wind they waited but the houre,
VVith force to let their fury on his head:
VVhich when it came, it came with such a pow'r,
As he could hardly have imagined;
"But when men thinke they most in safety stand,
"Their greatest perill often is at hand.

45.

For to that largenesse they increased were,
That *Edward* felt March heavie on his Throne,
VVhose props no longer both of them could beare,
Two for one Seat, that over-great were growne,
Prepost'rously that moved in one Sphere,
And to the like predominancie prone,
That the young King downe *Mortimer* must cast,
If he himselfe would e'r hope to sit fast,

46.

VVho finding the necessity was such,
That urg'd him still th' assault to undertake,
And yet his person it might neerly touch,
Should he too soon his sleeping power awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,
Drove him at length a secret meanes to make,
VVhereby he might the enterprise effect,
And hurt him most, where he did least suspect.

Without

47.

VVithout the Caſtle, in the earth is found
A Cave, reſembling ſleepy *Morpheus* Cell,
In ſtrange Meanders winding under ground,
Where darkneſſe ſeeks continually to dwell,
Which with ſuch feare and horrour doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into Hell;
By Architects to ſerve the Caſtle, made
When as the Danes this Iſland did invade.

48.

Now, on along the crankling path doth keep,
Then, by a rocke turnes up another way,
Riſing tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the deep,
On a ſmooth levell then it ſelfe doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the courſe keeps any certaine ſtay;
Till in the Caſtle, in an odde by-place,
It caſts the foule Maske from its duskie face.

49.

By which, the King with a ſelected crue,
Of ſuch as he with his intent acquainted,
VVhich he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of *Edward* had not fainted,
That to their utmoſt would the cauſe purſue,
And with thoſe Treaſons that had not been tainted,
Adventured the Labyrinth t' aſſay,
To rowſe the Beaſt, which kept them all at bay.

Long

50.

Long after *Phœbus* tooke his lab'ring Teame,
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
To wash his Cauples in the Ocean streame,
And coole the fervour of his glowing face;
And *Phœbe*, scanted of her brothers beame,
Into the West went after him apace,
Leaving blacke darknesse to possesse the skie,
To fit the time of that blacke Tragedie.

51.

What time by torch-light they attempt the Cave,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'r seen any light;
VVhich, striving there preheminence to have,
Darknesse therewith so daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appeare,
As darknesse light, and light but darknesse were.

52.

The craggy cleeves, which crosse them as they goe,
Made, as their passage they would have deni'd,
And threat'ned them their journey to forslow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seem'd their discontent to shovv,
To the vile hand that did them first divide:
Whose comb'rous falls and risings seem'd to say,
So ill an action could not brooke the day.

And

53.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their ſhadowes then them following at their backe,
VVere like to Mourners, carrying forth their dead,
And as the deed, ſo were they ugly blacke,
Or like to Fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloud-ſhed, and to wracke:
VVhilſt the light look'd as it had been amazed,
At their deformed ſhapes, whereon it gazed.

54.

The clatt'ring Armes their Maſters ſeem'd to chide,
As they would reaſon, wherefore they ſhould wound,
And ſtrucke the Cave, in paſſing on each ſide,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act ſo pitileſſe ſhould hide;
VVhoſe ſtonie roofe lock'd in their angry ſound,
And hanging in the creekes, drew backe againe,
As willing them from murther to refraine.

55.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of theſe things)
And to her Chamber is the Queen withdrawne,
To whom a choice Muſician playes and ſings,
Whilſt ſhe ſat under an Eſtate of Lawne,
In night-attire more God-like glittering,
Than any eye had ſeen the cheerfull dawne,
Leaning upon her moſt-lov'd *Mortimer*,
Whoſe voice, more than the muſick, pleas'd her eare.

Where

56.

Where her faire breasts at liberty were let,
Whose Violets vaines in branched riverets flow,
And *Venus* Swans, and milkie Doves were set
Upon those swelling Mounts of driven snow;
Whereon whilst Love, to sport himselfe doth get,
He lost his way, nor backe againe could goe,
But with those bankes of Beauty set about,
He wand'red still, yet never could get out.

57.

Her loose haire look'd like gold (O word too base!
Nay, more than fit, but so to name her haire)
Declining, as to kisse her fairer face,
No word is faire enough for thing so faire,
Nor ever was there Epithite could grace
That, by much praising, which we much impaire;
And where the Pen failes, Pensils cannot show it,
Onely the soule may be suppos'd to know it.

58.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheeke,
The Gods pure Scepters, and the Darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a Tygre meeke,
Or might great *Atlas* from his seat remove;
So white, so soft, so delicate, so fleeke,
As she had worne a Lilly for a Glove,
As might beget life, where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The

59

The fire, of precious wood, the light perfume,
VVhich left a sweetnesse on each thing it shone,
As ev'ry thing did to it selfe assume
The sent from them, and made the same their owne:
So that the painted Flowers within the roome
Were sweet, as if they naturally had growne;
The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

60

VVhen on those sundry Pictures they devise,
And from one peece they to another runne,
Commend that face, that arme, that hand, those eyes,
Shew how that Bird, how well that Flower was done,
How this part shadow'd, and how that did rise,
This top was clouded, how that traile was spunne,
The Land-skip, Mixture, and Delineatings,
And in that Art a thousand curious things.

61

Looking upon proud *Phaëton* wrap'd in fire,
The gentle Queene did much bewaile his fall;
But *Mortimer* commended his desire,
To lose one poore life, or to governe all:
VVhat though (quoth he) he madly did aspire,
And his great mind made him proud Fortunes thrall?
Yet in despight, when she her worst had done,
He perish'd in the Chariot of the Sunne.

Phœbus

62.

Phœbus, she said, was over-forc'd by Art,
Nor could she find, how that Imbrace could be:
But *Mortimer* then tooke the Painters part,
Why thus, bright Empresse, thus, and thus, quoth he,
That hand doth hold his backe, and this his heart,
Thus their armes twine, and thus their lips, you see:
Now are you *Phœbus*, *Hiacynthus* I,
It were a life thus ev'ry houre to die.

63.

VVhen, by that time, into the Castle Hall
VVas rudely entred that well-armed Rout,
And they within suspecting nought at all,
Had then no Guard to watch for them without:
" (See how Mischiances suddenly doe fall
" And steale upon us, being farth'st from doubt:)
" Our life's uncertaine, and our death is sure,
" And tow'rds most perill, man is most secure.

64.

Whilst youthfull *Nevil*, and brave *Turpington*,
To the bright Queen that ever waited neere,
Two, with great March much credit that had won,
That in the Lobby with the Ladies were,
Staying delight, whilst time away did runne,
VVith such discourse as women love to heare;
Charg'd on the sudden by the armed Traine,
VVere at their entrance miserably slaine.

When,

65.

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lofty cleeves,
Some fleet-wing'd Haggard, cow'rds her preying houre,
Amongst the Teyle and Moore-bred Mallard drives,
And th' aire of all her feather'd flocke doth scowre,
VVhilst to regaine her former height, she striues,
The fearfull Fowle all prostrate to her power:
Such a sharp shreeke did ring throughout the Vault,
Made by the women at the fierce assault.

66.

Unarm'd was March (the onely in his armes,
Too soft a shield to beare their boist'rous blowes)
VVho least of all suspected such Alarmes,
And to be so encountred by his foes,
VVhen he was most improuident of harmes.
O, had he had but weapons on his woes!
Either his Valour had his life redeem'd,
Or in her sight dy'd happily esteem'd.

67.

But there, about him looking for the King,
Whom he suppos'd his judgement could not misse;
Which when he found, by his imagining,
Of those most perfect Lineaments of his:
Quoth he, The man that to thy Crowne did bring
Thee, at thy hands might least have look'd for this;
And in this place, the least of all the rest,
VVhere onely sacred Solitude is blest.

Her

68.

Her presence frees th' Offender of this ill,
Whose God-like greatnesse makes the place divine;
And canst thou, King, thus countermand her will,
VVhu gave to thee the power that now is thine,
And in her armes in safety kept thee still,
As in a most inviolated Shrine?
Yet dar'st thou irreligiously despise,
And thus profane these sacred Liberties.

69.

But, even as when old *Ilion* was surpris'd,
The Grecians issuing from the wooddeu Horse,
The pride and fury roughly exercis'd,
Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force,
Putting in act what was before devis'd,
VVithout all humane pity or remorse;
Even so did they, wh whose confused sound, (drown'd.
Words were not heard, and poore complaints were

70.

Dissolv'd to teares, she followed him: O teares!
Elixar-like, turne all to Pearle you touch;
To weep with her, the hard Wall scarce forbeares,
The wofull words she uttered were such,
Able to wound th' impenitrablest eares,
Her plaints so piercing, and her griefe so much:
And to the King, when she at last could come,
Thus to him spake, though he to her were dumbe.

Deare

71.

Deare Sonne (quoth she) let not his bloud be spilt,
So often ventred to redeem thy Crowne.
In all his life can there be found that guilt?
Think of his love, on which thou oure shouldst frown;
'Twas he thy Seat that so substantiall built,
Long with his shoulder lay'd from shaking downe;
'Twas he the meanes that first for thee did find,
To passe for France, to exercise thy mind.

72.

Even for the love thou bear'st to that deare bloud,
From which (my son) thou didst receive thy life,
Play not the Niggard in so small a good,
With her, to whom thy bounties should be rife,
Beg'd on those knees, at which thou oft hast stood:
O, let my up-held hands appease this strife!
Let not the breath from this sad bosome sent,
VVithout thy pity be but vainly spent.

73.

When in the tumult, with the sudden fright,
Whilst ev'ry one for safety sought about,
And none regarded to maintaine the light,
VVhich being over-wasted, was gone out,
It being then the mid time of the night,
Ere they could quit the Castle of the Rout;
The Queen alone (at least, if any neare,
They ecere her women, almost dead with feare.)

When

74.

When horrour, darknesse, and her inward woe,
Began to worke on her afflicted mind,
Upon her weaknesse tyrannizing so,
As they would doe their utmost, in their kind,
And as then those, she need no other foe,
Such power her fortune had to them assign'd,
To racke her conscience (by their torture due)
It selfe t' accuse of what she't it knew.

75.

O God! (thought she) Is yet an houre scarce past,
Since that my Greatnesse, my Command more hie,
And Eminencie, wherein I was plac'd,
Wan me respect in ev'ry humble eye?
How am I now abused? how disgrac'd?
Did ever Queen in my dejection lie?
These things she pond'red, as despaire still brought
Their sundry formes into her troubled thought.

76.

To London thus they March a prisoner led,
VVhich there had oft been courted by the Queen,
From whom, his friends and his late followers fled,
Of many a Gallant follow'd that had been,
Of which, there was not one durst shew his head,
Much lesse t' abet his side, that durst be seen;
Which at his fall made them to wonder more,
Who saw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

O Mise-

77.

O Miserie! where once thou art possest,
See but how quickly thou canst alter kind,
And like a *Circe*, metamorphosest
The man, that hath not a most God-like mind:
The fainting spirit, O how thou canst infest!
VVhose yeelding frailty easily thou canst find,
And by thy vicious presence, with a breath
Gives him up fett'red, basely fear'd to death.

78.

VVhen soon the King a Parlament decreed,
(Ne'r till that time sole Master of his Crowne)
And against March doth legally proceed,
Fitted with tooles to digge that Mountaine downe,
To which, both high and low tooke speciall heed;
He ne'r had Fawne, but then he had a Frowne,
King *Edwards* bloud, with both the *Spensers*, call
For Vengeance on him, by the voice of all.

79.

With deare Kents death his credit next they blot,
Then on him lay the Wards and Liveries,
VVhich he by craft into his hands had got,
The summes then seized to his Treasuries:
Then *Joan* the Princesse, married to the Scot,
The Signe at Stanhope to the enemies:
With all things ripp'd from the records of time,
That any way might aggravate his crime.

O dire

80.

O dire Revenge! when thou by thine art rak'd
Out of the ashes which have hid thee long,
(Wherein thou lai'ſt, as thou hadſt quite been ſlak'd)
And becom'ſt kindled with the breath of wrong,
How ſoon thy hideous fury is awak'd?
From thy poor ſparks, what flames are quickly ſprung?
To waſte their tops, how ſoon do'ſt thou aſpire,
Whoſe weight and greatneſſe once repreſt thy fire?

81.

And what avail'd his anſwer in that caſe?
VVhich the time then did utterly diſtaſte,
And look'd upon him with ſo ſterne a face,
As it his actions utterly diſgrac'd:
No friendly boſome gave him any place,
VVho was cleane out of all opinion caſt;
Taking his Peri, his ſorrowes to deceive,
Thus of the Queen he laſtly tooke his leave.

82.

Bright Empreſſe, yet be pleaſed to peruſe
The Swan-like Dirges of a dying man,
Although not like the raptures of the Muſe,
In our freſh youth, when our Love firſt began,
Into my breaſt that did the fire infuſe,
That glorious day that I thy rich Glove wan,
And in my courſe a flame of lightning bet,
Out of proud Hertfords high-plum'd Burgonet.

As

83.

As for your ſon, that haſt'neth on my death,
Madame, you know, I luvld him as mine owne,
And when I could have graſped out his breath,
I ſet him eas'ly on his fathers Throne:
VVhich now his power too quickly witneſſeth,
VVho to this height in Tyrannie is growne:
But yet, be his ingratitude forgiven,
As after death, I wiſh to be in Heaven.

84.

And for the ſole Rule, whereon ſo he ſtands,
Came Baſtard *William* but himſelfe to ſhore?
Or had he not our fathers valiant hands,
VVho in that field our ancient Enſigne bore,
(Guarded about with our well-order'd Bands)
Which then his Leopards for their ſafety wore,
Looking at Haſtings like that ominous Lake, (take?
From whoſe blacke depths our glorious Name we

85.

VVhy fell I not from that my all-arm'd Horſe,
On which I rode before the gates of Gaunt,
Before the Belgick and Burgonian Force,
There challenging their Countries Combatant;
Caſt from my ſeat in ſome robuſtious courſe,
That they of me the victory might vaunt?
Why ſunke I not under my batt'red ſhield,
To grace a brave foe, and renowne a field?

Yet

86.

Yet never ſerv'd I Fortune like a ſlave,
Nor have, through baſeneſſe, made her bounties leſſe,
In me her judgement poorely to deprave,
Nought hath ſhe lent me that I'le not confeſſe;
Nay, int'reſt for her principall I gave.
My mind hath ſuted with her mightineſſe,
Her frownes with ſcorne and *Mortimer* doth beare,
For nothing can ſhe doe that he can feare.

87.

That ne'r quailes me at which your greateſt quake,
Nor ought that 's dreadfull, danger me can ſhow,
Through ſword and fire ſo vi'd my way to take:
In death what can be (that I doe not know)
That I ſhould feare a covenant to make
With it, which welcom'd, finiſheth my woe?
"And nothing can th' afflicted conſcience grieve,
"But he may pardon, who can all forgive.

88.

And thus, thou moſt adored in my heart,
The thoughts of whom my humbled ſpirit doth raiſe,
Lady moſt faire, moſt deare, of moſt deſert,
Worthy of more than any mortall praiſe,
Condemned *March* thus laſtly doth depart
From the great'ſt Empreſſe living in her daies;
Nor with my duſt mine honour I interre:
Ceſar thus di'd, and thus dies *Mortimer*.

89.

When secretly he sent this letter to her,
Whose superscription was her Princely stile;
She knew the hand, and thought it came to woo her,
With which conceit she pleas'd her selfe a while,
Than which no one thing serv'd so to undoe her,
By feeding her with flatt'rie and with guile,
To make her still more sensible of paine,
Which her sad heart was shortly to sustaine.

90.

Using her fingers to rip up the seale,
VVhich holpe to hide these ill newes from her eies,
Loth as it were such tidings to reveale,
As might her senses suddenly surprize;
But when her white hand did so hardly deale
VVith the poore paper, that the waxe must rise,
It stucke upon her fingers bloudy red,
As to porsend some deare bloud should be shed.

91.

When by degrees she eas'ly doth begin,
And as a fish playes with a baited hooke,
So softly yet she swallow'd sorrow in,
Till she her bane into her bowels tooke;
And then she sees th' experices of her sinne,
Sadly set downe in that blacke doomes-day booke,
And the deare summes that were to be defrai'd,
Before the debt were absolutely pai'd.

Who

92.

Whole hoasts of sorrowes her sicke heart assaile,
When ev'ry letter lanc'd her like a dart,
Striving against her which should most prevaile,
And yet not one but prick'd her to the heart:
Where one word might anothers woe bewaile,
And with its neighbour seem'd to beare a part,
Each line serv'd for so true a Text to her,
As in her woes would no way let her erre.

93.

Griefe bad her looke, yet soon it bad her leave,
Wherewith o'rcharg'd she neither sees nor heares,
Her usefull'st senses sooneſt her deceive,
The sight shuts up her eies, the sound her eares,
And of her reading doth her quite bereave,
When for a fescue she doth use her teares,
Which when some line she loosely over past,
The drops could tell her where she left the last.

94.

Somewhat at length recov'ring of her sight,
Deeply she curs'd her sorrow-seeing eie,
And said she was deluded by the light,
Or was abus'd by the Orthographie,
Or some one had devised it in spight,
Pointing it false, her scholarship to trie;
"Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,
"Our best conceits doe prove the greatest liers.

95.

Her trembling hand, as in a fever quakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little ſtirre,
Which ſhe imagines at her ſorrow ſhakes,
And pities it, which ſhe thinkes pities her;
Each ſmall thing ſomewhat to the greater makes,
And to her humour ſomething doth inferre:
Her woe-ti'd tongue but when ſhe once could free,
Sweet *Mortimer*, my moſt-lov'd Lord (quoth ſhe)

96.

For thy deare aſhes be my breaſt the Urne,
VVhich as a Relique I of thee will ſave,
Mix'd with the teares that I for thee ſhall mourne,
VVhich in this boſome ſhall their buriall have;
Out of which place they never ſhall returne,
Nor give the honour to another grave:
But here, as in a Temple, be preſerv'd,
VVherein thy Image is moſt lively carv'd.

97.

Then breakes ſhe out in curſing of her ſon,
But *Mortimer* ſo runneth in her mind,
As that ſhe ended ere ſhe had begun,
Speaking before what ſhould have come behind:
From that ſhe to another courſe doth run,
To be reveng'd in ſome notorious kind,
By ſtab, or poyſon; and ſhee'le ſweare to both,
But for her life ſhe could not find an oath.

98.

She pen and paper takes, and makes no doubt,
But the Kings cruell dealing to discover;
But soon forgetting what she went about,
Poore Queen, she fell to scribbling to her Lover:
Here she put in, and there she blotted out,
Her passion did so violently move her,
That turning backe to reade what she had writ,
She tore the paper, and condemn'd her wit.

99.

But from her passion being somewhat rais'd,
Like one that lately had been in a swound,
Or felt some strange extremity appeas'd,
That had been taken from some blow or wound,
Yet on that part it had so strongly seiz'd,
That for the same no remedie was found;
But at the very point their life to lose,
As they their goods, she doth her griefe dispose.

100.

Quoth she, King *Edward*, as thou art my son,
Leaving the world, this legacie I leave thee:
My hearts true love, my *Mortimer* hath won,
And yet of all he shall not so bereave thee;
But for this mischiefe to thy mother done,
Take thou my curse, so that it may out-live thee,
That as thy deed doth daily me torment,
So may my curse thee, by my Testament.

101.

And henceforth in this ſolitary place,
Ever reſiding from the publike ſight,
A private life I willingly imbrace,
No more rejoycing in the obvious light,
To conſummate this too-long ling'ring ſpace,
Till death incloſe me in continuall night,
Let never ſleep more cloſe my wearied eie,
So *Iſabella*, lay thee downe, and die.

The end of the ſixth Canto.

ENGLANDS HEROICALL EPISTLES,

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON ESQUIRE:

WITH

Some ſhort Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie to the ſame: to which the Reader is directed by this Mark ☞ in the beginning of every line, to which the Annotations are pertinent.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Smethwicke*, 1637.

To the Reader.

SEeing these Epistles are now to the World made publike, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine owne discharge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazzard of a just and universall reprehension: For,

——Hæ nugæ seria ducent,
In mala derisum semel exceptumq; sinistre.

Two points are especially therefore to be explained: first, why I entitle this Worke *Englands Heroicall Epistles*: secondly, why I have annexed Notes to every Epistles end. For the first, the Title (I hope) carrieth reason in it selfe: for that the most and greatest persons herein were *English*; or else, that their Loves were obtained in *England*. And though [Heroicall] be properly understood of Demigods, as of *Hercules* and *Æneas*, whose parents were said to be, the one Celestiall, the other Mortall; yet is it also transferred to

them, who for the greatneſſe of mind come neere to Gods. For to be borne of a celeſtiall *Incubus*, is nothing elſe, but to have a great and mighty ſpirit, far above the earthly weakneſſe of men; in which ſenſe *Ovid* (whoſe Imitator I partly profeſſe to be) doth alſo uſe Heroicall. For the ſecond, becauſe the Worke might in truth be judged Brainiſh, if nothing but amorous humour were handled therein, I have inter-woven matters Hiſtoricall, which unexplained, might defraud the mind of much content: As for example, in Queen *Margarites* Epiſtle to *William de la Poole*,

My Daizie flower which once perfum'd the aire.

Margarite in French ſignifies a Daizie, which for the alluſion to her name, this Queen gave for her device: and this, as others more, have ſeemed to me not unworthy the explaining.

Now, though no doubt I had need to excuſe other things beſide, yet theſe moſt eſpecially; the reſt I over-paſſe, to eſchew tedious recitall. If they be as harmleſſy taken as I meant them, I ſhall not laſtly be affraid to beleeve and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. DRAYTON.

To Master *Michael Drayton.*

Long have I wisht, and hop'd my weaker Muse,
(In nothing strong but my unhappy love)
Would give mee leave my fortune to approve,
And view the World, as named Poets use;
But still her fruitlesse bosome doth refuse
To blesse mee with indifferency of praise,
Not daring (like to many) to abuse
That title which true Worth should onely raise:
Thus bank'rout, and despairing of mine owne,
I set my wish and hope (kind Friend) on thee,
Whose fruit approv'd, and better fortune knowne,
Tells mee thy Muse my Loves sole heire must be:
So barren wombes imbrace their neighbours yongue,
So dumbe men speake by them that have a tongue.

Thomas Hassel, *Gent.*

To Master MICHAEL DRAYTON.

NOw I perceive *Pythagoras* divin'd,
When hee that mocked *Maxim* did maintaine,
That ſpirits once ſpoil'd reveſted were againe,
Though chang'd in ſhape, remaining one in mind;
Theſe love-ſicke Princes paſſionate eſtates,
VVho feeling reades, he cannot but allow,
That *Ovids* ſoule revives in *Drayton* now,
Still learn'd in love, ſtill rich in rare conceits,
This pregnant ſpirit affecting further skill,
Oft alt'ring forme, from vulgar Wits retir'd,
In divers Ideoms mightily admir'd,
Did proſecute that ſacred ſtudy ſtill;
While to a full perfection now attain'd,
He ſings ſo ſweetly that himſelfe is ſtain'd.

Will. Alexander Knight, *Scotus*.

To Master *Michael Drayton*

HOw can he write that broken hath his pen,
Hath rent his paper, thrown his inke away,
Deteſts the world and company of men,
Becauſe they grow more hatefull day by day?
Yet with theſe broken reliques, mated mind,
And what a juſtly-grieved thought can ſay,
I give the world to know, I ne're could find
A Worke more like to live a longer day,
Goe Verſe, an object for the proudeſt eye,
Diſdaine thoſe which diſdaine to reade thee over,
Tell them, they know not how they ſhould deſcry
The ſecret paſſions of a wittie Lover:
For they are ſuch as none but thoſe ſhall know,
Whom Beauty ſchooles to hold the blind Boyes bow.

Once I had vow'd, (O, who can all vowes keep?)
Henceforth to ſmother my unluckie Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake ſhee ſtarted out of ſleep,
Yet now ſhee dies: Then doe as kinsfolkes uſe,
Cloſe up the eyes of my new-dying ſtile,
As I have opened thy ſweet Babes ere-while.

EDMOND SCORY, Knight.

ENGLANDS HEROICALL EPISTLES.

The Epistle of ROSAMOND to King HENRY the Second.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Second keepeth (with much care)
Lord Clifford's *daughter,* Rosamond *the faire;*
And whilst his sons doe Normandie invade,
He forc'd to France, with wond'rous cost hath made
A Labyrinth in Woodstocke, where unseen
His Love might lodge safe from his jealous Queen:
Yet when he stai'd beyond his time abroad,
Her pensive breast, his Darling to unload,
In this Epistle doth her griefe complaine;
And his rescription tells her his againe.

IF yet thine eies (Great *Henry*) may endure
These tainted lines, drawne with a hand impure,
(Which fain would blush, but fear keeps blushes backe,
And therefore suted in despairing blacke)

Let

Let me for Loves sake their acceptance crave,
But that sweet name (vile) I profaned have;
Punish my fault, or pitie mine estate,
Reade them for love, if not for love, for hate.
If with my shame thine eies thou faine would'st feed,
Here let them surfeit of my shame to reade;
This scribbled paper which I send to thee,
If noted rightly, doth resemble mee:
As this pure ground whereon these letters stand,
So pure was I, ere stained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule offence,
So cleere and spotlesse was mine innocence:
Now, like these marks which taint this hateful scroule,
Such the blacke sins which spot my leprous soule.
What by this conquest canst thou hope to winne,
VVhere thy best spoile is but the act of sinne?
VVhy on my name this slander do'st thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a King?
"Fame never stoops to things but meane and poore,
"The more our greatnesse, our fault is the more;
"Lights on the ground themselves doe lessen farre,
"But in the aire each small sparke seems a Starre.
VVhy on my woman-frailty shouldst thou lay
So strong a plot mine honour to betray?
Or thy unlawfull pleasure should'st thou buy,
Both with thine owne shame and my infamie?
'Twas not my mind consented to this ill,
Then had I been transported by my will;
For what my body was infore'd to doe,
(Heaven knowes) my soule yet ne'er consented to:
For through mine eies had she her liking seen,
Such as my love such had my lover been.
"True love is simple, like his mother Truth,
"Kindly Affection, youth to love with youth;

"Na-

" No greater corsive to our blooming yeeres,
" Than the cold badge of winter blasted haires.
" Thy Kingly power makes to withstand thy foes,
" But cannot keep backe age, with time it growes:
" Though honour our ambitious sexe doth please,
" Yet in that honour age a foule disease:
" Nature hath her free course in all, and then
" Age is alike in Kings and other men.
VVhich all the world will to my shame impute,
That I my selfe did basely prostitute;
And say, that gold was fuell to the fire,
Gray haires in youth not kindling green desire.
O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden Tree:
That subtle Serpent, that seducing Devill,
VVhich bade me taste the fruit of good and evill:
That *Circe*, by whose Magicke I was charm'd,
And to this monstrous shape am thus transform'd:
That vip'rous Hag, the foe to her owne kind,
That divellish Spirit, to damne the weaker mind,
Our frailties plague, our Sexes onely curse,
Hells deep'st damnation, the worst evils worse.
But *Henry*, how canst thou affect me thus,
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapless name, with *Henries* name I found
Cut in the glasse with *Henries* Diamond;
That glasse from thence faine would I take away,
But then I feare the aire would me betray:
Then doe I strive to wash it out with teares,
But then the same more evident appeares.
Then doe I cover it with my guilty hand,
VVhich that names witnesse doth against me stand:
Once did I sinne, which memory doth cherish,
Once I offended, but I ever perish.

" What

"What griefe can be, but time doth make it leſſe?
"But infamie time never can ſuppreſſe.
Sometimes, to paſſe the tedious irkſome houres,
I climbe the top of Woodſtocks mounting towers,
VVhere in a Turret ſecretly I lie,
To view from farre ſuch as doe travell by:
VVhither (mee thinkes) all caſt their eies at mee,
As through the ſtones my ſhame did make them ſee,
And with ſuch hate the harmleſſe walls doe view,
As ev'n to death their eies would me purſue.
The married women curſe my hatefull life,
VVronging a faire Queen, and a vertuous wife:
The Maidens wiſh I buried quicke may die,
And from each place neere my abode doe flie.
VVell knew'ſt thou what a Monſter I would be,
VVhen thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me,
VVhoſe ſtrange Meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the courſe wherein my youth did ſtray:
Onely a Clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walke I circular in ſinne.
As in the Gallerie this other day,
I and my woman paſt the time away,
'Mongſt many pictures which were hanging by,
The ſilly Girle at length hapt to eſpie
Chaſte *Lucrece* Image, and deſires to know
VVhat ſhe ſhould be, her ſelfe that murd'red ſo?
VVhy, Girle (quoth I) this is that Roman Dame;
Notable then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My tongue doth mine owne guiltineſſe betray;
VVith that I ſent the pratling Wench away,
Leſt when my liſping guilty tongue ſhould haule,
My lookes might prove the Index to my faule.
As that life-bloud which from the heart is ſent,
In Beauties field pitching his crimſon tent,

In

In lovely ſanguine ſutes the Lilly cheeke,
VVhilſt it but for a reſting place doth ſeeke;
And changing oftentimes with ſweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white:
The bluſh with paleneſſe for the place doth ſtrive,
The paleneſſe thence the bluſh would gladly drive:
Thus in my breaſt a thouſand thoughts I carry,
VVhich in my paſſion diverſly doe vary.

When as the Sun hales tow'rds the weſterne ſlade,
And the trees ſhadowes hath much taller made,
Forth goe I to a little Current neere,
VVhich like a wanton traile creeps here and there,
VVhere with mine angle caſting in my bait,
The little fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
VVith fearfull nibbling flie th' inticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reaſonleſſe thus warn'd by nature be,
Yet I devour'd the bait was laid for me:
Thinking thereon, and breaking into groanes,
The bubbling Spring, which trips upon the ſtones
Chides mee away, leſt ſitting but too nie,
I ſhould pollute that native puritie.
Roſe of the World, ſo doth import my name,
Shame of the World, my life hath made the ſame:
And to th' unchaſte this name ſhall given be
Of *Roſamond*, deriv'd from ſinne and me.
The *Cliffords* take from me that name of theirs,
VVhich hath been famous for ſo many yeeres:
They blot my birth with hatefull baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their Nobilitie;
They my alliance utterly refuſe,
Nor will a Strumpet ſhall their name abuſe.

Here in the garden wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountaine ſtands,

With

With all her Nymphes got round about to hide her,
As when *Acteon* had by chance espi'd her:
This sacred Image I no sooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd man pursu'd
By his owne Hounds, so by my thoughts am I,
VVhich chase me still which way soe'r I flie.
Touching the grasse, the honey-dropping dew,
VVhich falls in teares before my limber shoe,
Upon my foot consumes in weeping still,
As it would say, Why went'st thou to this ill?
Thus to no place in safety can I goe,
But every thing doth give me cause of woe.
In that faire Casket of such wond'rous cost,
Thou sent'st the night before mine honour lost,
Amimone was wrought, a harmlesse Maid,
By *Neptune* that adult'rous God betrai'd;
She prostrate at his feet, begging with praiers,
Wringing her hands, her eies swolne up with teares:
This was not an intrapping bait from thee,
But by thy vertue gently warning mee,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Lest I therein should ever keep my shame.
And in this Casket (ill I see it now)
That *Joves* Love *Io* turn'd into a Cow;
Yet was she kept with *Argus* hundred eies,
So wakefull still be *Juno's* jealousies:
By this I well might have fore-warned been,
T' have cleer'd my selfe to thy suspecting Queen,
VVho with more hundred eies attendeth mee,
Than had poore *Argus* single eies to see.
In this thou rightly imitatest *Jove*,
Into a beast thou hast transform'd thy Love:
Nay, worser farre (beyond their beastly kind)
A Monster both in body and in mind.

The

The waxen Taper which I burne by night,
VVith the dull vap'rie dimneſſe mockes my ſight,
As though the damp, which hinders the cleere flame,
Came from my breath in that night of my ſhame:
VVhen as it look'd with a darke lowring eie,
To ſee the loſſe of my virginitie.
And if a Starre but by the glaſſe appeare,
I ſtraight intreat it not to looke in here;
I am already hatefull to the light,
And will it too betray me to the night?
Then ſith my ſhame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by onely murd'ring mee;
And let it juſtly to my charge be laid,
That I thy perſon meant to have betrai'd:
Thou ſhalt not need by circumſtance t'accuſe mee,
If I deny it, let the Heavens refuſe mee.
My life 's a blemiſh, which doth cloud thy name,
Take it away, and cleere ſhall ſhine thy fame:
Yeeld to my ſuit, if ever pity mov'd thee,
In this ſhew mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Well knew'ſt thou what a Monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me.

IN the Cretean Labyrinth a Monſter was incloſed called *Minotaure*, the hiſtorie whereof is well knowne; but the Labyrinth was framed by *Dedalus* with ſo many intricate waies, that being entred, one could either hardly or never returne, being in manner of a Maze, ſave that it was larger, the waies being walled in on every ſide, out of the which *Theſeus* by *Ariadnes* helpe, (lending him a Clue of threed) eſcaped. Some report that it was a houſe, having one halfe beneath the ground, another above; the chamber doores therein ſo deceitfully inwrapped, and made

to

to open so many waies, that it was held a matter almost impossible to returne.

Some have held it to have been an Allegorie of mans life: true it is, that the comparison will hold; for what liker to a Labyrinth than the maze of life? But it is affirmed by Antiquity, that there was indeed such a building, though *Dedalus*, being a name applied to the workmans excellency, make it suspected: for *Dedalus* is nothing else but Ingenious or Artificiall. Hereupon it is used among the ancient Poets for any thing curiously wrought.

Rosamonds Labyrinth, whose ruines, together with her Well, being paved with square stone in the bottome, and also her Tower from which the Labyrinth did run (are yet remaining) was altogether under ground, being Vaults arched & walled with brick & stone, almost inextricably wound one within another, by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queen, shee might easily avoid perill eminent, and if need be, by secret issues take the aire abroad many furlongs round about Woodstocke in Oxfordshire, wherein it was situated. Thus much for *Rosamonds* Labyrinth.

Whose strange Meanders *turning every way.*

Meander is a river in Lycia, a Province of Natolia, or Asia minor, famous for the sinuosity and often turning thereof, rising from certaine hills in Meonia: Hereupon are intricate turnings, by a transumptive and metonymicall kind of speech, called *Meanders*: for this river did so strangely path it selfe, that the foot seemed to touch the head.

Rose of the World, *so doth import my name,*
Shame of the World, *my life hath made the same.*

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where this *Rose of the World* was sumptuously interred, a certaine Bishop in the Visitation of his Diocesse, caused the Monument which had been erected to her honour, utterly to be demolished: but let that severe chastisement of *Rosamond* then dead, at this time also be overpassed, lest she should seem to be the *Shame of the World*.

HENRY

Henry to Rosamond.

When first the Post arrived at my Tent,
And brought the letters *Rosamond* had sent,
Thinke from his lips but what deare comfort came,
When in mine eare he softly breath'd thy name.
Straight I injoyn'd him of thy health to tell,
Longing to heare my *Rosamond* did well;
With new enquiries then I cut him shost,
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words halfe spoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more I urge him to reveale,
To lose no time, whilst I unrip'd the seale.
The more I reade, still doe I erre the more,
As though mistaking somewhat said before:
Missing the point, the doubtfull sense is broken,
Speaking againe what I before had spoken.
Still in a swound, my heart revives & faints, (plaints.
'Twixt hopes, despaires, 'twixt smiles and deep com-
As these sad accents sort in my desires, (fires,
Smooth calmes, rough stormes, sharp frosts, and raging
Put on with boldnesse, and put backe with feares,
For oft thy troubles doe extort my teares.
O, how my heart at that blacke line did tremble!
That blotted paper should thy selfe resemble:
O, were there paper but neere halfe so white,
The Gods thereon their sacred Lawes would write
With pens of Angels wings, and for their inke
That heavenly Nectar, their immortall drinke.
Majesticke courage strives to have suppreſt
This fearfull passion, stir'd up in my breast;

But

But still in vaine the same I goe about,
My heart must breake within, or woes breake out.
¶ Am I at home pursu'd with private hate,
And Warre comes raging to my Palace gate?
Is meager Envie stabbing at my Throne,
Treason attending when I walke alone?
¶ And am I brandred with the Curse of Rome,
And stand condemned by a Councels doome?
¶ And by the pride of my rebellious sonne,
Rich Normandie with Armies over-runne?
Fatall my birth, unfortunate my life,
¶ Unkind my children, most unkind my wife.
Griefe, cares, old age, suspition to torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me;
So many woes, so many plagues to find,
Sicknesse of body, discontent of mind;
Hopes left, helps reft, life wrong'd, joy interdicted,
Banish'd, distress'd, forsaken, and afflicted.
Of all reliefe hath Fortune quite bereft me?
Onely my Love yet to my comfort left me:
And is one Beauty thought so great a thing,
To mitigate the sorrowes of a King?
Bar'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,
Have we, than they, lesse priviledge in Love?
Is it a King the wofull Widow heares?
Is it a King dries up the Orphans teares?
Is it a King regards the Clients crie?
Gives life to him, by Law condemn'd to die?
Is it his care the Common-wealth that keeps,
As doth the Nurse her Babie whilst it sleeps?
And that poore King of all those hopes prevented,
Unheard, unhelp'd, unpitti'd, unlamented?
Yet let me be with povertie oppreſt,
Of earthly blessings rob'd and dis-possest,

Let

Let me be ſcorn'd, rejected, and revil'd,
And from my Kingdome let me live exil'd,
Let the Worlds curſe upon me ſtill remaine,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt againe;
All miſeries that wretched man may wound,
Leave for my comfort onely *Roſamond*.
For thee ſwift Time his ſpeedy courſe doth ſtay,
At thy command the Deſtinies obey;
Pitie is dead, that comes not from thine eies,
And at thy feet ev'n Mercy proſtrate lies.
If I were feeble, rheumatike, or cold,
Theſe were true ſignes that I were waxed old;
But I can march all day in maſſie ſteele,
Nor yet my armes unwieldy weight doe feele,
Nor wak'd by night with bruiſe or bloudy wound,
The Tent my bed, no pillow but the ground:
For very age had I laine bed-rid long,
One ſmile of thine again could make me young.
VVere there in art a power but ſo divine,
As is in that ſweet Angel-tongue of thine,
That great Enchantreſſe, which once took ſuch paines,
To put young bloud into old *Æſons* veines,
And in groves, mountaines, and the moriſh fen,
Sought out more herbs than had bin knowne to men,
And in the pow'rfull potion that ſhe makes,
Put bloud of men, of birds, of beaſts, and ſnakes,
Never had needed to have gone ſo farre,
To ſeeke the ſoiles where all thoſe Simples are;
One accent from thy lips the bloud more warmes,
Than all her Philters, Exorciſmes, and Charmes.
Thy preſence hath repaired in one day,
What many yeeres with ſorrowes did decay,
And made freſh Beauty in her flower to ſpring,
Out of the wrinckles of times ruining.

Ev'n

Ev'n as the hungry winter ſtarved earth,
VVhen ſhe by nature labours towards her birth,
Still as the day upon the darke world creeps,
One bloſſome forth after another peeps,
Till the ſmall flower, whoſe root (at laſt) unbound,
Gets from the froſty priſon of the ground,
Spreading the leaves unto the pow'rfull noon,
Deck'd in freſh colours ſmiles upon the Sunne.
Never unquiet care lodg'd in that breaſt,
VVhere but one thought of *Roſamond* did reſt:
Nor thirſt nor travaile, which on warre attend,
Ere brought the long day to deſired end:
Nor yet did pale feare, or leane famine live,
VVhere hope of thee did any comfort give:
Ah, what injuſtice then is this of thee,
That thus the guiltleſſe do'ſt condemne for me?
VVhen only ſhe (by meanes of my offence)
Redeems thy pureneſſe and thy innocence,
VVhen to our wills perforce obey they muſt,
That 's juſt in them, what ere in us unjuſt,
Of what we doe, not them account we make,
The fault craves pardon for th' offendors ſake:
"And what to worke a Princes will may merit,
"Hath deep'ſt impreſſion in the gentleſt ſpirit.
If 't be my name that doth thee ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be mine owne names friend;
If it be that which thou do'ſt only hate,
That name in my name laſtly hath his date:
Say 'tis accurſt, and fatall, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it; if engraven, raze it:
Say, that of all names 'tis a name of woe,
Once a Kings name, but now it is not ſo:
And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee,
And therfore (Sweet) why ſhould I now beleeve thee?

Nor shouldst thou think those eyes with envie lowre,
VVhich passing by thee gaze up to thy Tower,
But rather praise thine owne, which be so cleare,
VVhich from the Turret like two Starres appeare:
Above, the Sun doth shine, beneath, thine eie,
Mocking the Heav'n, to make another skie.
The little streame which by thy Tow'r doth glide,
Where oft thou spend'st the weary ev'ning tide,
To view thee well his course would gladly stay,
As loth from thee to part so soon away,
And with salutes thy selfe would gladly greet,
And offer up some small drops at thy feet;
But finding that the envious bankes restraine it,
T'excuse it selfe doth in this sort complaine it,
And therefore this sad bubbling murmure keeps,
And for thy want within the channell weeps.
And as thou do'st into the water looke,
The fish, which see thy shadow in the brooke,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,
So daunted with the lustre of thine eie.
And that sweet name which thou so much do'st wrong,
In time shall be some famous Poets song;
And with the very sweetnesse of that name,
Lions and Tigers men shall learne to tame.
The carefull mother at her pensive breast,
VVith *Rosamond* shall bring her babe to rest:
The little birds (by mens continuall sound)
Shall learne to speake and prattle *Rosamond*;
And when in April they begin to sing,
VVith *Rosamond* shall welcome in the Spring;
And she in whom all rarities are found,
Shall still be said to be a *Rosamond*.
The little flowers dropping their honied dew,
VVhich (as thou writ'st) doe weep upon thy shooe,

Nor

Not for thy fault (ſweet *Roſamond*) doe moane,
Onely lament that thou ſo ſoon art gone:
For if thy foot touch Hemlocke as it goes,
That Hemlock 's made more ſweeter than the Roſe.
Of *Jove* or *Neptune*, how they did betray
Speake not, of *Io* or *Antiope*,
When ſhe, for whom *Jove* once became a Bull,
Compar'd with thee, had been a tawny Trull;
He a white Bull, and ſhe a whiter Cow,
Yet he nor ſhe neere halfe ſo white as thou.
Long ſince (thou know'ſt) my care provided for
To lodge thee ſafe from jealous *Ellinor*,
The Labyrinths conveyance guides thee ſo,
(Which onely *Vaughan*, thou and I doe know)
If ſhe doe guard thee with an hundred eies,
I have an hundred ſubtle *Mercuries*,
To watch that *Argus* which my Love doth keep,
Untill eye after eye fall all to ſleep.
And thoſe Starres which looke in, but looke to ſee,
(Wond'ring) what Starre here on the earth ſhould be;
As oft the Moon amidſt the ſilent night,
Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,
And by the curtaine help'd mine eye to ſee,
What envious night and darkneſſe hid from mee;
When I have wiſh'd that ſhe might ever ſtay,
And other worlds might ſtill enjoy the day.
What ſhould I ſay? words, teares, and ſighes be ſpent,
And want of time doth further help prevent:
My Camp reſounds with fearfull ſhockes of warre,
Yet in my breaſt more dang'rous conflicts are;
Yet is my Signall to the battles ſound,
The bleſſed name of beauteous *Roſamond*.
Accurſed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
Should think, ſhould ſpeak, or whiſper of thy death:

For in one ſmile or lowre from thy ſweet eie
Conſiſts my life, my hope, my victorie.
Sweet Woodſtocke, where my *Roſamond* doth reſt,
Be bleſt in her, in whom thy King is bleſt.
For though in France a while my body be,
My heart remaines (deare Paradiſe) in thee.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie:

Am I at home purſu'd with private hate,
And Warre comes raging to my Palace gate?

ROBERT Earle of Leiceſter, who tooke part with young King *Henry*, entred into England with an army of three thouſand Flemmings, and ſpoiled the Countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being ſuccoured by many of the Kings private enemies.

And am I branded with the Curſe of Rome?

King *Henry* the Second, the firſt *Plantagenet*, accuſed for the death of *Thomas Becket* Archbiſhop of Canterbury, ſlain in that Cathedrall Church, was accurſed by Pope *Alexander*, although he urged ſufficient proofe of his innocency in the ſame, and offered to take upon him any Penance, ſo hee might avoid the Curſe and Interdiction of his Realme.

And by the pride of my rebellious ſonne,
Rich Normandie with Armies over-runne.

Henry the young King, whom King *Henry* had cauſed to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his owne good, and the good of his Subjects, which indeed turned to his owne ſorrow, and the trouble of the Realme: for he rebelled againſt him, and raiſing a power, by the meanes of *Lewis* king of France, and *William* king of Scots (who took part with him) invaded Normandie.

Unkind my children, moſt unkind my wife.

Never king more unfortunate than king *Henry* in the diſobedience of his children: firſt *Henry*, then *Geffery*, then *Richard*, then *John*, all at one time or other, firſt or laſt, unnaturally rebelled

belled against him: then the jealousie of *Ellinor* his Queen, who suspected his love to *Rosamond*. Which grievous troubles the Devout of those times attributed to happen to him justly for refusing to take on him the government of Jerusalem, offered to him by the Patriarch there, which country was mightily afflicted by the Souldan.

Which onely Vaughan, *thou and I doe know.*

This *Vaughan* was a Knight, whom the king exceedingly loved, who kept the Palace at Woodstocke, and much of the kings Jewels and Treasure, to whom the king committed many of his secrets, and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his Love unto his charge.

KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

THE ARGUMENT.

King John *enamor'd, by all meanes assai'd*
To winne Matilda, *a chaste noble Maid,*
The Lord Fitz-waters *daughter; and to gaine her,*
When by his Courtship he could not obtaine her,
Nor by his gifts, strives (so farre being in)
To get by force, what faire meanes could not win.
And banisheth the neerest of her bloud,
Which he could thinke had his desires withstood:
When she to Dunmow to a Nun'rie flies,
Whither he writeth, and whence she replies.

WHen these my letters come into thy view, (never;
Think them not forc'd, or fain'd, or strange, or
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course exempted,
Left now unsought, unprov'd, or unattempted.

All rules, regards, all secret helps of art,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart,
And in the old worlds ceremonies doted,
Good daies for love, times, houres, and minutes noted,
And where Art left, Love teacheth more to find,
By signes in presence to expresse the mind.
Oft hath mine eye told thine eye beauty griev'd it,
And beg'd but for one looke to have relieu'd it,
And still with thine eyes motion mine eye mov'd,
Lab'ring for mercy, telling how it lov'd:
You blushe, I blusht; your cheek pale, pale was mine,
My red, thy red, my whitenesse answer'd thine;
You sigh'd, I sigh'd, we both one passion prove,
But thy sigh is for hate, my sigh for love,
If a word pass'd that insufficient were,
To help that word mine eye let forth a teare;
And if that teare did dull or senslesse prove,
My heart would fetch a throb to make it move.
Oft in thy face one favour from the rest
I singled forth, that pleas'd my fancy best;
This likes me most, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both those lik'd before:
Then one, as wonder were derived thence,
Then that, whose rareneſſe passeth excellence.
VVhilst I behold thy globe-like rowling eye,
Thy lovely cheeke (me thinkes) stands smiling by,
And tells me those are shadowes and supposes,
But bids me thither come and gather Roses:
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to mee
To come to it, if wonders I will see:
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled chin,
Againe doth tell me newly I begin,
And bids me yet to looke upon thy lip,
Least wond'ring least, the great'st I over-slip:

My

My gazing eye on this and this doth seaze,
VVhich surfets, yet cannot desire appease.
Now like I browne (O lovely browne thy haire)
Only in brownnesse beauty dwelleth there.
Then love I blacke, thine eye-ball blacke as Jet,
VVhich in a globe pure Chrystaline is set:
Then white; but Snow, nor Swan, nor Ivorie please,
Then are thy teeth more whiter than all these;
In browne, in blacke, in pureness, and in white,
All love, all sweets, all rareness, all delight:
Thus thou, vile Theefe, my stolne heart hence do'st carry,
And now thou flitst into a Sanctuary.

Fie peevish Girle, ingratefull unto Nature;
Did she to this end frame thee such a creature,
That thou her glory shouldst increase thereby,
And thou alone do'st scorne society?
VVhy, Heaven made beauty like her selfe to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a smoakie mew:
A Rosie-tincted feature is Heavens gold,
VVhich all men joy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the world begun,
That so rare beauty should not live a Nunne:
But if this Vow thou needs wilt undertake,
O were mine armes a Cloister for thy sake:
Still may his paines for ever be augmented,
This Superstition idly that invented:
Ill might he thrive, who brought this custome hither,
That holy people might not live together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
When holy women liv'd with holy men;
But Kings in this yet priviledg'd may bee,
I'le be a Monke, so I may live with thee.
Who would not rise to ring the Mornings Knell,
When thy sweet lips might be the sacring Bell?

Or what is he, not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe lips might feaſt his lips as laſt ?
VVho to his Mattens early would not riſe,
That might reade by the light of thy faire eyes ?
On worldly pleaſures who would ever looke,
That had thy curles his beads, thy browes his booke ?
Wert thou the Croſſe, to thee who would not creep,
And wiſh the Croſſe ſtill in his armes to keep ?
Sweet Girle, I'le take this holy habit on me,
Of meere Devotion that is come upon me ;
Holy *Matilda*, thou the Saint of mine,
I'le be thy ſervant, and my bed thy Shrine.
VVhen I doe offer. be thy breaſt the Altar,
And when I pray, thy mouth ſhall be my Pſalter.
The Beads that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet kiſſes,
VVhich we will number, if one pleaſure miſſes ;
And when an Aye comes, to ſay Amen,
VVe will begin, and tell them o're againe :
Now all good fortune give me happy thrift,
As I ſhould joy t' abſolve thee after ſhrift.
But ſee how much I doe my ſelfe beguile,
And doe miſtake thy meaning all this while :
Thou took'ſt this Vow to equall my deſire,
Becauſe thou wouldſt have me to be a Frier,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy Siſter, and a holy brother,
Thou as a Votreſſe to my love alone,
"She is moſt chaſte that's but injoy'd of one :
Yea, now thy true Devotion doe I find,
And ſure, in this I much commend thy mind,
Elſe here thou do'ſt but ill example give,
And in a Nun'rie thus thou ſhouldſt not live.
Is 't poſſible, the houſe that thou art in
Should not be toucht (though with a Veniall ſin ?)

When

When ſuch a ſhee-Prieſt comes her Maſſe to ſay,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray:
VVell may we wiſh, they would their hearts amend.
VVhen we be witneſſe that their eyes offend:
All creatures have deſires, or elſe ſome lie,
Let them thinke ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Do'ſt thou not thinke our Anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe religious Cells did firſt deviſe,
As Hoſpitals were for the ſore and ſicke,
Theſe for the crook'd, the halt, the ſtigmaticke,
Leſt that their ſeed mark'd with deformitie,
Should be a blemiſh to poſteritie?
VVould Heav'n her beauty ſhould be hid from ſight,
Ne'r would ſhe thus her ſelfe adorne with light,
With ſparkling lamps nor would ſhe paint her throne,
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd upon:
And when the golden glorious Sun goes downe,
VVould ſhe put on her Starre-beſtudded crowne,
And in her Masking ſute, the ſpangled skie,
Come forth to bride it in her Revelrie,
And gave this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her faſhion.
All things that faire, that pure, that glorious been,
Offer themſelves of purpoſe to be ſeen.
In ſinkes and vaults the ugly Toads doe dwell,
The Divels, ſince moſt ugly, they in Hell.
Our mother (Earth) ne'r glories in her fruit,
Till by the Sunne clad in her Tinſell ſute;
Nor doth ſhe ever ſmile him in the face,
Till in his glorious armes he her imbrace:
VVhich proves ſhe hath a ſoule, ſenſe, and delight
Of Generations feeling appetite.
Well, Hypocrite (in Faith) wouldſt thou confeſſe,
What ere thy tongue ſay, thy heart ſaith no leſſe.

Note but this one thing (if nought elſe perſwade)
Nature of all things male and female made,
Shewing her ſelfe in our proportion plaine;
For never made ſhe any thing in vaine:
For as thou art, ſhould any have been thus,
She would have left enſample unto us.
The Turtle that's ſo true and chaſte in love,
Shewes by her Mate ſomething the ſpirit doth move:
Th' Arabian bird that never is but one,
Is onely chaſte, becauſe ſhe is alone:
But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would have done as Doves and Sparrowes doe;
And therefore made a Martyr in deſire,
To doe her Penance laſtly in the fire:
So may they all be roſted quicke that be
Apoſtata's to Nature, as is ſhe.
Find me but one ſo young, ſo faire, ſo free,
(Woo'd, ſu'd, and ſought by him that now ſeeks thee)
But of thy mind, and here I undertake
To build a Nun'rie for her onely ſake.
O, hadſt thou taſted of thoſe rare delights,
Ordain'd each where to pleaſe great Princes ſights!
To have their beauty and their wits admir'd,
(Which is by Nature of your ſexe deſir'd)
Attended by our traines, our pompe, our port,
Like Gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in Court,
To be ſaluted with the cheerfull crie
Of Highneſſe, Grace, and ſoveraigne Majeſtie:
" But unto them that know not pleaſures price,
" All's one, a Priſon and a Paradiſe.
If in a Dungeon clos'd up from the light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the day and night;
" Whoſe pallat never taſted dainty cates,
" Thinks homely diſhes Princely delicates.

Alas,

Alas, poore Girle, I pity thine eſtate,
That now thus long haſt liv'd diſconſolate;
Why now at length yet let thy heart relent,
And call thy father backe from baniſhment,
And with thoſe Princely honours here inveſt him,
Of which fond love, not hate, hath diſpoſſeſt him.
Call from exile thy deare allies and friends,
To whom the fury of my griefe extends;
And if thou take my counſell in this caſe,
I make no doubt thou ſhalt have better grace:
And leave thy Dunmow, that accurſed Cell,
There let blacke night and melancholy dwell;
Come to the Court, where all joyes ſhall receive thee,
And till that Houre, yet with my griefe I leave thee.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle of king *John* to *Matilda* is much more Poeticall than Hiſtoricall, making no mention at all of the Occurrents of the Time or State, touching onely his love to her, and the extremity of his paſſion forced by his deſires, rightly faſhioning the humour of this King, as hath been truly noted by the moſt authenticall Writers, whoſe nature and diſpoſition is truliest diſcerned in the courſe of his love: firſt, jeſting at the Ceremonies of the Services of thoſe times then going about by all ſtrong and probable Arguments to reduce her to pleaſures & delights: next, with promiſes of honour, which he thinketh to be the laſt and greateſt meanes, and to have greateſt power in her ſexe, with promiſe of calling home of her friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his deſires.

MATILDA to King JOHN.

NO ſooner I receiv'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But

But ſudden feare my bloudleſſe veines doth fill,
As though divining of ſome future ill;
And in a ſhivering extaſie I ſtood,
A chilly coldneſſe ran through all my bloud:
Opening the packet, I ſhut up my reſt,
And let ſtrange cares into my quiet breaſt,
As though thy hard unpittying hand had ſent me
Some new deviſed Torture to torment me.
VVell had I hop'd I had been now forgot,
Caſt out with thoſe things thou remembr'ſt not;
And that proud beauty which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my name been periſhed together:
"But O (I ſee) our hoped good deceives us,
"But what we would forgoe, that ſeldome leaves us.
Thy blameſull lines beſpotted ſo with ſin,
Mine eye would cleanſe, ere they to reade begin:
But I to waſh an Indian goe about,
For ill ſo hard ſet on is hard got out.
I once determin'd ſtill to have been mute,
Onely by ſilence to refell thy ſuite;
But this againe did alter my intent,
For ſome will ſay, that ſilence doth conſent:
"Deſire with ſmall encouraging growes bold,
"And hope of every little thing takes hold.
I ſet me downe, at large to write my mind;
But now, nor pen nor paper can I find;
For ſtill my paſſion is ſo powerfull o'er me,
That I diſcerne not things that ſtand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the waxe,
Theſe at command, and now invention lackes:
This ſentence ſerves, and that my hand out ſtrikes,
That pleaſeth well, and this as much miſlikes,
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note,

I hope,

I hope, despaire, take courage, faint, disdaine,
I make, alledge, I imitate, I faine:
Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, shame-fac'd, fearlesse, doubtfull, timorous:
My faint hand writing when my full eye reades,
From ev'ry word strange passion still proceeds.
"O, when the soule is tett'red once in woe,
"'Tis strange what humours it doth force us to!
A teare doth drowne a teare, sigh sigh doth smother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th' over-watch'd weaknesse of the sicke conceit,
Is that which makes small beauty seem so great:
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, seem straight, if straight, the contrarie:
And thus our vaine imagination shewes it,
As it conceives it, not as judgement knowes it:
(As in a mirrour, if the same be true)
Such as your likenesse, justly such are you:
But as you change your selfe, it changeth there,
And shewes you as you are, not as you were:
And with your motion doth your shadow move,
If frowne or smile, such the conceit of love.
VVhy tell me, is it possible the mind
A forme in all deformity should find?
VVithin the compasse of mans face we see,
How many sorts of severall favours bee;
And in the chin, the nose, the brow, the eie,
The smallest diff'rence that you can descrie,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
Nay, oft destroies the favour of the face:
And in the world scarce two so like there are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,
A judging sight doth soon distinguish either.

How

How woman-like a weakneſſe is it then?
O, what ſtrange madneſſe ſo poſſeſſeth men!
Bereft of ſenſe, ſuch ſenſleſſe wonders ſeeing,
VVithout forme, fashion, certainty, or being?
For which ſo many die to live in anguiſh,
Yet cannot live, if thus they ſhould not languiſh:
That comfort yeelds not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that lives not, and a death that dies not;
That hates us moſt, when moſt it ſpeakes us faire,
Doth promiſe all things, alwaies payes with aire:
Yet ſometime doth our greateſt griefe appeaſe,
To double ſorrow often little eaſe.
Like that which thy laſcivious will doth crave,
VVhich if once had, thou never more canſt have;
VVhich if thou get, in getting thou do'ſt waſte it,
Taken is loſt, and periſh'd if thou haſt it:
VVhich if thou gain'ſt, thou ne'r the more haſt won,
I loſing nothing, yet am quite undone;
And yet of that if that a King deprive me,
No King reſtores, though he a Kingdome gave me.
¶ Do'ſt thou of father and of friends deprive me?
And tak'ſt thou from me all that Heav'n did give me?
VVhat Nature claimes by bloud, allies, or neerneſſe,
Or friendſhip challenge by regard or dearneſſe,
Mak'ſt me an Orphan ere my father die,
A wofull widow in virginitie?
Is thy unbridled luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flatt'ring tongue bewailes my fall.
The dead mans grave with faigned teares to fill,
So the devouring Crocodile doth kill:
To harbour hate in ſhew of wholſome things,
So in the Roſe the poiſoned Serpent ſtings:
To lurke far off, yet lodge deſtruction by,
The Baſiliske ſo poiſons with the eye:

To

To call for aide, and then to lie in wait,
So the Hyæna murthers by deceit:
By sweet inticement sudden death to bring,
So from the rockes th' alluring Mermaids sing:
In greatest wants t' inflict the greatest woe,
Is ev'n the utmost Tyrannie can doe.
But where (I see) the tempest thus prevailes,
What use of Anchors? or what need we Sailes?
Above us bluft'ring winds, and dreadfull thunder,
The waters gape for our destruction under;
Here on this side the furious billowes flie,
There rocks, there sands, and dang'rous whirle-pooles lie.
Is this the meane that Mightinesse approves?
And in this sort do Princes woo their Loves?
Mildnesse would better suit with Majestie,
Than rash revenge and rough severitie.
O, in what safety temperance doth rest,
Obtaining harbour in a soveraigne breast!
Which if so praisefull in the meaneſt men,
In pow'rfull Kings how glorious is it then?
¶ Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus to have mine innocence betrai'd?
Is Court and Country both her enemie,
And no place found to shrowd in chastitie?
Each house for lust a Harbour and an Inne,
And ev'ry Citie a receit for sinne?
And all doe pitie beauty in distresse,
If beauty chaste, then only pitileſſe:
Thus is she made the instrument to ill,
And unreliev'd may wander where she will.
Lascivious Poets which abuse the truth,
Which oft teach age to sinne, infecting youth;
For the unchaste make trees and stones to mourne,
Or as they please to other shapes doe turne:

Cinyras

Cinyra's daughter, whose incestuous mind,
Made her wrong nature, and dishonour kind,
Long since by them is turn'd into a Myrrhe,
Whose dropping liquor ever weeps for her:
And in a fountaine *Biblis* doth deplore
Her fault so vile and monsterous before:
Scilla, which once her father did betray,
Is now a bird (if all be true they say:)
She that with *Phœbus* did the foule offence,
Now metamorphos'd into Frankincense:
Other to Flowers, to Odours, and to Gumme,
At least, *Joves* Leman is a Starre become:
And more, they faine a thousand fond excuses,
To cloud their scapes, and cover their abuses:
The Virgin only they obscure and hide,
Whilst the unchaste by them are deifi'd,
And if by them a Virgin be expreſt,
She must be rank'd ignobly with the rest.

I am not now, as when thou saw'st me last,
Time hath those features utterly defac'd,
And all those beauties which sate on my brow,
Thou wouldst not thinke such ever had been now:
And glad I am that time with me is done,
Vowing my selfe religiously a Nunne:
My Vestall habit me contenting more,
Than all the robes adorning me before.

Had *Rosamond* (a Recluse of our sort)
Taken our Cloister, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that beauty with a holy Vale,
Which she (alas) too loosly set to sale:
She need not, like an ugly Minotaur,
Have been lock'd up from jealous *Ellinor*,
But been as famous by thy mothers wrongs,
As by thy father subject to all tongues.

" To shadow sinne, Might can the most pretend,
" Kings, but the Conscience, all things can defend.
A stronger hand restraines our wilfull pow'rs,
A will must rule above this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine desires doe woo
For Vertues sake, but what we (onely) doe.
And hath my father chose to live exil'd,
Before his eyes should see my youth defil'd;
¶ And to withstand a Tyrants lewd desire,
Beheld his Townes spent in revengefull fire,
Yet never touch'd with griefe: so onely I,
Exempt from shame, might honourably die?
And shall this Jewell, which so dearly cost,
Be after all by my dishonour lost?
No, no, each reverend word, each holy teare
Of his in me too deep impression beare,
His latest farwell at his last depart,
More deeply is ingraved in my heart;
Nor shall that blot by me his name shall have,
Bring his gray haires with sorrow to the grave,
Better his teares to fall upon my tombe,
Than for my birth to curse my mothers wombe.
¶ Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body buriall.
If all remorselesse, no teare-shedding eie,
My selfe will moane my selfe, so live, so die.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

THis Epistle containeth no particular points of history, more than the generality of the Argument layeth open: for after the banishment of the Lord *Robert Fitz-water*, and that *Matilda* was become a Recluse at Dunmow (from whence this reply is imagined to be written) the King still earnestly persisting in his suit, *Matilda* with this chaste and constant denyall, hopes yet at length to find some comfortable remedy, and to rid her selfe of her doubts,

doubts, by taking upon her this Monasticke habit; and to shew, that she still beareth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his lust, she remembreth him of her fathers banishment, and the lawlesse exile of her allies and friends.

Do'st thou of father and of friends deprive me?

Then complaining of her distresse, that flying thither, thinking there to find relieſe, she seeth her selfe most assailed, where she hoped to have found most safety.

Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thou, &c.

After againe, standing upon the precise points of conscience, not to cast off this habit she had taken.

Vowing my selfe religiously a Nunne.

And at last, laying open more particularly the miseries sustained by her father in England, the burning of his castles and houses, which she proveth to be for her sake; as respecting only her honour, more than his native country, and his owne fortunes.

And to withstand a Tyrants lewd desire,
Beheld his Townes spent in revengefull fire.

Knitting up her Epistle with a great and constant resolution.

Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body buriall.

QUEENE *ISABEL* TO *MORTIMER.*

The Argument.

Faire Isabel, Edward the Seconds Queen,
Philip of France his daughter, for the spleen
She bare her husband, for that he affected
Lasciuious Minions, and her love neglected,

Deem

Drew to her favour (striving to preſerve)
That valiant young Lord Roger Mortimer:
Who with the Barons roſe, but wanting power,
Was taken and impriſoned in the Tower.
But by a ſleepy drinke which ſhe prepar'd,
And at a banquet given to his guard,
He makes eſcape: to whom to France *ſhe ſends;*
Who thence to her his ſervice recommends.

THough ſuch ſweet comfort comes not now frō her,
As Englands Queen hath ſent to *Mortimer*:
Yet what that wants (may it my power approve,
If lines can bring) this ſhall ſupply with love.
Me thinkes affliction ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume thoſe ſundry ſhapes of woe;
But when I faine would find the cauſe of this,
Thy abſence ſhewes me where my errour is.
Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
Sad ſorrow then poſſeſſeth ev'ry ſenſe:
But finding thy deare bloud preſerv'd thereby,
And in thy life my long-wiſh'd liberty,
With that ſweet thought my ſelfe I onely pleaſe
Amidſt my griefe, which ſometimes gives me eaſe:
Thus doe extremeſt ills a joy poſſeſſe,
And one woe makes another woe ſeem leſſe.
That bleſſed night, that mild-aſpected houre,
Wherein thou mad'ſt eſcape out of the Towre,
Shall conſecrated evermore remaine;
Some gentle Planet in that houre did raigne,
And ſhall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chiefe Lord of the Aſcendent then.
¶ O how I fear'd that ſleepy juice I ſent
Might yet want power to further thine intent!
Or that ſome unſeen myſterie might lurke,
Which wanting order kindly ſhould not worke:

Oft did I wish those dreadfull pois'ned lees,
Which clos'd the ever-waking Dragons eyes;
Or I had had those sense-bereaving stalkes,
That grow in shadie *Proserpin's* darke walkes:
Or those blacke weeds on Lethe bankes below,
Or Lunarie that doth on Litmus flow.
Oft did I feare this moist and foggy clime,
Or that the earth wax'd barren now with time,
Should not have herbs to help me in this case,
Such as doe thrive un India's parched face.

That morrow, when the blessed Sunne did rise,
And shut the lids of all Heavens lesser eies,
Forth from my Palace by a secret staire,
¶ I stole to Thames, as though to take the aire;
And ask'd the gentle flood as it doth glide,
If thou didst passe or perish by the tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the streame
To lay thee softly on his silver teame,
And bring thee to me to the quiet shore, (more.
That with his teares thou might'st have some teares
When suddenly doth rise a rougher gale,
With that (me thinkes) the troubled waves look pale,
And sighing with that little gust that blowes,
With this remembrance seem to knit their browes.
Even as this sudden passion doth affright me,
The cheerfull Sun breakes from a cloud to light me:
Then doth the bottome evident appeare,
As it would shew me that thou wast not there:
When as the water flowing where I stand,
Doth seem to tell me, thou art safe on land.

¶ Did Bulloine once a festivall prepare,
For England, Almaine, Cicill, and Navarre?
When France davn'd those buildings (onely blest)
Grac'd with the Orgies of my Bridall feast,

That English *Edward* should refuse my bed,
For that lascivious shameless *Ganimed*;
¶ And in my place upon his Regall Throne,
To set that Girle-boy, wanton *Gaveston*?
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glasse assures me no such difference is,
¶ That a foule Witches bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his love than I.
What doth availe us to be Princes heires,
When we can boast, our birth is onely theirs?
When base dissembling Flatterers shall deceive us,
Of all that our great Ancestors did leave us?
¶ And of our Princely jewells and our dowres,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours;
Whē Minions heads must wear our Monarchs crowns,
To raise up dunghills with our famous townes:
Those beggers-brats, wrapt in our rich perfumes,
Their Buzzard-wings, imp'd with our Eagles plumes,
¶ And match'd with the brave issue of our bloud,
Ally the Kingdome to their cravand brood.
Did *Long-shankes* purchase with his conq'ring hand
¶ Albania, Gascoine, Cambria, Ireland,
That young *Carnarvan* (his unhappy sonne)
¶ Should give away all that his father wonne,
To backe a stranger, proudly bearing downe
The brave allies and branches of the Crowne?
¶ And did great *Edward* on his death-bed give
This charge to them which afterwards should live,
That that proud Gascoine banished the land,
No more should tread upon the English sand?
And have these great Lords in the quarrell stood,
And seal'd his last will with their dearest bloud?
¶ That after all this fearfull Massacre,
The fall of *Beauchamp*, *Lacy*, *Lancaster*,

Another

Another faithlesse Fav'rite should arise,
To cloud the sunne of our Nobilities?
¶ And gloried I in *Gaveston* great fall,
That now a *Spenser* should succeed in all?
And that his ashes should another breed,
Which in his place and empire should succeed;
That wanting one a Kingdomes wealth to spend,
Of what that left this now shall make an end:
To waste all that our father won before,
Nor leave our son a sword to conquer more?
Thus, but in vaine, we fondly doe resist,
" Where power can doe (ev'n) all things as it list,
" And of our right with Tyrants to debate,
" Lendeth them meanes to weaken our estate.
Whilst Parlaments must remedy their wrongs,
And we must wait for what to us belongs;
Our wealth but fuell to their fond excesse,
And all our fasts must feast their wantonnesse.
Think'st thou our wrongs then insufficient are
To move our brother to religious warre?
¶ And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all occurre to put back all excuse.
The fifters wrong, joyn'd with the brothers right,
Me thinkes might urge him in this cause to fight.
Be all those people senslesse of our harmes,
Which for our Country oft have manag'd armes?
Is the brave Normans courage quite forgot?
Have the bold Britans lost the use of shot?
The big-bon'd Almans, and stout Brabanders,
Their warlike pikes and sharp-edg'd semiters?
Or doe the Pickards let their crosse-bowes lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Thessalie?

Or

Or if a valiant Leader be their lacke,
Where thou art present, who should beat them backe?
I doe conjure thee by what is most deare,
By that great name of famous *Mortimer*,
¶ By ancient *Wigmores* honourable Crest,
The Tombes where all thy famous Grandsires rest,
Or if than these what more may thee approve,
Ev'n by those vowes of thy unfained love;
In all thou canst to stirre the Christian King,
By forraine armes some comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the power of Traitors that rebell
Against the right of Princely *Isabel*.
Vaine witlesse woman, why should I desire
To adde more heat to thy immortall fire?
To urge thee by the violence of hate,
To shake the pillars of thine owne estate,
VVhen whatsoever we intend to doe,
Our most misfortune ever sorteth to;
And nothing else remaines for us beside,
But teares and coffins (onely) to provide?
¶ When still so long as Burrough beares that name,
Time shall not blot out our deserved shame;
And whilst cleere Trent her wonted course shall keep,
For our sad fall she evermore shall weep.
All see our ruine on our backes is throwne,
And we too weake to beare it out are growne.
¶ *Torlton* that should our businesse direct,
The generall foe doth vehemently suspect:
"For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
"Whereon so many watchfully attend.
What should I say? My griefes doe still renew,
And but begin when I should bid adieu.
Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And still I stay the more I strive to goe.

Then

Then till faire time some greater good affords,
Take my loves-paiment in these airie words.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

O, how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent,
Might yet want power to further mine intent!

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining a feast in honour of his birth-day, as he pretended, and inviting thereunto Sir *Stephen Segrave* Constable of the Tower, with the rest of the Officers belonging to the same, he gave them a sleepy drink, provided him by the Queen, by which meanes he got liberty for his escape.

I stole to Thames, as though to take the aire,
And ask'd the gentle floud as it doth glide.

Mortimer being got out of the Tower, swam the river of Thames into Kent, whereof she having intelligence, doubteth of his strength to escape, by reason of his long imprisonment, being almost the space of three yeeres.

Did Bulloine once a festivall prepare
For England, Almaine, Cicill, and Navarre?

Edward Carnaven, the first Prince of Wales of the English blood, married *Isabel* daughter of *Philip* the Faire at Bulloin, in the presence of the kings of Almain, Navarre, & Cicill, with the chiefe Nobility of France and England: Which marriage was there solemnized with exceeding pomp and magnificence.

And in my place, upon his Regall Throne,
To set that Girle-boy, wanton Gaveston.

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wantonnesse of *Gaveston* the kings Minion, his behaviour and attire ever so woman-like, so please the eye of his lascivious Master.

That a foule Witches bastard should thereby.

It was urged by the Queen and the Nobility, in the disgrace of *Piers Gaveston*, that his mother was convicted of Witch-craft, and burned for the same, and that *Piers* had bewitched the king.

And of our Princely jewels and our dowres,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigality of king *Edward*, giving unto *Gaveston*

Gaveſton the jewels and treaſure which was left him by the ancient Kings of England, and enriching him with the goodly Mannour of Wallingford, aſsigned as parcell of the dower to the Queenes of this famous Iſle.

And match'd with the brave iſſue of our bloud,
Ally the Kingdoms to their cravand brood.

Edward the Second gave to *Pierce Gaveſton* in marriage the daughter of *Gilbert Clare*, Earle of Gloceſter, begot of the Kings ſiſter *Jone* of Acres, married to the ſaid Earle of Gloceſter.

Albania, Goſcoine, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, ſo called of *Albanact* the ſecond ſon of *Brutus*; and Cambria, Wales, ſo called of *Cambar* the third ſon. The foure Realmes and Countries brought in ſubjection by *Edward Long-ſhankes*.

Should give away all that his father wonne,
To backe a ſtranger, &c.

King *Edward* offered his right in France to *Charles* his brother-in-law, and his right in Scotland to *Robert Bruſe*, to be aided againſt the Barons in the quarrell of *Pierce Gaveſton*.

And did great Edward *on his death-bed give.*

Edward Long-ſhankes on his death-bed at Carlile, commanded young *Edward* his ſon, on his bleſsing, not to call backe *Gaveſton*, which (for the miſguiding of the Princes youth) was before baniſhed by the whole Councell of the Land.

That after all this fearfull Maſſacre,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacie, *Lancaſter.*

Thomas Earle of Lancaſter, *Guy* Earle of Warwicke, and *Henry* Earle of Lincolne, who had taken their oathes before the deceaſed king at his death, to withſtand his ſon *Edward*, if he ſhould call *Gaveſton* from exile, being a thing which he much feared; now ſeeing *Edward* to violate his fathers commandement, riſe in armes againſt the king, which was the cauſe of the civill war, and the ruine of ſo many Princes.

And gloried I in Gaveſton's *great fall,*
That now a Spenſer *ſhould ſucceed in all?*

The two *Hugh Spenſers*, the father and the ſon, after the death of *Gaveſton*, became the great Favourites of the king, the ſon being created by him L. Chamberlain, & the father Earl of Winchеſter.

And if they were, yet Edward doth detaine
Homage for Pontiu, Guine, and Aquitaine.

Edward Long-shanks did homage for those Cities and Territories to the French king, which *Edward* the Second neglecting, moved the French king, by the subornation of *Mortimer*, to seize those Countries into his hands.

By ancient Wigmores honourable Creſt.

Wigmore in the Marches of Wales was the ancient house of the *Mortimers*, that noble and courageous Family.

When ſtill ſo long as Burrough beares that name.

The Queen remembreth the great overthrow given to the Barons by *Andrew Harclay* Earle of Carlile at Burrough bridge, under the battell at Burton.

Torlton, *that ſhould our buſineſſe direct.*

This was *Adam Torlton* Bishop of Hereford, that great Politician, who so highly favoured the Faction of the Queen and *Mortimer*: whose evill counsell afterward wrought the destruction of the King.

MORTIMER to Queen ISABEL.

AS thy ſalutes my ſorrowes doe adjourne,
So backe to thee their int'reſt I returne,
Though not in ſo great bounty (I confeſſe)
As thy Hetolcke Princely lines expreſſe:
For how ſhould comfort iſſue from the breath
Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for death?
From murthers rage thou didſt me once reprive,
Now in exile my hopes thou do'ſt revive:
Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to live:
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gave to me, I give it backe to you.
Ne'r my eſcape had I adventur'd thus,
As did the ſhie-attempting *Dedalus*;

And yet to give more safety to my flight,
Did make a night of day, a day of night:
Nor had I backe the proud aspiring wall,
Which held without my hopes, within my fall,
Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazers with much feare to looke upon;
But that thy beauty (by a power divine)
Breath'd a new life into this spirit of mine,
Drawne by the sun of thy celestiall eies,
With fiery wings, which bare me through the skies.
The Heav'ns did seem the charge of me to take,
And sea and land befriend me for thy sake;
Thames stop'd his tide, to make me way to goe,
As thou hadst charg'd him that it should be so:
The hollow murm'ring winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, while all things slept;
One billow bare me, and another drave me,
This strove to help me, and that strove to save me:
The brissling reeds mov'd with soft gales did chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me:
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heavie cheare,
And would not let one little Starre appeare,
But over all her smoakie mantle hurl'd,
And in thicke vapours muffled up the world:
And the sad aire became so calme and still,
As it had been obedient to my will;
And every thing dispos'd it to my rest,
As on the seas when th' Halcion builds her nest.
When those rough waves, which late with fury rush'd,
Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are hush'd:
Nor *Neptune* lets his surges out so long,
As Nature is in bringing forth her young.

¶ Ne're let the *Spencers* glory in my chance,
In that I live an Exile here in France,

That I from England baniſhed ſhould be,
But England rather baniſhed from me:
More were her want, France our great bloud ſhould beare,
Than Englands loſſe can be to *Mortimer*.
¶ My Grandfire was the firſt ſince *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round-Table rectified againe:
To whoſe great Court at Kenelworth did come
The peerleſſe Knighthood of all Chriſtendome,
Whoſe Princely Order honour'd England more,
Than all the conqueſts ſhe atchiev'd before.
Never durſt Scot ſet foot on Engliſh ground,
Nor on his backe did Engliſh beare a wound,
Whilſt Wigmore flouriſh'd in our Princely hopes,
And whilſt our enſigns march'd with *Edwards* troops:
¶ Whilſt famous *Long-ſhanks* bones (in Fortunes ſcorn)
As ſacred Reliques to the field were borne:
Nor ever did the valiant Engliſh doubt,
VVhilſt our brave battels guarded them about;
Nor did our wives and wofull mothers mourne,
¶ The Engliſh bloud that ſtained Banocksbourne,
Whilſt with his Minions ſporting in his tent,
Whole daies and nights in banquetting were ſpent,
Untill the Scots (which under ſafeguard ſtood)
Made laviſh havocke of the Engliſh bloud:
Whoſe batt'red helmes lay ſcatt'red on the ſhore,
Where they in conqueſt had been borne before.
A thouſand Kingdomes will we ſeek from farre,
As many Nations waſte with civill warre,
Where the diſhevel'd gaſtly Sea-Nymph ſings,
Or well-rig'd ſhips ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling wings,
And drag their anchors through the ſandy ſome,
About the world in ev'ry clime to rome,
And thoſe unchriſt'ned countries call our owne,
Where ſcarce the name of England hath bin knowne:

¶ An

¶ And in the dead Sea ſinke our Houſes fame,
From whoſe vaſt depth we firſt deriv'd our name;
Before foule black-mouth'd infamy ſhall ſing,
That *Mortimer* ere ſtoop'd unto a King.
And we will turne ſterne-viſag'd fury backe,
To ſeeke his ſpoile, who ſought our utter ſacke;
And come to beard him in our native Iſle,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile:
And after all theſe boiſt'rous ſtormy ſhockes,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulkie rockes;
Nor will we ſteale, like Pirats or like Theeves,
From mountaines, forreſts, or ſea-bord'ring cleeves,
But fright the aire with terrour (when we come)
Of the ſterne Trumpet, and the bellowing Drum:
And in the field advance our plumy creſt,
And march upon faire Englands flowrie breaſt.
And Thames, which once we for our life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewie treſſes on his brim,
Shall beare my Navie vanting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the powerfull tide:
VVhich fertile Eſſex, and faire Kent ſhall ſee,
Spreading her flags along the pleaſant Lee,
VVhen on her ſtemming poop ſhe proudly beares
The famous Enſignes of the Belgicke Peeres.
¶ And for that hatefull ſacrilegious ſin,
VVhich by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in,
The Canon Text ſhall have a common gloſſe,
Receits in parcels ſhall be paid in groſſe:
This Doctrine preach'd, *Who from the Church doth take,*
At leaſt ſhall treble reſtitution make.
For which Rome ſends her Curſes out from far,
Through the ſterne throat of terrour-breathing war;
Till to th' unpeopled ſhores ſhe brings ſupplies,
¶ Of thoſe induſtrious Roman Colonies,

And for his Homage, by the which of old,
Proud *Edward* Guyne and Aquitaine doth hold,
¶ *Charles* by invasive armes againe shall take,
And send the English forces o'r the lake.
When *Edwards* fortune stands upon this chance,
To lose in England, or to forfeit France;
And all those Townes great *Long-shankes* left his son,
Now lost, which once he fortunately won,
Within their strong port-cullis'd Ports shall lie,
And from their walls his sieges shall defie:
And by that firme and undissolved knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring French and bord'ring Scot,
Bruse shall bring on his Red-shankes from the seas,
From th' Isled Orcads, and the Eubides,
And to his Westerne havens give free passe,
To land the Kerne and Irish Galiglasse,
Marching from Tweed to swelling Humber sands,
Wasting along the Northerne nether-lands.
And wanting those which should his power sustaine,
Consum'd with slaughter in his bloudy raigne,
Our warlike sword shall drive him from his Throne,
Where he shall lie for us to tread upon.
¶ And those great Lords, now after their attaints,
Canonized amongst the English Saints,
And by the superstitious people thought,
That by their reliques miracles are wrought:
And thinke that bloud much vertue doth retaine,
Which tooke the bloud of famous *Bohun* slaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the people more abhorre their King.
Nor shall a *Spenser* (be he ne're so great)
Possesse our Wigmore, our renowned seat,
To raze the ancient Trophies of our race,
With our deserts their Monuments to grace:

Nor ſhall he lead our valiant Marchers forth,
To make the *Spencers* famous in the North;
Nor be the Guardants of the Britiſh Pales,
Defending England, and preſerving Wales.
At firſt our troubles eaſily recul'd,
But now growne head-ſtrong, hardly to be rul'd;
" Deliberate counſell needs us to direct,
" Where not (ev'n) plainneſſe frees us from ſuſpect:
By thoſe miſhaps our errours that attend,
Let us our faults ingenuouſly amend,
Then (Deare) repreſſe all peremptory ſpleen,
Be more than woman, as you are a Queen:
Smother thoſe ſparkes, which quickly elſe would burn,
Till time produce what now it doth adiourne.
Till when, great Queen, I leave you (though a while)
Live you in reſt, nor pitie my exile.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for death.

Roger Mortimer Lord of Wigmore, had ſtood publikely condemned for his Inſurrection with *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter, and *Bohun* Earle of Hertford, by the ſpace of three moneths and, as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to have been ſhortly, which he prevented by his eſcape.

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give.

At what time the two *Mortimers*, this *Roger* Lord of Wigmore, and his Uncle *Roger Mortimer* the elder, were apprehended in the Weſt, the Queen by meanes of *Torleſe* Biſhop of Hereford, and *Becke* Biſhop of Dureſme and Patriarch of Jeruſalem, being then both mighty in the State, upon the ſubmiſſion of the *Mortimers*, ſomewhat pacified the king: and now ſecondly ſhe wrought meanes for his eſcape.

Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone.

With ſtrong ladders made of cords provided him for the purpoſe, he eſcaped out of the Tower; which when the ſame were found faſtned to the walls, in ſuch a deſperate attempt, they bred aſtoniſhment in the beholders.

Ne'r let the Spensers *glory in my chance.*

The two *Hugh Spensers*, the father and the son, then being so highly favoured of the king, knew that their greatest safety came by his exile, whose high and turbulent spirit could never brooke any corrivall in greatnesse.

My Grandsire was the first since Arthur's *raigne,*
That the Round Table reëdifi'd againe.

Roger Mortimer, called the great Lord *Mortimer*, Grandfather to this *Roger*, which was afterward the first Earle of March, erected againe the Round Table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order of king *Arthurs* Table, with the retinue of an hundred Knights, and an hundred Ladies in his house, for the entertaining of such Adventurers as came thither from all parts of Christendome.

Whil'st famous Long shanks *bones (in Fortunes scorn.)*

Edward Long-shankes willed at his death, that his body should be boiled the flesh from the bones, and that the bones should be borne to the wars in Scotland, which he was perswaded unto by a prophesie, which told, that the English should still be fortunate in conquest, so long as his bones were carried in the field.

The English bloud that stained Bannocksbourn.

In the great voiage *Edward* the Second made against the Scots, at the battell of Striveling, neere unto the river of Bannocksbourn in Scotland, there was in the English Camp such banquetting and excesse, such riot and misorder, that the Scots (who in the meane time laboured for advantage) gave to the English a great overthrow.

And in the dead sea sinke our houses fame,
From whose, &c.

Mortimer, so called of *Mare mortuum*, and in French *Mortimer*, in English the *Dead sea*, which is said to be where Sodome and Gomorrha once were, before they were destroyed with fire from heaven.

And for that hatefull sacrilegious sin,
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in.

Gaustellinus and *Lucas*, two Cardinals, sent into England from Pope *Clement*, to appease the ancient hate between the king and *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster; to whose Embassie the king seemed to yeeld, but after their departure he went back from his promises, for the which he was accursed at Rome.

Of

Of those industrious Roman Colonies.

A Colony is a sore or number of people, that come to inhabit a place before not inhabited; whereby he seems here to prophesie of the subversion of the Land, the Pope joyning with the power of other Princes against *Edward*, for the breach of his promise.

Charles by invasive armes againe shall take.

Charles the French king, moved by the wrong done unto his sister, seizeth the Provinces which belonged to the king of England into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by *Mortimer*, who solicited her cause in France, as is expressed before in the other Epistle, in the glosse upon this point.

And those great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized among the English Saints.

After the death of *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques; as they did of the body of *Bohun* Earle of Hertford slaine at Burrough bridge.

EDWARD the blacke Prince to ALICE Counteſſe of SALISBURIE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Count Salisbury, a grave and prudent Lord,
Diſpatch'd for France, was ſcarcely gone aboord,
But the Scots, hearing that he was away,
Beſieg'd the Caſtle where his Lady lay.
Edward *the blacke Prince, with an Army ſent*
T remove the foe, beholding from his Tent
Her walking on the Battlement above,
With the faire Counteſſe ſtrangely falls in love.
Her noble husband not long after di'd;
When he, who thought he ſhould not be deni'd,

Courts her by letters, and thus writeth to her:
She in her answer checkes him so to woo her.

REceive these papers frō thy woful Lord, (stor'd,
With farre more woes than they with words are
VVhich if thine eye for rashnesse doe reprove,
They'le say they came from that imperious love.
In ev'ry line well mai'st thou understand,
VVhich love hath sign'd and sealed with his hand;
And where to farther processe he referres,
In blots set downe to thee for characters.
This cannot blush, although you doe refuse it,
Nor will reply, however you shall use it:
All's one to this, though you should bid despaire,
This still entreats you, this still speakes you faire.
Hast thou a living soule, a humane sense,
To like, dislike, prove, order, and dispense?
The depth of reason soundly to advise,
To love things good, things hurtfull to despise?
The touch of judgement, which should all things prove,
Hast thou all this, yet not allow'st my love?
Sound moves a sound, voice doth beget a voice,
One eccho makes another to rejoyce;
One well-tun'd string set truly to the like,
Strucke neere at hand, doth make another strike.
How comes it then, that our affections jarre?
VVhat opposition doth beget this warre?
I know that Nature frankly to thee gave
That measure of her bounty that I have;
And as to me, she likewise to thee lent,
For ev'ry sense a severall instrument:
But ev'ry one, because it is thine owne,
Doth prize it selfe unto it selfe alone.
Thy dainty hand, when it it selfe doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none such:

When

VVhen in thy glasse thine eye it selfe doth see,
That thinkes there's none like to it selfe can be;
And ev'ry one doth judge it selfe divine,
Because that thou do'st challenge it for thine:
And each it selfe *Narcissus*-like doth smother,
Loving it selfe, nor cares for any other.
Fie, be not burn'd thus in thine owne desire,
'Tis needlesse beauty should it selfe admire:
"The Sunne, by which all creatures light'ned be,
"And seeth all, it selfe yet cannot see;
"And his owne brightnesse his owne foile is made,
"And is to us the cause of his owne shade.
VVhen first thy beauty by mine eye was prov'd,
I saw not then so much to be belov'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each looke of one doth many beauties make:
In little circlets there it doth arise,
Then somewhat larger seeming in mine eies:
And in this gyring compasse as it goes,
So more and more the same in greatnesse growes;
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The motions still doth other formes beget:
Untill at length, looke any way I could,
Nothing there was but beauty to behold.
Art thou offended that thou art belov'd?
Remove the cause, th' effect is soon remov'd:
Indent with beauty how farre to extend,
Set downe desire a limit where to end;
Then charm thine eies, that they no more may wound,
And limit love to keep within a bound.
If thou doe this, nay then thou shalt doe more,
And bring to passe what never was before:
Make anguish sportive, craving all delight,
Mirth solemne, sullen, and inclin'd to night,

Ambition

Ambition lowly, envie ſpeaking well,
Love his reliefe for niggardize to ſell.
Our warlike fathers did theſe forts deviſe,
As ſureſt holds againſt our enemies,
Places wherein your ſexe might ſafely reſt.
" Feare ſoon is ſettled in a womans breaſt:
Thy breaſt is of another temper farre,
And than thy Caſtle fitter for the warre;
Thou do'ſt not ſafely in thy Caſtle reſt,
Thy Caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy breaſt:
That keeps out foes, but doth our friends incloſe,
But thy breaſt keeps out both thy friends and foes:
That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
Or by ſtraight ſiege, for want of ſuccour pin'd;
But thy heart is invincible to all,
And more obdurate than thy Caſtle wall.
Of all the ſhapes that ever *Jove* did prove,
Wherewith he us'd to entertaine his Love,
That likes me beſt, when in a golden ſhowre,
He rain'd himſelfe on *Danae* in her Towre;
Nor did I ever envie his command,
In that he beares the Thunder in his hand:
But in that ſhowrie ſhape I cannot bee,
And as he came to her, I come to thee.
Thy Tower with foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without;
One haire of thine more vigour doth retaine
To bind thy foe, than any iron chaine:
Who might be gyv'd in ſuch a golden ſtring,
Would not be captive, though he were a King?
Hadſt thou all India heap'd up in thy fort,
And thou thy ſelfe beſieged in that ſort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpie,
They'le follow thee, and let the treaſure lie.

I cannot

I cannot thinke what force thy Tower should win,
If thou thy selfe do'st guard the same within:
Thine eye retaines Artillery at will,
To kill who-ever thou desir'st to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds mens hearts,
Than they can thee, though with a thousand darts:
For there intrenched little *Cupid* lies,
And from those Turrets all the world defies;
¶ And when thou let'st downe that transparent lid,
Of entrance there an army doth forbid.
And as for famine, thou need'st never feare,
Who thinkes of want, when thou art present there?
Thy only sight puts spirit into the bloud,
And comforts life, without the taste of food.
And as thy souldiers keep their watch and ward,
Thy chastity thy inward breast doth guard:
Thy modest pulse serves as a Larum bell,
Which watched by some wakefull Sentinell,
Is stirring still with every little feare,
Warning if any enemy be neare.
Thy vertuous thoughts, when all the others rest,
Like carefull scouts, passe up and downe thy breast,
And still they round about that place doe keep,
Whilst all the blessed garrison doe sleep.

But yet I feare, if that the truth were told,
That thou hast rob'd, and fly'st into this hold:
I thought as much, and didst this Fort devise,
That thou in safety here might'st tyrannize.
Yes, thou hast rob'd the heaven and earth of all,
And they against thy lawlesse theft doe call.
Thine eyes with mine that wage continuall warres,
Borrow their brightnesse of the twinckling Starres:
Thy lips, from mine that in thy maske be pent,
Have filch'd the blushing from the Orient:

Thy

Thy cheeke, for which mine all this penance proves,
Steales the pure whiteneſſe both from ſwans & doves:
Thy breath, for which mine ſtill in ſighs conſumes,
Hath rob'd all flowers, all odours, and perfumes.
O mighty Love! bring hither all thy power,
And fetch this heavenly theefe out of her Tower:
For if ſhe may be ſuff'red in this ſort,
Heav'ns ſtore will ſoon be hoarded in this Fort.
VVhen I arriv'd before that ſtate of love,
And ſaw thee on that battlement above,
I thought there was no other Heav'n but there,
And thou an Angel didſt from thence appeare:
But when my reaſon did reprove mine eie,
That thou wert ſubject to mortalitie,
I then excus'd what erſt the Scot had done,
No marvell though he would the Fort have wonne,
Perceiving well, thoſe envious walls did hide
More wealth than was in all the world beſide:
Againſt thy foe I came to lend thee aid,
And thus to thee my ſelfe I have betrai'd.
He is beſieg'd, the ſiege that came to raiſe,
There's no aſſault that not my breaſt aſſaies.
"Love growne extreme, doth find unlawfull ſhifts,
"The Gods take ſhapes, and doe allure with gifts:
"Commanding *Jove*, that by great Styx doth ſweare,
"Forſworne in love, with lovers oathes doth beare;
"Love cauſleſſe ſtill, doth aggravate his cauſe,
"It is his law to violate all lawes:
"His reaſon is in onely wanting reaſon,
"And were unrude, not deeply touch'd with treaſon:
"Unlawfull meanes doth make his lawfull gaine,
"He ſpeakes moſt true, when he the moſt doth faine.
Pardon the faults that have eſcap'd by mee,
Againſt faire Vertue, Chaſtitie, and thee:

"If

"If Gods can their owne excellence excell,
"It is in pard'ning mortalls that rebell.
When all thy trials are enroll'd by fame,
And all thy sexe made glorious by thy name,
Then I a Captive shall be brought hereby
T' adorne the triumph of thy chastitie.
I sue not now thy Paramour to be,
But as a husband to be link'd to thee:
I am Englands Heire, I thinke thou wilt confesse,
Wert thou a Prince, I hope I am no lesse;
But that thy birth doth make thy stocke divine,
Else durst I boast my bloud as good as thine:
Disdaine me nor, nor take my love in scorne,
Whose brow a Crowne hereafter may adorne,
But what I am, I call mine owne no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt restore;
Onely I crave, what e'r I did intend,
In faithfull love all happily may end.
Farewell, sweet Lady, so well mai'st thou fare,
To equall joy with measure of my care:
Thy Vertues more than mortall tongue can tell;
A thousand-thousand times farewell, farewell.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Receive these papers from thy woful Lord.

Bandello, by whom this History was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples custome in that clime, rather to faile sometimes in the truth of circumstance, than to forgoe the grace of their conceit: in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the Satyrist,

Et quicquid Græcis mendax
Audet in Historiâ

thinking it to be a greater triall, that a Countesse should be sued unto by a King, than by the son of a King: and consequently, that the honour of her chastity should be the more; hath caused it to be:

be generally taken so: but as by *Polydore*, *Fabian*, and *Froisard* appeares, the contrary is true. Yet may *Bandello* be very well excused, as being a stranger, whose errours in the truth of our History are not so materiall, that they should need an invective, lest his wit should be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not lesse, were every part a fiction. Howbeit, lest a common errour should prevaile against a truth, these Epistles are conceived in those persons, who were indeed the Actors: to wit, *Edward* sirnamed the *Blacke Prince*, not so much of his complexion, as of the dismall battels which he fought in France (in like sense as we may say, *A Blacke day*, for some Tragicall event, though the Sunne shine never so bright therein.) And *Alice* the Countesse of Salisbury, who (as it is certaine) was beloved of Prince *Edward*, so it is as certaine, that many points now currant in the received story can never hold together with likelihood of such inforcement, had it not been shaded under the title of a King.

And when thou let'st downe that transparent lid.

Not that the lid is transparent; for no part of the skinne is transparent: but for that the gemme, which that closure is said to containe, is transparent; for otherwise how could the minde understand by the eye, should not the images slide thorow the same, and repleniſh the stage of the phantasie? But this belongs to *Opticks*. The Latines call the eye-lids *Cilium* (I will not say of *Celando*) as the eye-brow *Supercilium*, and the haire on the eye-lids *Palpebra*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which have their distinct and necessary uses.

ALICE COUNTESSE OF Salisburie to the BLACKE PRINCE.

AS one that faine would grant, yet faine deny,
'Twixt hope and feare I doubtfully reply,

A womans

A womans weakneſſe, leſt I ſhould diſcover,
Anſwering a Prince, and writing to a Lover:
And ſome ſay, Love with reaſon doth diſpenſe,
And wreſts our plaine words to another ſenſe.
Thinke you not then, poore women had not need
Be well adviſ'd, to write what men ſhould reade;
VVhen being ſilent, but to move awrie,
Doth often bring us into obloquie?
"Whilſt in our hearts our ſecret thoughts abide,
"Th'invenom'd tongue of ſlander yet is ti'd;
"But if once ſpoke, deliver'd up to fame,
"In her report that often is to blame.
About to write, but newly entring in,
Me thinkes I end, ere I ca[illegible]
VVhen I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
For then me thinkes I ſhould have more to ſay,
And ſome one thing remaineth in my breaſt,
For want of words that cannot be expreſt:
VVhat I would ſay, as ſaid to thee, I faigne,
Then in thy perſon I reply againe;
And in thy cauſe urge all that may effect,
Then, what againe mine honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry paſſions doe I trie,
To ſet that right, which is ſo much awrie?
Being a Prince, I blame you not to prove,
The greater reaſon to obtaine your Love.
That greatneſſe which doth challenge no deniall,
The onely Teſt that doth allow my triall:
Edward ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capitall.
"To men is granted priviledge to tempt,
"But in that Charter women be exempt:
"Men win us not, except we give conſent,
"Againſt our ſelves unleſſe that we be bent.

"Who

"Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
You prove not false, except we be untrue;
"It is your vertue, being men, to trie,
"And it is ours, by vertue to denie.
"Your fault it selfe serves for the faults excuse,
"And makes it ours, though yours be the abuse.
"Beauty a beggar, he it is too bad,
"When in it selfe sufficiency is had;
"Not made a lure t' intice the wand'ring eie,
"But an attire t' adorne our modestie:
"If modesty and women once doe sever,
"We may bid farewell to our fame for ever.
Let *John* and *Henry*, *Edward* is instance be,
Matilda and [illegible] me;
[illegible] both woo'd, attempted to be wonne,
Th' one by the father, th' other by the sonne:
Henry obtaining, did our weakneſſe wound,
And layes the fault on wanton *Rosamond*;
Matilda chaſte, in life and death all one,
By her deniall layes the fault on *John*:
"By these we prove men accessary still,
"But women onely principals of ill.
"What praise is ours, but what our vertues get?
"If they be lent, so much we be in debt;
"Whilst our owne honours we our selves defend,
"All force too weake, what ever men pretend:
"If all the world else should suborne our fame,
"'Tis we our selves that overthrow the same:
"And how soe'r, although by force you win,
"Yet on our weakneſſe still returnes the sin.
A vertuous Prince who doth not *Edward* call?
And shall I then be guilty of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Than such a sinne upon my soule should lie.

Where

Where is great *Edward?* Whither is he led,
At whose victorious name whole armies fled?
Is that brave Spirit, that conquer'd so in France,
Thus overcome, and vanquish'd with a glance?
Is that great heart, that did aspire so hie,
So soon transi-pierced with a womans eie?
He that a King at Poictiers battell tooke,
Himselfe led captive with a wanton looke?
Twice as a Bride to Church I have been led,
Twice have two Lords enjoy'd my Bridall bed:
How can that beauty yet be undestroi'd,
That yeeres have wasted, and two men enjoy'd;
Or should be thought fit for a Princes store,
Of which two subjects were possest before?
Let Spaine, let France, or Scotland so preferre
Their Infant Queens for Englands Dowager,
That blood should be much more than halfe divine,
That should be equall ev'ry way with thine:
Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reprove you,
As mine owne life so dearly doe I love you.
My noble husband, which so loved you,
That gentle Lord, that reverend *Mountague*,
Ne'r mothers voice did please her babe so well,
As his did mine, of you to heare him tell:
I have made short the houres that time made long,
And chain'd mine eares to his most pleasing tongue:
My lips have waited on your praises worth,
And snatcht his words, ere he could get them forth:
When he had spoke, and something by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to say;
I kept in mind where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him the residue to tell.
Oft he would say, How sweet a Prince is hee!
When I have prais'd him but for praising thee;

And

And to proceed, I would intreat and woo,
And yet to ease him, help to praise thee too.
And must she now exclaime against the wrong
Offred by him, whom she hath lov'd so long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durst almost sweare,
Edward will blush, when he his fault shall heare.
Judge now, that time doth youths desire asswage,
And reason mildly quench the fire of rage;
By upright justice let my cause be tri'd,
And be thou Judge, if I not justly chide.
¶ That not my fathers grave and reverend yeeres,
When on his knee he beg'd me with his teares,
By no perswasions possibly could winne,
To free himselfe from prompting me to sinne;
The woe for me my mother did abide,
Whose suit (but you) there's none could have deni'd,
Your lustfull rage, your tyrannie could stay,
Mine honours ruine further to delay.
Have I not lov'd you? let the truth be showne,
That still preserv'd your honour with mine owne.
Had your fond will, your foule desires prevail'd,
When you by them my chastity assail'd;
(Though this no way could have excus'd my fault,
"True Vertue never yeelded to assault:)
Besides, the ill of you that had been said,
My parents sinne had to your charge been laid;
¶ And I have gain'd my liberty with shame,
To save my life, made shipwracke of my name.
Did Roxborough once vaile her tow'ring Fanes
To thy brave Ensignes on the Northerne plaines?
And to thy Trumpets sounding from thy Tent,
Mine oft againe thee hearty welcome sent,
And did receive thee as my Soveraigne Liege,
Comming to aide me, thus me to besiege,

To

To raiſe a foe that but for treaſure came,
To plant a foe, to take my honeſt name;
Under pretence to have remov'd the Scot,
And would'ſt have won more than he could have got?
That did ingirt me, ready ſtill to flie,
But thou laid'ſt batt'rie to my chaſtitie:
O modeſty, didſt thou me not reſtraine,
How could I chide you in this angry vaine!
A Princes name (Heav'n knowes) I doe not crave,
To have thoſe honours *Edwards* Spouſe ſhould have,
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
In my chaſte breaſt to harbour ſuch a thought,
As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
A piece unfit for Princely *Edwards* ſide;
Of all, the moſt unworthy of that grace,
To wait on her that ſhould enjoy that place:
But if that love Prince *Edward* doth require
Equall his Vertues, and my chaſte deſire;
If it be ſuch as we may juſtly vaunt,
A Prince may ſue for, and a Lady grant;
If it be ſuch as may ſuppreſſe my wrong,
That from your vaine unbridled youth hath ſprung;
That faith I ſend, which I from you receive:
¶ The reſt unto your Princely thoughts I leave.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Twice as a Bride I have to Church been led.

THe two husbands of which ſhe makes mention, objecting bigamie againſt her ſelfe, as being therefore not meet to be married with a Batcheler-Prince, were Sir *Thomas Holland* Knight, and Sir *William Mountague*, afterward made Earle of Salisbury.

That

That not my fathers grave and reverend yeeres.

A thing incredible, that any Prince should be so unjust, to use the fathers meanes for the corruption of the daughters chastity, though so the Historie importeth; her father being so honourable, and a man of so singular desert: though *Polydore* would have her thought to be *Jane* the daughter to *Edmond* Earle of Kent, Unkle to *Edward* the Third, beheaded in the Protectorship of *Mortimer* that dangerous Aspirer.

And I have gain'd my liberty with shame.

Roxborough is a Castle in the North, mis-termed by *Bandello* Salisbury Castle, because the king had given it to the Earle of Salisbury; in which her Lord being absent, the Countesse by the Scots was besieged: who, by the comming of the English Army, were removed. Here first the Prince saw her, whose liberty had been gained by her shame, had she been drawne by dishonest love to satisfie his appetite: but by her most praise-worthy constancy she converted that humour in him to an honourable purpose, and obtained the true reward of her admired vertue.

The rest unto your Princely thoughts I leave.

Lest any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it shall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are uttered concerning her, whose name is said to have been *Alice*: but that being rejected, as a name unknowne among us, *Froissard* is rather beleeved, who calleth her *Alice*. *Polydore* contrariwise, as before is declared, names her *Jane*, who by Prince *Edward* had issue, *Edward* dying young, and *Richard* the Second king of England, though (as he saith) she was divorced afterwards, because within the degrees of consanguinity, prohibiting to marry. The truth whereof I omit to discusse. Her husband, the Lord *Mountague*, being sent over into Flanders by king *Edward*, was taken prisoner by the French; and not returning, left his Countesse a widow: in whose bed succeeded Prince *Edward*, to whose last and lawfull request, the rejoyceful Lady sends this loving answer.

Queene

QUEENE ISABEL TO RICHARD the Second.

THE ARGEMENT.

Richard the Second wrongfully depos'd
By Henry Duke of Hertford, and inclos'd
In Pomfret Castle; Isabel the Queene,
To the neglected King, who having seene
His disinvesting, and disasterous chance,
To Charles her father ship'd againe for France,
(Where for her husband griev'd and discontent)
Thence this Epistle to King Richard sent,
By which when he her sorrow doth descry,
He to the same as sadly doth reply.

AS doth the yeerly Augure of the Spring,
In depth of woe thus I my sorrow sing;
My tunes with sighes yet ever mixt among,
A dolefull burthen to a heavie song:
VVords issue forth, to find my griefe some way,
Teares overtake them, and doe bid them stay;
Thus whilst one strives to keep the other backe,
Both once too forward, soon are both too slacke.
If fatall Pomfret hath in former time
Nourish'd the griefe of that unnaturall clime,
Thither I send my sorrowes to be fed;
Than where first borne, where fitter to be bred?
They unto France be aliens and unknowne,
England from her doth challenge these her owne.

They

They ſay, all miſchiefe commeth from the North ;
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth :
But why ſhould I thus limit griefe a place,
VVhen all the world is fill'd with our diſgrace ?
And we in bonds thus ſtriving to containe it,
The more reſiſts, the more we doe reſtraine it.
¶ Oh, how even yet I hate thoſe wretched eies,
And in my glaſſe oft call them faithleſſe ſpies !
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that unwares did looke
Upon that Traitor *Henry Bullenbrooke* :
But that exceſſe of joy my ſenſe bereav'd
So much, my ſight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd Lord was hee,
VVhom raſhly I (ſweet *Richard*) tooke for thee !
I might have ſeen, the Courſers ſelfe did lacke
That Princely rider to beſtride his backe ;
He that ſince Nature her great worke began,
She only made the Mirrour of a man,
That when ſhe meant to forme ſome matchleſſe lim,
Still for a patterne tooke ſome part of him,
And jealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
VVhen ſhe in him had done the beſt ſhe could.
Oh, let that day be guilty of all ſin
That is to come, or heretofore hath bin,
¶ Wherein great Norfolk's forward courſe was ſtai'd,
To prove the treaſons he to Hertford lai'd,
When (with ſtern fury) both theſe Dukes enrag'd,
Their warlike Gloves at Coventrie engag'd,
VVhen firſt thou didſt repeale thy former grant,
Seal'd to brave *Mowbray* as thy Combatant :
From his unnumbred houres let time divide it,
Leſt in his minutes he ſhould hap to hide it ;
Yet on his brow continually to beare it,
That when it comes, all other houres may feare it,

And

And all ill-boding Planets, by conſent,
In it may hold their dreadfull Parlament:
Be it in Heav'ns Decrees enrolled thus,
Blacke, diſmall, fatall, inauſpicious.
Proud Hertford then in height of all his pride,
Under great *Mowbray's* valiant hand had di'd,
And never had from baniſhment retir'd;
The fatall brand wherewith our Troy was fir'd.
¶ Oh! why did *Charles* relieve his needy ſtate?
A Vagabond and ſtraggling Runnagate;
And in his Court with grace did entertaine
That vagrant Exile, that vile bloudy *Cain*,
VVho with a thouſand mothers curſes went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten yeeres baniſhment.
¶ When thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewell,
Millions of knees upon the pavements fell,
And ev'ry where th' applauding Ecchoes ring
The joyfull ſhouts that did ſalute a King.
Thy parting hence, the pomp that did adorne,
Was vanquiſh'd quite when as thou didſt returne:
Who to my Lord one looke vouchſaf'd to lend?
Then, all too few on Hertford to attend.
" Princes (like Sunnes) be evermore in ſight,
" All ſee the clouds betwixt them and their light:
" Yet they which lighten all downe from their skies,
" See not the clouds offending others eies,
" And deem their noon-tide is deſir'd of all,
" When all expect cleere changes by their fall.
What colour ſeems to ſhadow Hertfords claime,
When law and right his fathers hopes doe maime?
¶ Affirm'd by Church-men (wch ſhould beare no hate)
That *John* of Gaunt was illegitimate;
VVhom his reputed mothers tongue did ſpot,
By a baſe Flemmiſh Boore to be begot:

VVhom *Edwards* Eaglets mortally did shun,
Daring with them to gaze against the Sun:
VVhere lawfull right and conquest doth allow
A triple Crowne on *Richards* Princely brow;
Three Kingly Lions beares his bloudy field,
¶ No Bastards mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield:
Never durst he attempt our hapleſſe ſhore,
Nor ſet his foot on fatall Ravenſpore;
Nor durſt his ſlugging Hulks approach the ſtrand,
Nor ſtoop a top as ſignall to the land,
Had not the *Percies* promis'd aide to bring,
Againſt their oath unto their lawfull King,
¶ Againſt their faith unto our Crownes true heire,
Their valiant Kinſman *Edmund Mortimer*.
When I to England came, a world of eies,
Like Starres, attended on my faire ariſe,
Which now (alas) like angry Planets frowne,
And are all ſet, before my going downe:
The ſmooth-fac'd aire did on my comming ſmile,
But I with ſtormes am driven to exile:
But *Bullenbrooke* devis'd we thus ſhould part,
Fearing two ſorrowes ſhould poſſeſſe one heart,
To adde to our affliction, to deny
That one poore comfort, left our miſery.
He had before divorc'd thy Crowne and thee,
VVhich might ſuffice, and not to widow mee;
But ſo to prove the utmoſt of his hate,
To part us in this miſerable ſtate.
¶ Oh, would *Aumerle* had ſunke, when he betrai'd
The plot, which once that noble Abbot laid,
When he infring'd the oath which he firſt tooke,
For thy revenge on perjut'd *Bullenbrooke*;
And been the ranſome of our friends deare bloud,
Untimely loſt, and for the earth too good:

And we untimely doe bewaile their ſtate,
They gone too ſoone, and we remaine too late.
And though with teares I from my Lord depart,
This curſe on Hertford fall, to eaſe my heart:
If the foule breath of a chaſte nuptiall bed
May bring a curſe, my curſe light on his head:
If murthers guilt with bloud may deeply ſtaine,
¶ *Greene*, *Barkope*, and *Buſhie* dye his faulc in graine:
If perjury may Heavens pure gates debarre,
¶ Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter:
If the depoſing of a lawfull King,
Thy curſe condemne him, if no other thing:
If theſe diſ-joyn'd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them united ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the *Percies*, Heav'n may heare my prai'r,
That *Bullenbrooke*, now plac'd in *Richards* chaire,
Such cauſe of woe to their proud wives may be,
As thoſe rebellious Lords have been to me.
And that coy Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her pompe triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad eyne,
With as ſalt teares, as I have done for mine.
¶ And mourne for *Henry Hotſpur* her deare ſonne,
As I for my deare *Mortimer* have done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſſe be ſent,
Laſtly to taſte perpetuall baniſhment.
Then loſe thy care, when firſt thy Crowne was loſt,
Sell it ſo dearly, for it dearly coſt:
And ſith it did of liberty deprive thee,
Burying thy hope, let nothing elſe out-live thee.
But hard (God knowes) with ſorrow doth it goe,
When woe becomes a comforter to woe:
Yet much (me thinkes) of comfort I could ſay,
If from my heart ſome feares were rid away;

Something there is, that danger ſtill doth ſhow,
But what it is, that Heaven alone doth know:
"Griefe to it ſelfe moſt dreadfull doth appeare,
"And never yet was ſorrow void of feare;
But yet in death doth ſorrow hope the beſt,
And *Richard*, thus I wiſh thee happy reſt.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

If fatall Pomfret hath in former time.

POmfret Caſtle ever a fatall place to the Princes of England, and moſt ominous to the blood of *Plantagenet*.

Oh, how even yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſſe, &c.

When *Bullenbrooke* returned to London from the Weſt, bringing *Richard* a priſoner with him; the Queen, who little knew of her husbands hard ſucceſſe, ſtayed to behold his comming in, little thinking to have ſeen her husband thus led in triumph by his foe: and now ſeemed to hate her eyes, that ſo much had graced her mortall enemy.

Wherein great Norfolkes forward courſe was ſtaid.

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Hertford and Norfolk at Coventry, urging the juſtneſſe of *Mowbrayes* quarrell againſt the Duke of Hertford, and the faithfull aſſurance of his victory.

Oh! why did Charles *relieve his needy ſtate?*
A Vagabond, &c.

Charles the French king, her father, received the Duke of Hertford into his Court, & relieved him in France, being ſo neerly allied as Couſin German to king *Richard* his ſonne-in-law; which he did ſimply, little thinking that hee ſhould after returne into England, and diſ-poſſeſſe king *Richard* of the Crowne.

When thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewell.

King *Richard* made a voiage with his army into Ireland, againſt *Onell* and *Mackmur*, which rebelled: at what time *Henry* entred here at home, and robbed him of all Kingly dignity.

Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould beare no hate)
That John *of Gaunt was illegitimate.*

William Wickam, in the great quarrell betwixt *John* of Gaunt

and the Clergy, of meer ſpight & malice (as it ſhould ſeem) reported, that the Queen confeſſed to him on her death-bed, being then her Confeſſor, that *John* of Gaunt was the ſon of a Flemming, and that ſhe was brought to bed of a woman-childe at Gaunt, which was ſmothered in the cradle by miſchance, and that ſhe obtained this child of a poore woman, making the king beleeve it was her owne, greatly fearing his diſpleaſure. *Fox ex Chron. Alban.*

No Baſtards mark doth blot his conqu'ring ſhield.

Shewing the true and indubitate birth of *Richard*, his right unto the Crown of England, as carrying the Arms without blot or difference.

Againſt their faith unto the Crownes true heire,
Their valiant Kinſman &c.

Edmund Mortimer Earle of March, ſon of Earle *Roger Mortimer*, which was ſon to Lady *Philip*, daughter to *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, the third ſon to K. *Edward* the Third; which *Edmund* (king *Richard* going into Ireland) was proclaimed Heire apparent to the Crown; whoſe Aunt, called *Ellinor*, this Lord *Percy* had married.

O would Aumerle had ſunke, when he betrai'd
The plot, which once the noble Abbot laid.

The Abbot of Weſtminſter had plotted the death of king *Henry*, to have bin done at a tilt at Oxford: Of which confederacy there was *John Holland* Duke of Exceſter, *Thomas Holland* Duke of Surrey, the Duke of Aumerle, *Montacute* Earle of Salisbury, *Spenſer* Earl of Gloceſter, the Biſhop of Carlile, Sir *Thomas Blunt*; theſe all had bound themſelves one to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Green, *and* Buſhy *die his fault in graine.*

Henry going towards the Caſtle of Flint, where K. *Richard* was, cauſed *Scroop*, *Green*, & *Buſhy* to be executed at Briſtow, as vile perſons, which had ſeduced the king to this laſcivious & wicked life.

Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter.

After *Henries* exile, at his returne into England, he tooke his oath at Doncaſter upon the Sacrament, not to claime the Crown or Kingdome of England, but only the Dukedome of Lancaſter, his owne proper right, and the right of his wife.

And mourne for Henry Hotſpur *her deare ſonne,*
As I for my, &c.

This was the brave couragious *Henry Hotſpur*, that obtained ſo many victories againſt the Scots: which after falling out right with the curſe of Queen *Iſabel*, was ſlain by *Henry* at the battell at Shrewsbury.

RICHARD the Second to Queene ISABEL.

WHat can my Queen but hope for from this hand,
That it should write, wch never could command,
A Kingdomes greatneſſe thinke how he ſhould ſway,
That wholeſome counſell never could obey:
Ill this rude hand did guide a Scepter then,
VVorſe now (I feare me) it will rule a pen.
How ſhall I call my ſelfe, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy husband, for my hateſull life
Makes thee a widow, being yet a wife:
Nor from a King, that title I have loſt,
Now of that name proud *Bullenbreake* may boaſt:
What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,
No words ſo wofull, as, *I was a King*.
This lawleſſe life, which firſt procur'd my hate,
¶ This tongue, which then renounc'd my Regall ſtate,
This abject ſoule of mine conſenting to it,
This hand, that was the inſtrument to doe it;
All theſe be witneſſe, that I now denie
All Princely types, all Kingly Sov'raigntie.
Didſt thou for my ſake leave thy fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy Princely port,
And undertook'ſt to travell dang'rous waies,
Driven by aukward winds and boiſt'rous ſeas?
¶ And left'ſt great Burbon, for thy love to mee,
VVho ſu'd in marriage to be link'd to thee,
Offring for dower the countries neighb'ring nie,
Of fruitfull Almaine, and rich Burgundie?

Didſt

Didſt thou all this, that England ſhould receive thee,
To miſerable baniſhment to leave thee?
And in my downe-fall and my fortunes wracke,
Thus to thy Country to convey thee backe?
When quiet ſleep (the heavie hearts reliefe)
Hath reſted ſorrow, ſomewhat leſs'ned griefe,
My paſſed greatneſſe into mind I call,
And thinke this while I dreamed of my fall:
With this conceit my ſorrowes I beguile,
That my faire Queen is but withdrawne a while,
And my Attendants in ſome chamber by,
As in the height of my proſperity.
Calling aloud, and asking who is there?
The Eccho anſw'ring, tells me, Woe is there;
And when mine armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold:
Which when my waking eyes preciſely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in the houres there be,
So many houres each minute ſeems to me;
Each houre a day, morne, noone-tide, and a ſet,
Each day a yeere, with miſeries complete;
A Winter, Spring-time, Summer, and a Fall,
All Seaſons varying, but unſeaſoned all:
In endleſſe woe my threed of life thus weares,
In minutes, houres, daies, months, to lingring yeeres.
They praiſe the Summer, that enjoy the South,
Pomfret is cloſed in the Norths cold mouth;
There pleaſant Summer dwelleth all the yeere,
Froſt-ſtarved-Winter doth inhabit here:
A place wherein deſpaire may fitly dwell,
Sorrow beſt ſuting with a cloudy cell.
When Hertford had his judgement of Exile,
Saw I the peoples murmuring the while;

Th' uncertaine commons touch'd with inward care,
As though his ſorrowes mutually they bare:
Fond women, and ſcarce-ſpeaking children mourne,
Bewaile his parting, wiſhing his returne.
¶ That I was forc'd t' abridge his baniſh'd yeeres,
When they bedew'd his foot-ſteps with their teares;
Yet by example could not learne to know,
To what his greatneſſe by their love might grow:
¶ But *Henry* boaſts of our atchievements done,
Bearing the Trophies our great fathers wonne,
And all the ſtory of our famous warre,
Muſt grace the Annals of great Lancaſter.
¶ Seven goodly ſiens in their ſpring did flouriſh,
Wch one ſelf-root brought forth, one ſtock did nouriſh.
¶ *Edward* the top-branch of that golden tree,
Nature in him her utmoſt power did ſee,
Who from the bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo faire,
As all might judge what fruit it meant to beare:
But I his graft, of ev'ry weed o'r-growne,
And from our kind, as refuſe forth am throwne.
¶ We from our Grandſire ſtood in one degree,
But after *Edward*, *John* the yong'ſt of three.
Might Princely Wales beget a ſonne ſo baſe,
That to Gaunts iſſue ſhould give Soveraigne place?
¶ He that frō France brought *John* his priſoner home,
As thoſe great *Cæſars* did their ſpoiles to Rome,
¶ Whoſe name obtained by his fatall hand,
Was ever fearfull to that conquer'd Land:
His fame increaſing, purchas'd in thoſe warres,
Can ſcarcely now be bounded with the Starres;
With him is valour from the baſe world fled,
(Or here in me it is extinguiſhed)
Who for his Vertue, and his Conqueſts ſake,
Poſterity a demi-god ſhall make;

And

And judge, this vile and abject ſpirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper ſo divine.
What earthly humour, or what vulgar eye
Can looke ſo low, as on our miſerie?
When *Bullenbrooke* is mounted to our Throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
Into our councels he himſelfe intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the multitudes?
His power digrades, his dreadfull frowne diſgraceth,
He throws them down whom our advancemēt placeth;
As my diſable and unworthy hand
Never had power, belonging to command.
He treads our facred Tables in the duſt,
And proves our Acts of Parlament unjuſt;
As though he hated, that it ſhould be ſaid,
That ſuch a Law by *Richard* once was made:
Whilſt I depreſt before his Greatneſſe, lie
Under the weight of hate and infamie.
My backe a foot-ſtoole *Bullenbrooke* to raiſe,
My looſneſſe mock'd, and hatefull by his praiſe,
Out-live mine honour, bury my eſtate,
And leave my ſelfe nought, but my peoples hate.
(Sweet Queen) I'le take all counſell thou canſt give,
So that thou bidſt me neither hope nor live:
"Succour that comes, when ill hath done his worſt,
"But ſharpens griefe, to make us more accurſt.
Comfort is now unpleaſing to mine eare,
Paſt cure, paſt care, my bed become my beere:
Since now misfortune humbleth us ſo long,
Till Heaven be growne unmindfull of our wrong;
Yet it forbid my wrongs ſhould ever die,
But ſtill remembred to poſteritie:
And let the Crowne be fatall that he weares,
And ever wet with wofull mothers teares.

Thy curſe on *Percie*, angry Heavens prevent,
Who have not one curſe left, on him unſpent,
To ſcourge the world, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich of woe, as I a King am poore.
Then ceaſe (deare Queen) my ſorrowes to bewaile,
My wound's too great for pitie now to heale;
Age ſtealeth on, whilſt thou complaineſt thus,
My griefes be mortall and infectious:
Yet better fortunes thy faire youth may trie,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me doth flie.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

This tongue, which then renounc'd my Regall ſtate.

Richard the ſecond, at the reſignation of the Crowne to the Duke of Hertford in the Tower of London, delivering the ſame with his owne hand, there confeſſed his diſability to governe, utterly renouncing all kingly authority.

And left'ſt great Burbon, for thy love to me.

Before the Princeſſe *Iſabel* was married to the king, *Lewes* Duke of Burbon ſued to have had her in marriage; which was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the meane time. This Duke of Burbon ſued againe to have received her at her comming into France, after the impriſonment of king *Richard*; but king *Charles* her father then croſſed him, as before, and gave her to *Charles* ſon to the Duke of Orleans.

When Hertford had his iudgement of Exile.

When the combate ſhould have been at Coventry, betwixt *Henry* Duke of Hertford, and *Thomas* Duke of Norfolke (where Hertford was adiudged to baniſhment for ten yeeres) the Commons exceedingly lamented; ſo greatly was he ever favoured of the people.

Then being forc'd t' abridge his baniſh'd yeeres.

When the Duke came to take his leave of the king, being then at Eltham, the king, to pleaſe the Commons, rather than for any love he bare to Hertford, repealed foure yeers of his baniſhment.

But

But Henry *boasts of our atchievements done.*

Henry the eldest sonne of *John* Duke of Lancaster, as the first Earle of Darby, then created Duke of Hertford; after the death of the Duke *John* his father, was Duke of Lancaster & Hertford, Earle of Darby, Leicester, and Lincolne: and after he had obtained the Crowne, was called by the name of *Bullenbrooke*, which is a Towne in Lincolnshire; as usually all the kings of England bare the name of the place where they were borne.

Seven goodly Cyons in their Spring did flourish.

Edward the Third had seven Sonnes: *Edward* Prince of Wales, after called the *Blacke Prince*: *William* of Hatfield the second: *Lionel* Duke of Clarence the third: *John* of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster the fourth: *Edmund of* Langley, Duke of Yorke the fifth: *Thomas* of Woodstocke, Duke of Glocester the sixth: *William* of Windsore the seventh.

Edward *the top-branch of that golden tree.*

Truly boasting himselfe to be the eldest sonne of *Edward* the *Blacke Prince.*

Yet after Edward, John *the young'st of three.*

As disabling *Henry Bullenbrooke*, being but the sonne of the fourth brother; *William* and *Lionel* being both before *John* of Gaunt.

He that from France brought John *his prisoner home.*

Edward the *Blacke Prince* taking *John* king of France prisoner at the battell of Poictiers, brought him into England; where at the Savoy he died.

Whose name atchieved by his fatall hand.

Called the *Blacke Prince*, not so much of his complexion, as of the famous battels he fought; as is shewed before in the gloss upon the Epistle of *Edward* to the Countesse of Salisbury.

And proves our Acts of Parlament unjust.

In the next Parliament, after *Richards* resignation of the Crown, *Henry* caused to be annihilated all the Lawes made in the Parliament, called the wicked Parliament, held in the twentieth yeere of king *Richards* reigne.

QUEENE

QUEEN *KATHERINE* TO *OWEN TUDOR.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Fifth, that onely man of men,
Too soone deceas'd; bright Queen Katherine *then,*
(Henry the Sixth her sonne of tender yeeres,
Fortune so strangely her affection steeres,
That amongst many, call'd one day to dance
Before the King and her) this Heire of France,
And Englands Dowager; her eye taken had,
By Owen Tudor, *a brave youthfull Lad,*
One of her Ward-robe, and from Wales descended:
She, the great good that was to him intended,
To let him know, this Letter doth devise,
Least that the greatnesse of the enterprise
Should hap to daunt him; but be bold by kind,
Shew'd her, his love was answ'ring to her mind.

JUdge not a Princesse worth impeach'd hereby,
That Love thus triumphs over Majesty;
Nor thinke lesse Vertue in this royall hand,
That it intreats, and wonted to command:
For in this sort though humbly now it woo,
The day hath been, thou would'st have kneel'd unto.
Nor thinke that this submission of my state
Proceeds from frailty (rather judge it fate.)
Alcides ne'r more fit for warres sterne shocke,
Than when with women spinning at the Rocke;

Never

Never leſſe Clouds did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Than in a Clownes ſhape when he covered him:
Joves great command was never more obey'd,
Than when a Satyrs anticke parts he play'd.
He was thy King, who ſu'd for love to mee,
And ſhe is Queen, who ſues for love to thee.
When *Henry* was, my love was onely his,
But by his death, it *Owen Tudors* is;
My love to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giveth,
My love to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liveth:
Henry woo'd me, whilſt warres did yet increaſe;
I woo my *Tudor* in ſweet calmes of peace;
To force affection, he did conqueſt prove,
I come with gentle arguments of Love.
¶ Incamp'd at Melans, in warres hot alarmes,
Firſt ſaw I *Henry* clad in Princely Armes:
At pleaſant Windſore, firſt theſe eyes of mine
My *Tudor* judg'd, for wit and ſhape, divine:
Henry abroad, with puiſſance and with force,
Tudor at home, with courtſhip and diſcourſe:
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether
Did like me beſt; *Plantaginet* or *Teiher*;
A march, a meaſure, battell, or a dance,
A courtly rapier, or a conqu'ring lance.
His Princely bed hath ſtrength'ned my renowne,
¶ And on my temples ſet a double Crowne,
Which glorious Wreath (as *Henries* lawfull Heire)
Henry the Sixth upon his brow doth beare.
¶ At Troy in Champaine he did firſt enjoy
My Bridall rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now that honour thou ſhalt have,
Which once in Champaine famous *Henry* gave.
I ſeeke not wealth, three Kingdomes in my power:
If theſe ſuffice not, where ſhall be my dower?

Sad:

Sad discontents may ever follow her,
VVhich doth base pelfe before true love preferre;
If Titles still could our affections tie,
VVhat is so great, but Majesty might buy?
As I seeke thee, so Kings doe me desire;
To what they would, thou eas'ly mai'st aspire.
That sacred fire once warm'd my heart before,
The fuell fit, the flame is now the more:
And meanes to quench it I in vaine doe prove,
"We may hide treasure, but not hide our love:
And since it is thy fortune (thus) to gaine it,
It were too late, nor will I now restraine it.
¶ Nor these great Titles vainly will I bring,
VVife, daughter, mother, sister to a King,
Of grandsire, father, husband, sonne and brother,
More thou alone to me than all these other.
¶ Nor feare, my *Tudor*, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-born great Lancastrian line,
¶ Or make the English bloud, the Sun and Moon,
Repine at Loraine, Burbon, Alanson;
Nor doe I thinke there is such diff'rent ods,
They should alone be numbred with the Gods:
Of *Cadmus* earthly issue reck'ning us,
And they from *Jove*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*;
Of great *Latona's* off spring only they,
And we the brats of wofull *Niobe*.
Our famous Grandsires (as their owne) bestrid
That Horse of fame, that God-begotten steed,
VVhose bounding hoofe plow'd that Beotian spring,
VVhere those sweet Maids of memory doe sing.
I claime not all from *Henry*, but as well
To be the childe of *Charles* and *Isabel*:
Nor can I think from whence their griefe should grow,
That by this Match they be disparag'd so.

¶ When

¶ When *John* and *Longshankes* issue were affi'd,
And to the Kings of Wales in wedlocke ti'd,
Shewing the greatnesse of your blond thereby,
Your race and royall consanguinity:
And Wales, as well as haughty England boasts,
¶ Of Camilot, and all her Pentecosts,
To have precedence in *Pendragons* race,
At *Arthurs* Table challenging the place.
If by the often conquest of your Land,
They boast the spoiles of their victorious hand;
If these our ancient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
¶ VVhen bloudy *Rufus* fought your utter sacke,
Twice entring Wales, yet twice was beaten backe:
VVhen famous Cambria wash'd her in the floud,
Made by th' effusion of the English bloud;
¶ And oft return'd with glorious victorie,
From Worcester, Her'ford, Chester, Shrewsburie;
VVhose power in ev'ry conquest so prevailes,
As once expuls'd the English out of Wales.
Although my Beauty made my Countries peace,
And at my Bridall former broiles did cease;
More than his power had not his person been,
I had not come to England as a Queen.
Nor tooke I *Henry* to supply my want,
Because in France that time my choice was scant,
VVhen it had rob'd all Christendome of men,
And Englands flower remain'd amongst us then:
Gloster, whose counsels (*Nestor*-like) assist,
Couragious Bedford, that great Martialist,
Clarence, for Vertue honour'd of his foes,
And Yorke, whose fame yet daily greater growes,
Warwicke, the pride of *Nevils* haughty race,
Great Salisbury, so fear'd in every place,

That

That valiant *Poole*, whom no atchievement dar's,
And *Vere*, ſo famous in the Iriſh warres;
Who, though my ſelfe ſo great a Prince were borne,
The worſt of theſe my equall need not ſcorne:
But *Henries* rare perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring Kingdomes, ſo he conquer'd hearts;
As chaſte was I to him as Queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaſte love vow'd to thee.
Beauty doth fetch all favour from thy face,
All perfect Courtſhip reſteth in thy grace:
If thou diſcourſe, thy lips ſuch accents breake,
As Love a ſpirit forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeake.
The Britiſh language, which our vowels wants,
And jarres ſo much upon harſh conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy melliſluous tongue,
As doe the ſweet notes of a well-ſet ſong,
And runs as ſmoothly from thoſe lips of thine,
As the pure Tuskan from the Florentine;
Leaving ſuch ſeaſoned ſweetneſſe in the eare,
That the voice paſt, yet ſtill the ſound is there:
In *Niſus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden Violl us'd to play;
Where ſenſleſs ſtones were with ſuch muſick drown'd,
As many yeers they did retaine the ſound.
Let not the beames, that greatneſſe doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timorous reſpect;
Aſſure thee, *Tudor*, Majeſtie can be
As kind in love, as can the mean'ſt degree,
And the imbraces of a Queen as true
As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by you;
When in our greatneſſe, our affections crave
Thoſe ſecret joyes that other women have:
So I (a Queen) be ſoveraigne in my choice,
Let others fawne upon the publike voice;

Or

Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
Light, in reſpect to be belov'd of mee?
Let peeviſh worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leave plaints and pleas, to whom they doe belong,
Let old men ſpeake of chances and events,
And Lawyers talke of titles and deſcents,
Leave fond reports to ſuch as ſtories tell,
And covenants, to thoſe that buy and ſell:
Love, my ſweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee beſt,
And to our good ſucceſſe referre the reſt.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Incamp'd at Melans, in warres hot alarmes,
Firſt, &c.

NEere unto Melans upon the river of Seyne, was the appointed place of parley between the two kings of England and France; to which place *Iſabel* the Queen of France, & the Duke of Burgoine brought the young Princeſſe *Katherine*, where king *Henry* firſt ſaw her.

And on my temples ſet a double crowne.

Henry the Fifth, and Queen *Katherine* were taken as King and Queen of France; and during the life of *Charles* the French king, *Henry* was called king of England, and heire of France: and after the death of *Henry* the Fifth, *Henry* the Sixth his ſon then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawfull king of England and France.

At Troy in Champaine he did firſt injoy.

Troy in Champaine was the place where that victorious king *Henry* the Fifth married the Princeſſe *Katherine*, in the preſence of the chiefe Nobility of the Realmes of England and France.

Nor theſe great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

Few Queens of England or France were ever more Princely allied than this Queen, as it hath been noted by Hiſtoriographers.

Nor

Nor feare, my Tudor, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne, &c.

Noting the deſcent of *Henry* her husband from *Iohn* Duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſonne of *Edward* the Third; which Duke *Iohn* was ſirnamed Gaunt, of the City of Gaunt in Flanders, where he was borne.

Or make the Engliſh bloud, the Sun and Moon,
Repine, &c.

Alluding the greatneſſe of the Engliſh Line to *Thabus* and *Thabe*, feigned to be the children of *Latona*, whoſe heavenly kind might ſcorne to be joyned with any earthly progeny: yet withall, boaſting the bloud of France, as not inferiour to theirs. And with this alluſion followeth on the Hiſtory of the ſtriſe betwixt *Iuno* and the race of *Cadmus*, whoſe iſſue was afflicted by the wrath of Heaven. The children of *Niobe* ſlaine; for which the wofull mother became a rocke, guſhing forth continually a fountaine of teares.

When John *and* Long-ſhankes *iſſue were affi'd.*

Llewellin or *Leolin ap Iorwith*, married *Ioan* daughter to king *Iohn*, a moſt beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme, that ſhe was baſe borne. *Llewellin ap Gryffith* married *Eliner*, daughter to Simon *Monfort* Earle of Leiceſter, and Couſin to *Edward Long-ſhankes*: both which *Llewellins* were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilot, and all her Pentecoſts,
To have precedence, &c.

Camilot the ancient palace of king *Arthur*, to which place all the Knights of that famous Order yearly repaired at Pentecoſt, according to the Law of the Table: and moſt of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Country; as to this day is perceived by their ancient Monuments.

When bloudy Rufus *ſought your utter ſacke.*

Noting the ill ſucceſſe which *William Rufus* had in two voiages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chiefe Nobility were ſlaine.

And oft return'd with glorious victorie.

Noting the divers and ſundry Incurſions that the Welſhmen made into England in the time of *Rufus*, *Iohn*, *Henry* the Second, and *Long-ſhankes*.

OWEN.

Owen Tudor to Queene Katherine.

WHen first mine eyes beheld your Princely name,
And found from whence this friendly letter came;
As in excesse of joy, I had forgot,
VVhether I saw it, or I saw it not:
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceed,
My dazeled eyes invite my tongue to reade,
Which wanting their direction, dully mist it:
My lips, wch should have spoke, were dumb, and hist it,
And left the paper in my trembling hand,
VVhen all my senses did amazed stand:
Even as a mother comming to her child,
VVhich from her presence hath been long exil'd,
VVith gentle armes his tender necke doth straine,
Now kissing it, now clipping it againe;
And yet excessive joy deludes her so,
As still she doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length awakened from this pleasing dreame,
VVhen passion somewhat left to be extreme,
My longing eyes with their faire object meet,
Where ev'ry letter 's pleasing, each word sweet.
It was not *Henries* Conquests, nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadfull terrour-striking name,
The cause that I from Wales to England came:
For Christian Rhodes, and our Religions Truth,
To great atchievements first had wonne my youth:
This brave adventure did my valour prove,
Before I e'r knew what it was to love.

Nor

Nor came I hither by some poore event,
But by th' eternall Destinies consent;
VVhose uncompriséd wisedome did fore-see,
That you in marriage should be link'd to mee.
By our great *Merlin* was it not fore-told,
(Amongst his holy Propheſies enrol'd)
When first he did of *Tudors* name divine,
That Kings and Queens should follow in our Line?
¶ And that the Helme (the *Tudors* ancient Creſt)
Should with the golden Flower-de-luce be dreſt;
As that the Leeke (our Countries chiefe renowne)
Should grow with Roſes in the Engliſh Crowne.
As *Charles* his daughter, you the Lilly weare,
As *Henries* Queen, the bluſhing Roſe you beare;
By France's Conqueſt, and by Englands Oath,
You are the true made Dowager of both:
Both in your Crowne, both in your cheeke together,
Joyne *Tethers* love to yours, and yours to *Tether*.
Then caſt no future doubts, nor feare no hate,
VVhen it ſo long hath been fore-told by fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of Heav'n,
Before our births, we to one bed were giv'n.
No *Pallas* here, nor *Juno* is at all,
VVhen I to *Venus* yeeld the golden Ball:
Nor when the Grecians Wonder I injoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And have not ſtrange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we ſhould be proſperous?
VVhen in your preſence I was call'd to dance,
In loftie trickes whilſt I my ſelfe advance,
And in a turne, my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not judge it Fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?

His

His birth from Heav'n, your *Tudor* not derives,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in Superlatives,
Although the envious Engliſh doe deviſe
A thouſand jeſts of our Hyperbolies;
Nor doe I claime that plot by ancient deeds,
Where *Phœbus* paſtures his fire-breathing Steeds:
Nor doe I boaſt my God-made Grandſires ſcarres,
Nor Gyants Trophies in the *Titans* warres:
Nor faine my birth (your Princely eares to pleaſe)
By three nights getting, as was *Hercules*:
Nor doe I forge my long deſcent to runne
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sunne:
¶ And yet in Wales, with them that famous be,
Our learned Bards doe ſing my pedigree:
¶ And boaſt my birth from great *Cadwallader*,
¶ From old Caer-Sepron, in Mount Palador:
¶ And from *Eneons* Line, the South-Wales King,
By *Theador*, the *Tudors* name doe bring.
My loyall mothers Princely ſtocke began,
¶ From her great Grandam, faire *Gwenellian*,
By true deſcent from *Leolin* the Great,
As well from North-Wales, as faire Powſlands ſeat.
Though for our Princely Genealogie,
I doe not ſtand to make apologie:
Yet who with judgements true impartiall eies,
Shall looke from whence our name at firſt did riſe,
Shall find, that Fortune is to us in debt;
And why not *Tudor*, as *Plantaginet*?
¶ Nor that terme *Croggen*, Nick-name of diſgrace,
Us'd as a by-word now in ev'ry place,
Shall blot our bloud, or wrong a Welſhmans name,
VVhich was at firſt begot with Englands ſhame.
Our valiant ſwords our right did ſtill maintaine,
Againſt that cruell, proud, uſurping Dane,

Buckling

Buckling beſides in many dang'rous fights,
With Norwaies, Swethens, and with Muſcovites;
¶ And kept our native language now thus long,
And to this day yet never chang'd our tongue:
When they which now our Nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, have loſt their country, and their name.
Nor ever could the Saxons ſwords provoke
Our Britaine neckes to beare their ſervile yoke:
Where Cambria's pleaſant countries bounded be
With ſwelling Severne, and the holy Dee:
And ſince great *Brute* firſt arriv'd, have ſtood,
The onely remnant of the Trojan blood.
To every man is not allotted chance,
To boaſt with *Henry*, to have conquer'd France:
Yet if my fortunes be thus rais'd by thee,
This may preſage a further good to mee;
And our Saint *David*, in the Britaines right,
May joyne with *George*, the Sainted Engliſh Knight.
¶ And old Caer-mardin, *Merlins* famous Towne,
Not ſcorn'd by London, though of ſuch renowne.

Ah, would to God, that houre my hopes attend,
Were with my wiſh brought to deſired end!
Blame me not, Madame, though I thus deſire,
Many there be, that after you inquire;
Till now your beauty in nights boſome ſlept,
What eye durſt ſtirre, where awfull *Henry* kept?
Who durſt attempt to ſaile but neere the bay,
Where that all-conqu'ring great *Aleides* lay?
Your beauty now is ſet a Royall prize,
And Kings repaire to cheapen merchandize.
If you but walke to take the breathing aire,
Orithia makes me, that I *Boreas* feare:
If to the fire, *Jove* once in lightning came,
And faire *Egina* makes me feare the flame:

If in the Sun, then fad ſuſpicion dreames
Phœbus ſhould ſpread *Lucrece* in his beames:
If in a fountaine you doe coole your bloud,
Neptune I feare, which once came in a floud:
If with your Maides, I dread *Apollo's* rape,
VVho cous'ned *Chion* in an old wives ſhape:
If you doe banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
VVho in a grape *Erigone* did feed:
And if my ſelfe your chamber-doore ſhould keep,
Yet feare I *Hermes*, comming in a ſleep.
Pardon (ſweet Queen) if I offend in this,
In theſe delayes Love moſt impatient is:
And youth wants pow'r his hot ſpleen to ſuppreſſe,
When hope already banquets in exceſſe.

Though *Henries* fame in me you ſhall not find,
Yet that which better ſhall comfort your mind;
But only in the title of a King
Was his advantage, in no other thing:
If in his love more pleaſure you did take,
Never let Queen truſt Britan for my ſake.
Yet judge me not from modeſty exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* charge attempt;
My mind, that thus your favours dare aſpire,
Shewes, that 'tis touch'd with a celeſtiall fire:
If I doe fault, the more is Beauties blame,
When ſhe her ſelfe is author of the ſame:
"All men to ſome one quality incline,
Onely to Love is naturally mine.

Thou art by Beauty famous, as by birth,
Ordain'd by Heav'n to cheare the drouping earth:
Adde faithfull Love unto your greater ſtate,
And be alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promiſe more, I not deny,
But yet (by Heav'n) he lov'd not more than I.

And

And thus I leave, till time my faith approve,
I ceaſe to write, but never ceaſe to love.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

And that the Helme, the Tudors *ancient Creſt.*

THe Armes of *Tudor* was three Helmets; whereof he ſpeaketh as a thing prophetically fore-told of *Merlin.*

When in thy preſence I was call'd to dance.

Owen Tudor, being a Courtly and active Gentleman, commanded once to dance before the Queen, in a turne (not being able to recover himſelfe) fell into her lap, as ſhe ſate upon a little ſtoole, with many of her Ladies about her.

And yet in Wales with them that famous be,
Our learned Bards, *&c.*

This *Bards*, as they call it in the Britiſh tongue, or as we more properly ſay, *Bard*, or *Bardus*, be their Poets, which kept the records of Pedigrees and Deſcents, and ſung in Odes and Meaſures to their Harpes, after the old manner of the Lyricke Poets.

And boaſt my bloud from great Cadwallader.

Cadwallader, the laſt king of the Britaines, deſcended of the noble and ancient race of the Trojans; to whom an Angel appeared, commanding him to goe to Rome to Pope *Sergius*, where he ended his life.

From old Caer-Septon, in Mount Palador.

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsbury, at whoſe building it was ſaid an Eagle propheſied (or rather, one named *Aquila*) of the fame of that place, & of the recovery of the Iſle by the Britaines, bringing back with them the bones of *Cadwallader* from Rome.

And from Eneons *Line, the South-Wales* King,
By Theodor, *&c.*

This *Eneon* was ſlain by the Rebels of Gwentland; he was a notable and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to *Theodor*, or *Tudor Mawr*, of whom deſcended the Princes of South-Wales.

From her great Grandam, faire Gwenellian.

Gwenellian, the daughter of *Rees ap Griffith ap Theodor*, Prince of South-Wales, married *Edivet Vaughan*, anceſtor to *Owen Tudor.*

By

By true descent from Leolin *the Great.*
This is the *Lewhelin*, called *Leolinus Magnus*, Prince of North-Wales.

Nor that word Croggen, *Nick-name of disgrace.*
In the voiage that *Henry* the Second made against the Welshmen, as his souldiers passed *Offas* ditch at Croggen Castle, they were overthrowne by the Welshmen. Which word *Croggen* hath since been used to the Welshmens disgrace, which was at first begun with their honour.

And kept our Native language now thus long.
The Welshmen be those ancient Britaines, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons invaded here, were first driven into those parts, where they have kept their language ever since the first, without commixtion with any other.

An old Caer-Merdin, Merlins *famous Towne.*
Caer-Merdin, or *Merlins* Towne, so called, of *Merlins* being found there. This was *Ambrose Merlin*, whose prophesies wee have. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Sylvestris*, borne in Scotland, surnamed *Calidonius*, of the Forrest Calidon, where he prophesied.

ELINOR COBHAM TO DUKE HUMPHREY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Wise Humphrey, *Duke of Gloster, nam'd the Good,*
Next to his Nephew, of the Royall blood,
(Henry *the Sixth then being very young*)
Chosen Protector: by ambition strong,
Whose Duchesse Elinor, *violently led,*
To thinke the Crowne theirs, were young Henry *dead,*
Convicted was with Sorcerers to conspire,
Which practised to hasten her desire:
For which she her thrice-penance was assign'd;
To th' Ile of Man and afterwards confin'd:

From whence she writes this Letter to her Lord,
Who that sad Lady doth the like afford.

ME thinks, not knowing who these lines should send,
Thou straight turn'st over to the latter end;
VVhere thou my name no sooner hast espi'd,
But in disdaine my Letter casts aside:
VVhy, if thou wilt, I will my selfe deny,
Nay, I'le affirme and sweare, I am not I:
Or if in that thy shame thou do'st perceive,
Lo, for thy deare sake, I my name will leave.
And yet, me thinkes, amaz'd thou shouldst not stand,
Nor seem so much appalled at my hand;
For my misfortunes have inur'd thine eie,
(Long before this) to sights of miserie;
No, no, reade on, tis I, the very same,
All thou canst reade, is but to reade my shame.
Be not dismai'd, nor let my name affright,
The worst it can, is but t' offend thy sight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull Spell, no Magicke Charme:
If she that sent it, love Duke *Humphrey* so,
Is't possible her name should be his foe?
Yes, I am *Elinor*, I am very shee,
VVho brought for dower a Virgins bed to thee:
¶ Though envious *Beauford* slander'd me before,
To be Duke *Humphreys* wanton Paramour,
And though indeed I can it not deny,
¶ To Magicke once I did my selfe apply,
I wonne thee not, as there be many thinke,
With poys'ning Philters, and bewitching Drinke;
Nor on thy person did I ever prove
Those wicked Potions, so procuring love.
I cannot boast, to be rich Hollands heire,
Nor of the bloud and greatnesse of Baviere:

¶ Ya

¶ Yet *El'nor* brought no forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Jacomin*;
Nor clam'rous husband follow'd me that fled,
Exclaiming *Humphrey* to defile his bed:
Nor waſt thou forc'd the ſlander to ſuppreſſe,
To ſend me backe as an Adultereſſe:
¶ Brabant, nor Burgoine, claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome, to haſten my divorce:
Nor Belgia's pomp, defac'd with Belgia's fire,
The juſt reward of her unjuſt deſire:
¶ Nor Bedfords Spouſe, your noble ſiſter *Anne*,
That Princely-iſſued great Burgonian,
Need ſtand with me, to move a womans ſtrife,
To yeeld the place to the Protectors wife;
If *Cobhams* name my birth can dignifie,
Or Storborough renowne my Family.
¶ Wher's Greenwich now, thy *El'nors* Court of late,
VVhere ſhe with *Humphrey* held a Princely State?
That pleaſant Kent, when I abroad ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure laid forth all her pride?
The Thames, by water when I tooke the aire,
That danc'd my Barge, in lanching from the ſtaire?
The anch'ring ſhips, which when I paſs'd the road,
VVere wont to hang their chequ'red tops abroad?
How could it be, thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my pomp, ſo Goddeſſe-like to land,
Should after ſee me mail'd up in a ſheet,
Doe ſhamefull Penance three times in the ſtreet?
Rung with a Bell, a Taper in my hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a Beadles Wand;
That little babes; not having uſe of tongue,
Stood pointing at me, as I came along.
Where then was *Humphrey?* where was his cõmand?
VVaſt thou not Lord Protector of the Land?

Or for thy juſtice, who could thee denie
The title of the good Duke *Humphrey?*
What bloud extract from famous *Edwards* Line,
Could boaſt it ſelfe to be ſo pure as thine?
Who elſe, next *Henry*, ſhould the Realme preferre,
If it allow the Line of Lancaſter?
But *Rayners* daughter muſt from France be fet,
And with a vengeance on our Throne be ſet;
Mauns, Maine, and Anjou, on that begger caſt,
To bring her home to England in ſuch haſte:
And what for *Henry* thou hadſt laboured there,
To joyne the King with *Arminack's* rich heire,
Muſt all be daſh'd, as no ſuch thing had been;
Poole needs muſt have his Darling made a Queen:
How ſhould he with our Princes elſe be plac'd,
To have his Earlſhip with a Dukedome grac'd,
And raiſe the off-ſpring of his bloud ſo hie,
As Lords of us and our poſteritie?
O! that by ſea when he to France was ſent,
The ſhip had ſunke, wherein the Traitor went;
Or, that the ſands had ſwallow'd her, before
Shee'r ſet foot upon the Engliſh ſhore:
But all is well, nay, we have ſtore to give,
What need we more? we by her lookes can live.
All that great *Henry* by his Conqueſts heapt,
And famous Bedford to his glory kept,
Is given backe to *Rayner* all in poſt;
And by this meanes, rich Normandie is loſt.
Thoſe which have come as Miſtreſſes of ours,
Have into England brought their goodly dow'rs,
Which to our coffers yeerly tribute brings,
The life of ſubjects, and the ſtrength of Kings,
The meanes whereby faire England ever might
Raiſe power in France, to backe her ancient right:

But

But she brings ruine here to make aboad,
And cancels all our lawfull clamme abroad;
And she must recapitulate my shame,
And give a thousand by-words to my name,
And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all despight that may a woman spot.
O, that I were a Witch but for her sake!
Yfaith her Queenship little rest should take;
I'd scratch that face, that may not feele the aire,
And knit whole ropes of Witch-knots in her haire:
O, I would Hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breast sit like a lump of lead,
And like a Fairie, pinch that dainty skin,
Her wanton blood is now so cocker'd in;
Or take me some such knowne familiar shape,
As she my vengeance never should escape:
Were I a garment, none should need the more
To sprinkle me with *Nessus* pois'ned gore;
It were enough, if she once put me on,
To teare both flesh and sinewes from the bone:
Were I a flower, that might her smell delight,
Though I were not the pois'ning Aconite,
I would send such a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.

¶ They say, the Druides once liv'd in this Ile,
This fatall Man, the place of my exile,
Whose pow'rfull charmes such dreadfull wonders
Wth in the Gothish Island tongue were taught, wrought,
O! that their Spels to me they had resign'd,
Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both sea and wind,
And made the Moone pawse in her paled sphere,
Whilst her grim Dragons drew them through the aire:
Their Hellish power, to kill the Plow-mans feed,
Or to fore-speake whole flockes, as they did feed;

To nurſe a damned Spirit with humane bloud,
To carry them through earth, aire, fire, and floud:
Had I this skill that time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a Goblin I would haunt her ghoſt?
O pardon, pardon my miſ-govern'd tongue,
A womans ſtrength cannot endure my wrong.

¶ Did not the Heavens her comming in withſtand,
As though affrighted, when ſhe came to land?
The earth did quake, her comming to abide,
The goodly Thames did twice keep backe his tide,
Pauls ſhook with tempeſts, and that mounting Spire,
VVith lightning ſent from Heav'n, was ſet on fire:
Our ſtately buildings to the ground were blowne,
Her pride by theſe prodigious ſignes was ſhowne;
More fearfull Viſions on the Engliſh earth,
Than ever were at any death or birth.
Ah *Humphrey*, *Humphrey*, if I ſhould not ſpeake,
My breaſt would ſplit, my very heart would breake.
I, that was wont ſo many to command,
VVorſe now than with a Clap-diſh in my hand:
A ſimple Mantle covering me withall,
The veri'ſt Leper of Cares Hoſpitall;
That from my State a preſence held in awe,
Glad here to kennell in a pad of Straw:
And, like an Owle, by night to goe abroad,
Rooſted all day within an Ivie tod,
Among the Sea-cliffes, in the dampy caves,
In Charnell-houſes, fit to dwell in graves.

Saw'ſt thou thoſe eies, in whoſe ſweet cheerful look,
Duke *Humphrey* once ſuch joy and pleaſure tooke,
Sorrow hath ſo deſpoil'd them of all grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my *El'nors* face:
Like a foule Gorgon, whoſe diſhevel'd haire
VVith every blaſt flies glaring in the aire;

Some

Some ſtanding up like hornes upon my head,
Even like thoſe women that in Coos are bred:
My lanke breaſts hang like bladders left unblowne,
My skin with loathſome Jaundiſe over-growne;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'ſt to ſee
Ruines true picture, onely looke on mee.
Sometimes, in thinking of what I have had,
I from a ſudden extaſie grow mad:
Then, like a Bedlam, forth thy *El'nor* runs,
Like one of *Bacchus* raging franticke Nuns:
Or, like a Tartar, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd unto a diſmall ſacrifice.
That Prelate *Beauford*, a foule ill befall him,
Prelate, ſaid I! nay, Devill I ſhould call him:
Ah God forgive me, if I thinke amiſſe,
His very name, me thinkes, my poyſon is:
Ah that vile *Judas*, our profeſſed foe,
My curſe purſue him, whereſoe'r he goe;
That to my judgement, when I did appeare,
Laid to my charge thoſe things that never were:
That I ſhould know of *Bullenbrookes* intents,
¶ The hallowing of his Magicke Inſtruments:
That I procured *Southwell* to aſſiſt,
VVhich was by order conſecrate a Prieſt:
That it was I ſhould cover all they did,
VVhich but for him had to this day been hid.
Ah that vile Baſtard, that himſelfe dare vaunt,
To be the ſonne of thy brave Grandſire Gaunt,
VVhom he but father'd of meere charitie,
To rid his mother of that infamie;
VVho, if report of elder times be true,
Yet to this day his father never knew.
He that by murthers blacke and odious crime,
To *Henries* Throne attempted once to clime,

Having procur'd by hope of golden gaine,
A fatall hand his Soveraigne to have ſlaine,
VVhom to his chamber cloſely he convai'd,
And for that purpoſe fitly there had laid,
Upon whoſe ſword that famous Prince had di'd,
If by a dogge he had not been deſcri'd.
But now the Queen, her Minion *Poole*, and he,
As it pleaſe them, ev'n ſo muſt all things be:
Englands no place for any one beſide,
All is too little to maintaine their pride.
VVhat of a King hath *Henry* but the name,
And now ſcarce that, ſo publike his defame?
And, I pray God, I doe not live the day,
To ſee his ruine, and the Realmes decay:
And yet as ſure as *Humphrey* ſeems to ſtand,
He be preſerv'd from that vile Traitors hand.
From Gloſters ſeat I would thou wert eſtrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedoms name were chang'd,
For it portends ſome after ill to us,
Ah *Humphrey*, *Humphrey*, it is ominous:
Yet rather than thy hap ſo hard ſhould be,
I would thou wert here baniſhed with me.
Humphrey adieu, farewell true noble Lord,
My wiſh is all thy *Elinor* can afford.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Though envious Beauford *ſtand'red me before.*

NOting the extreme hate that Cardinall *Beauford* had ever borne to her.

To Magicke once I did my ſelfe apply.

Elinor Cobham was accuſed by ſome, that ſought to withſtand, and miſliked her marriage with Duke *Humphrey*, that ſhe practiſed to give him Philters, and ſuch poyſoning potions, to make him love her; as ſhe was ſlandered by Cardinall *Beauford*, to have lived as the Dukes Lemman: againſt the which Cardinall, ſhe

she exclaimeth in this Epistle in the Verse before.

Yet El'nor brought no forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy Jacomin.

This was the chiefe & only thing that ever touched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly he married *Jacomin*, or as some call her, *Jaques*, daughter and heire to *William Bavier*, Duke of Holland, before married, & lawfull wife to *John* Duke of Brabant, then living: which after, as it is shewed in this verse following,

(Brabant nor Burgoine claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to Rome, to hasten my divorce.)

caused great wars, by reason, that the Duke of Burgoine tooke part with Brabant against the Duke of Gloucester; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adjudged to be delivered backe to her former husband.

Nor Bedfords Spouse, your noble sister Anne,
That Princely issued great Burgonian.

John Duke of Bedford, that scourge of France, and the glory of the Englishmen, married *Anne*, sister to the Duke of Burgundy, a vertuous and beautifull Lady: by which marriage, as also by his victories attained in France, he brought great strength to the English Nation.

Where's Greenwich now thy El'nors *Court of late?*

That faire and goodly Palace of Greenwich in Kent, was first builded by that famous Duke: whose rich and pleasant situation might remaine an assured Monument of his wisedome, if there were no other memory of the same.

They say the Druides once liv'd in this Ile.

It should seem, that there were two Lands, both of them called *Mona*, though now distinguished; the one by the name of Man, the other by the name of Anglesey: both which were full of many infernall Ceremonies, as may appeare by *Agricola's* voiage made into the hithermost Man, described by his son-in-law *Cornelius Tacitus*. And as Superstition, the daughter of Barbarisme and Ignorance, so amongst those Northerly Nations, like as in America, Magicke was most esteemed.

Druida were the publike Ministers of their Religion, as thorowly taught in all Rites thereof: Their Doctrine concerned the Immortality of the soule, the contempt of death, & all other points which may conduce to Resolution, Fortitude, and Magnanimity: Their aboad was in groves & woods, whereupon they have their

name: their power extended it selfe to master the soules of men deceased, and to conferre with ghosts and other spirits about the successe of things.

Plutarch in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of Oracles, reporteth that the outmost British Iles were the prison of I wot not what Demi-gods: but I shall not need to speak any farther of the *Druids*, than that which *Lucan* doth;

Et vos Barbaricos ritus, moremque siniſtrum
Sacrorum, *Druidæ* positis repetistis ab armis.

Did not the Heavens her comming in withstand?

Noting the prodigious & fearfull signes that were seen in England, a little before her comming in: which *Elinor* expresseth in this Epistle, as fore-shewing the dangers which should ensue upon this unluckie marriage.

The hallowing of his Magicke Instruments.

The Instruments which *Bullenbrooke* used in his Conjurations, according to the divellish ceremonies and customes of these unlawfull Arts, were dedicated at a Masse in the Lodge in Harnsey Parke by Southwell, Priest of Westminster.

Having procur'd by hope of golden gaine.

This was one of the Articles that Duke *Humphrey* urged against the Cardinall *Beauford*, That he conspired the death of *Henry* the Fifth, by conveying a Villaine into his chamber, which in the night should have murthered him: but what ground of truth he had for the same, I leave to dispute.

Duke HUMPHREY to ELINOR COBHAM.

ME thinkes thou shouldst not doubt, I could forget
Her, whom so many doe remember yet;
"No, no, our joyes away like shadowes slide,
"But sorrowes firme in memory abide:
Nay, I durst answer, thou do'st nothing lesse,
But into passion, urg'd by thy distresse:
No *El'nor*, no, thy woes, thy griefe, thy wrong,
Have in my breast been resident too long.

Oh,

Oh, when report in ev'ry place had ſpread,
My *El'nor* was to Sanctuary fled,
With curſed *Onley*, and the Witch of Eye,
As guilty of their vile conſpiracie;
The dreadfull Spirits when they did invocate,
For the ſucceſſion, and the Realmes eſtate:
When *Henries* image they in waxe had wrought,
By which he ſhould have to his death been brought,
That as his picture did conſume away,
His perſon ſo by ſickneſſe ſhould decay:
Griefe, that before could ne'r my thoughts controule,
That inſtant tooke poſſeſſion of my ſoule.
Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill,
As for mine owne, let that inflict me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold:
Forget it, ſaid I? would to God I could,
Of any woe, if thou haſt but one part,
I have the whole remaining in my heart;
I have no need of others cares to borrow,
For all I have is nothing elſe but ſorrow.
No, my ſweet *Nell*, thou took'ſt not all away,
Though thou went'ſt hence, here ſtil thy woes doe ſtay;
Though from thy husband thou wert forc'd to goe,
Thoſe ſtill remaine, they will not leave him ſo:
No eye bewailes my ill, moanes thy diſtreſſe,
Our griefe's the more, but yet our debt the leſſe:
We owe no teares, no mourning dayes are kept
For thoſe that yet for us have never wept;
We hold no Obiits, no ſad Exequies,
Upon the death-dayes of unwceping eies.
Alas, good *Nell*, what ſhould thy patience move,
T' upbraid thy kind Lord with a forraine love?
Thou might'ſt have bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the old, we have ſuch ſtore of new.

Did

Did I omit thy love to entertaine,
VVith mutuall griefe to anſwer griefe againe?
Or think'ſt thou, I unkindly did forbeare
To bandy woe for woe, and teare for teare?
Did I forget, or careleſſly neglect
Thoſe ſhewes of love, that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournfull blacke was I not ſeen to goe,
By outward ſignes t'expreſſe my inward woe?
Did I thy loſſe not publikely lament,
Nor by my lookes bewrai'd my diſcontent?
Is this the cauſe? If this be it, know then,
"One griefe conceal'd, more grievous is than ten:
If in my breaſt thoſe ſorrowes ſometimes were,
And never utt'red, they muſt ſtill be there;
And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time encreaſing, they muſt needs be more.
England to me can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt up what is receiv'd, what ſpent:
If I her owne, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but prove a ſtep-mother to mee?
That if I ſhould with that proud Baſtard ſtrive,
To plead for Birth-right my prerogative,
Be that allow'd, I ſhould not need to feare it,
For then my true Nobility ſhould beare it:
If counſell aide, that France will tell (I know)
VVhoſe Townes lie waſte before the Engliſh foe,
VVhen thrice we gave the conquer'd French the foile,
At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile:
If faith availe, theſe armes did *Henry* hold,
To claime his Crowne, yet ſcarcely nine months old:
If Countries care have leave to ſpeake for me,
Gray haires in youth my witneſſe then may be:
If peoples tongues give ſplendour to my fame,
They adde a title to Duke *Humphrey's* name:

If

If toile at home, French treaſon, Engliſh hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the State:
If forraigne travell my ſucceſſe may trie,
¶ Then Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundie.
That robe of Rome proud *Beauford* now doth weare,
In every place ſuch ſway ſhould never beare:
¶ The Croſier ſtaffe in his imperious hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the Land;
That home to England Diſpenſations drawes,
VVhich are of power to abrogate our Lawes:
And for thoſe ſummes the wealthy Church ſhould pay,
Upon the needy Comminalty to lay:
His ghoſtly counſels onely doe adviſe,
¶ The meanes how *Langley's* progenie may riſe,
Pathing young *Henries* unadviſed waies,
A Duke of Yorke from Cambridge Houſe to raiſe,
VVhich after may our title undermine,
Grafted ſince *Edward*, in Gaunts famous Line,
Us of ſucceſſion falſly to deprive,
VVhich they from *Clarence* faignedly derive,
Knowing the will old Cambridge ever bore,
To catch the Wreathe that famous *Henry* wore:
VVith *Gray* and *Scroope* when firſt he laid the plot,
From us and ours the Garland to have got;
As from the March-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
VVhoſe title *Glendour* ſtoutly did maintaine,
VVhen the proud *Percies*, haughty March, and he,
Had ſhar'd the Land by equall parts in three.
¶ His Prieſthood now ſterne *Mowbray* will reſtore,
To ſtirre the fire that kindled was before:
Againſt the Yorkiſts ſhall their claime advance,
To ſteele the point of Norfolkes ſturdy lance,
Upon the breaſt of Herefords iſſue bent,
In juſt revenge of ancient baniſhment.

He

He doth adviſe to let our pris'ner goe,
And doth inlarge the faithleſſe Scottiſh foe,
¶ Giving our heires in marriage, that their dow'rs,
May bring invaſion upon us and ours.
Ambitious Suffolke ſo the Helme doth guide,
VVith *Beauford's* damned Policies ſuppli'd;
He and the Queen in counſell ſtill conferre,
How to raiſe him, who hath advanced her.
But my deare Heart, how vainly doe I dreame,
And flie from thee, whoſe ſorrowes are my Theame?
My love to thee, and England thus divided,
VVhich hath the moſt, how hard to be decided?
Or thou, or that, to cenſure I am loth,
So neere are you, ſo deare unto me both;
'Twixt that and thee, for equall love I find,
England ingratefull, and my *El'nor* kind.
But though my Country juſtly I reprove,
Yet I for that, neglected have my love;
Nevertheleſſe, thy *Humphrey's* to thee now,
As when freſh beauty triumph'd on thy brow;
As when thy graces I admired moſt,
Or of thy favours might the frankli'ſt boaſt:
Thoſe beauties were ſo infinite before,
That in abundance I was onely poore,
Of which, though time hath taken ſome againe,
I aske no more but what doth yet remaine.
Be patient, gentle heart, in thy diſtreſſe,
Thou art a Princeſſe, not a whit the leſſe.
Whilſt in theſe breaſts we beare about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife.
Caſt not thine eye on ſuch as mounted be,
But looke on thoſe caſt downe as low as we;
For ſome of them which proudly pearch ſo hie,
Ere long ſhall come as low as thou or I.

They

They weep for joy, and let us laugh in woe,
We shall exchange, when Heav'n will have it so;
We mourne, and they in after-time may mourne,
Woe past may once laugh present woe to scorne:
And worse than hath been, we can never taste,
Worse cannot come, than is already past:
"In all extremes the onely depth of ill,
"Is that which comforts the afflicted still.
Ah would to God thou couldst thy griefes deny,
And on my backe let all the burthen lye!
Or if thou canst resigne, make them mine owne,
Both in one carriage to be undergone,
Till we againe our former hopes recover,
And prosp'rous times blow these misfortunes over:
For in the thought of those fore-passed yeeres,
Some new resemblance of old joy appeares.
Mutuall our care, so mutuall be our love,
That our affliction never can remove:
So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to live,
Wishing thee more than I my selfe can give.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile.

THe three famous battels fought by the Englishmen in France: Agincourt by *Henry* the Fifth, against the whole power of France: Cravant fought by *Mountacute* Earle of Salisbury, and the Duke of Burgoin, against the Dolphin of France, and *William Stuart* Constable of Scotland: Vernoile, fought by *John* Duke of Bedford, against the Duke of Alanson, and with him most of the Nobility of France; Duke *Humphrey* an especiall counsellor in all these Expeditions.

Then Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundie.

Here remembring the ancient amity which in his Embassies he had concluded betwixt the King of England, and *Sigismund* Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoine into the

the same League, giving himselfe as an hostage for the Duke of Saint-Omers, while the Duke came to Calice to confirme the League: with his many other imployments to forrain kingdoms.

That Crosier staffe in his imperious hand.

Henry Beaufford Cardinall of Winchester, that proud & haughty Prelate, received the Cardinals Hat at Calice by the Popes Legate; which dignity, *Henry* the Fifth, his nephew, forbad him to take upon him, knowing his haughty and malicious spirit, unfit for that robe and calling.

The meanes how Langley's *progenie may rise.*

As willing to shew, the House of Cambridge to be descended of *Edmond Langley* Duke of Yorke, a younger brother to *John* of Gaunt his Grandfather (as much as in him lay) to smother the title that the Yorkists made to the Crowne (from *Lionel* of Clarence, Gaunts eldest brother) by the daughter of *Mortimer*.

His Priesthood now sterne Mowbray *doth restore.*

Noting the ancient grudge between the House of Lancaster and Norfolke, ever since *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke was banished, for the accusation of *Henry* Duke of Hertford (after that, king of England, father to Duke *Humphrey*:) which accusation, he came as a Combatant to have made good, in the Lists at Coventry.

Giving our heires in marriage, that their dow'rs.

James Stuart king of Scots, having been long prisoner in England, was released, and tooke to wife the daughter of *John* Duke of Somerset, sister to *John* Duke of Somerset, neece to the Cardinall, and the Duke of Exceter, and cousin-german removed to the king: this king broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemy to England.

William de-la-Poole Duke of Suffolke, to Queene *Margaret*.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Duke of Suffolke William, *to advance*
A Lady, long belov'd of him in France,

His

His Miſtris Margaret, *that Duke* Rayners *child,*
Himſelfe who of Jeruſalem inſtil'd
The King: this Poole, *his Darling to preferre,*
Betwixt young Henry, *nam'd the Sixth, and her,*
Concludes a marriage; and her Syre to gaine,
Gives up the Towne of Mauns, Anjou, and Main,
To Rayner *for her: for which lawleſſe fact,*
The Peeres him five yeeres baniſhment enact,
When for his lateſt farewell of the Queen,
Theſe two Epiſtles paſſe them two between.

IN my diſgrace (deare Queen) reſt thy content,
And *Margarets* health from Suffolkes baniſhment:
Five yeeres exile were not an houre to mee,
But that ſo ſoon I muſt depart from thee;
VVhere thou not preſent, it is ever night,
All be exil'd, that live not in thy ſight.
Thoſe Savages which worſhip the Sunnes riſe,
VVould hate their God, if they beheld thine eies:
The worlds great light, might'ſt thou be ſeen abroad,
VVould at our noon-ſtead ever make aboad,
And force the poore *Antipodes* to mourne,
Fearing leſt he would never more returne.
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'ſt exile,
To live within this ſea-inviron'd Ile.
Pooles courage brookes not limiting in bands,
But that (great Queen) thy ſov'raignty commands:
Our Faulcons kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor Buzzard-like doth ſtoop to ev'ry lure;
Their mounting brood in open aire doth rove,
Nor will with Crowes be coup'd within a grove.
VVe all doe breathe upon this earthly ball,
Likewiſe one Heaven incompaſſeth us all,
No baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
Who doth retaine a true-reſolved mind.

"Man in himselfe a little world doth beare,
"His soule the Monarch, ever ruling there:
"Where-ever then his body doth remaine,
"He is a King, that in himselfe doth raigne;
"And never feareth Fortunes hot'st Alarmes,
"That beares against her patience for his Armes.
¶ This was the meane proud Warwicke did invent
To my disgrace, at Leister Parlament,
¶ That onely I, by yeelding up of Maine,
¶ Should cause the losse of fertile Aquitaine,
¶ VVith the base vulgar sort to winne him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke *Humphrey's* name;
And so by Treason spotting my pure blood,
Make this a meane to raise the *Nevils* brood.
¶ VVith Salisbury, his vile ambitious Sire,
¶ In Yorkes sterne breast kindling long hidden fire;
¶ By Clarence Title working to supplant
¶ The Eagle-Ayrie of great *John* of Gaunt:
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to please the rascall multitude;
¶ Urg'd by these envious Lords to spend their breath,
Crying revenge for the Protectors death:
That since the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me, of force, he must be murthered.
¶ If they would know who rob'd him of his life,
¶ Let them call home Dame *Elinor* his wife,
¶ Who with a Taper walked in a sheet,
¶ To light her shame at noon through London street
¶ And let her bring her Necromanticke booke,
¶ That foule Hag *Jordan*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrooke*,
¶ And let them call the Spirits from Hell againe,
To know how *Humphrey* di'd, and who shall raigne.
¶ For twenty yeers, and have I serv'd in France,
¶ Against great *Charles*, and Bastard Orleance,

An

And ſeen the ſlaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?
¶ And have I ſeen Vernoila's bafull fields,
Strew'd with ten thouſand helms, ten thouſand ſhields,
VVhere famous Bedford did our fortune trie,
Or France, or England, for the victorie?
The ſad inveſting of ſo many Townes,
Scor'd on my breaſt in honourable wounds;
When *Mountacute*, and *Talbot* of much name,
Under my Enſigne both firſt wonne their fame:
In heat and cold all theſe have I endur'd,
To rowze the French, within their walls immur'd;
Through all my life theſe perils have I paſt,
And now to feare a baniſhment at laſt?
Thou know'ſt how I (thy beauty to advance)
For thee refus'd the Infanta of France,
Brake the contract Duke *Humphrey* firſt did make
'Twixt *Henry* and the Princeſſe *Armynacke*:
Onely that here thy preſence I might gaine,
I gave Duke *Rayner*, Anjou, Mauns, and Maine;
Thy peerleſſe beauty for a dowre to bring,
As of it ſelfe ſufficient for a King:
¶ And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike pow'rs,
¶ And came my ſelfe in perſon firſt to Tours,
¶ Th' Embaſſadours for truce to entertaine,
¶ From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungarie, and Spaine:
And to the King, relating of thy ſtorie,
My tongue flow'd with ſuch plenteous Oratorie,
As the report by ſpeaking did indite,
Begetting ſtill more raviſhing delight.
And when my ſpeech did ceaſe (as telling all)
My looke ſhew'd more, that was Angelicall;
And when I breath'd againe, and pawſed next,
I left mine eyes dilating on the Text:

Then

Then comming of thy modesty to tell,
In Musickes numbers my voice rose and fell:
And when I came to paint thy glorious stile,
My speech in greater cadences to file,
¶ By true descent to weare the Diadem
¶ Of Naples, Cicill, and Jerusalem,
As from the Gods thou didst derive thy birth,
If those of Heaven could mixe with these of earth,
Gracing each title that I did recite,
With some mellifluous pleasing Epithite:
Nor left him not, till he for love was sicke,
Beholding thee in my sweet Rhetoricke.
A Fifteens Taxe in France I freely spent
In triumphs, at thy Nuptiall Tournament;
And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gowne,
Valu'd at more than was thy fathers Crowne:
And onely striving how to honour thee,
Gave to my King what thy love gave to mee.
Judge if his kindnesse have not power to move,
Who for his loves sake gave away his love.
Had he, which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom th' old Poets long agoe did sing)
¶ Seen thee for England but imbark'd at Deep,
Would over-boord have cast his golden Sheep,
As too unworthy ballast to be thought,
To pester roome with such perfection fraught.
The brinie seas, which saw the ship infold thee,
Would vault up to the hatches to behold thee,
And falling backe, themselves in thronging smother,
Breaking for griefe, envying one another:
When the proud Barke for joy thy steps to feele,
Scorn'd that the Brack should kisse her furrowing keel,
And trick'd in all her flags, her selfe she braves,
Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:

When

When like a Bull from the Phenician Strand,
Jove with *Europa* rushing from the land,
Upon the bosome of the Maine doth send,
And with his Swannish breast cleaving the floud,
Tow'rd the faire fields, upon the other side,
Beareth *Agenors* joy, Phenicia's pride:
All heavenly beauties joyne themselves in one,
To shew their glory in thine eye alone,
Which when it turneth that celestiall ball,
A thousand sweet starres rise, a thousand fall.
Who justly saith, mine, banishment to bee,
When onely France for my recourse is free?
To view the Plaines, where I have seen so oft
Englands victorious Ensignes rais'd aloft;
When this shall be a comfort in my way,
To see the place, where I may boldly say,
Here mighty Bedford forth the Vaward led,
Here *Talbot* charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled,
Here with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lye,
Here stood the Tents of famous *Willoughby*,
Here *Mountacute* rang'd his unconquer'd band,
Here march'd we out, and here we made a stand.
What should we sit to mourne and grieve all day,
For that which time doth eas'ly take away?
What Fortune hurts, let sufferance onely heale,
"No wisedome with extremities to deale.
To know our selves to come of humane birth,
These sad afflictions crosse us here on earth.
A punishment from the eternall Law,
To make us still of Heaven to stand in awe.
"In vaine we prize that at so deare a rate,
"Whose long'st assurance beares a minutes date.
"Why should we idly talke of our intent,
"When Heav'ns Decree no counsell can prevent?

"When

"When our fore-sight not possibly can shun,
"That which the Fates determine shall be done.
Henry hath power, and may my life depose,
Mine Honours mine, that none hath power lose.
Then be as cheerfull (beauteous Royall Queen)
As in the Court of France we oft have been;
As when arriv'd in Porchesters faire road,
(Where, for our comming, *Henry* made aboad)
When in mine armes I brought thee safe to land,
And gave my Love to *Henries* Royall hand:
The happy houres we passed with the King
At faire South-hampton long in banquetting;
With such content as lodg'd in *Henries* breast,
When he to London brought thee from the West,
Through golden Cheap, when he in pomp did ride
To Westminster, to entertaine his Bride.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Our Faulcons kind cannot the cage endure.

HE alludes in these Verses to the Faulcon, which was the ancient device of the *Pooles*, comparing the greatnesse and haughtinesse of his spirit to the nature of this Bird.

This was the meane proud Warwicke did invent,
To my disgrace, &c.

The Commons at this Parliament, through Warwicks means, accused Suffolk of Treason, and urged the accusation so vehemently, that the king was forced to exile him for five yeeres.

That onely I, by yeelding up of Maine,
Should be the losse of fertile Aquitaine.

The Duke of Suffolke being sent into France to conclude a peace, chose Duke *Raynors* daughter, the Lady *Margaret*, whom he espoused for *Henry* the Sixth; delivering for her to her father the Countries of Anjou & Maine, and the City of Mauns. Whereupon the Earle of Arminack (whose daughter was before promised to the king) seeing himselfe to be deluded, caused all the Englishmen to be expulsed Aquitaine, Gascoine, and Guine.

With

With the baſe vulgar ſort to winne him fame,
To be the Heire of good Duke Humphreys *name.*

This *Richard*, that was called the great Earle of Warwick, when Duke *Humphrey* was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the Commons.

With Salisbury, his vile ambitious Sire,
In Yorkes ſterne breaſt kindling long hidden fire,
By Clarence Title working to ſupplant
The Eagle-Ayrie of great John *of Gaunt.*

Richard Plantagenet Duke of Yorke, in the time of *Henry* the Sixth, claimed the Crown (being aſſiſted by this *Richard Nevill*, Earle of Salisbury, and father to the great Earle of Warwick, who favoured exceedingly the Houſe of Yorke) in open Parliament, as heire to *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne of *Edward* the Third, making his title by *Anne* his mother, wife to *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, ſon to *Edmund* of Langley, Duke of York: Which *Anne* was daughter to *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March; which *Roger* was ſon & heire to *Edmund Mortimer*, that married the Lady *Philip*, daughter & heir to *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, the third ſon of King *Edward*: to whom the Crown, after King *Richard* the Seconds death lineally deſcended, he dying without iſſue; & not to the heires of the Duke of Lancaſter, that was younger brother to the Duke of Clarence, *Hall. cap. 1. Tit. For. & Lanc.*

Urg'd by theſe envious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling revenge on the Protectors death.

Humphrey Duke of Glocester, and Lord Protector, in the five and twentieth yeer of *Henry* the Sixth, by the meanes of the Queen, and the Duke of Suffolke, was arreſted by the Lord *Beaumount*, in the Parliament holden at Berry, and the ſame night after murthered in his bed.

If they would know who rob'd him, &c. To this verſe,

To know how Humphrey *di'd, and who ſhall raigne.*

In theſe Verſes he jeſts at the Protectors wife, who (being accuſed and convicted of Treaſon, becauſe with *John Hum* a Prieſt, *Roger Bullenbrooke* a Necromancer, and *Margery Jordan*, called the Witch of Eye, ſhe had conſulted by Sorcery to kill the King) was adjudged to perpetuall priſon in the Iſle of Man, and to doe penance openly, in three publike places in London.

For twenty yeeres, and have I ſerv'd in France?

In the ſixth yeere of *Henry* the Sixth, the Duke of Bedford being

ing deceased, then Lieutenant Generall, & Regent of France; this Duke of Suffolk was promoted to that dignity, having the Lord *Talbot*, Lord *Scales*, and the Lord *Mountacute* to assist him.

Against great Charles, *and Bastard Orleance?*

This was *Charles* the Seventh, who after the death of *Henry* the Fifth, obtained the Crowne of France, and recovered again much of that his father had lost. Bastard Orleance was son to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the Lord *Caumies* wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he, being a most valiant Captain, was a continuall enemy to the Englishmen, daily infesting them with divers Incursions.

And I have seen Vernoyla's batfull fields.

Vernoile is that noted place in France, where the great battell was fought in the beginning of *Henry* the Sixth his raigne, where the most of the French Chivalry were overcome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumerle withdrew my Warlike powers.

Aumerle is that strong defenced Towne in France, which the Duke of Suffolke got, after foure and twenty great assaults given unto it.

And came my selfe in person first to Tours,
Th' Embassadours for Truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungarie, and Spaine.

Tours is a City in France, built by *Brutus*, as he came into Britaine: where in the one and twentieth yeer of the raign of *Henry* the Sixth, was appointed a great Diet to be kept; whither came Embassadours of the Empire, Spaine, Hungarie, and Denmarke, to intreat for a perpetuall peace to be made between the two Kings of England and France.

By true descent to weare the Diadem
Of Naples, Cicill, and Jerusalem.

Rayner Duke of Anjou, father to Queen *Margaret*, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicily, and Jerusalem, having the Title alone of the King of those countries.

A Fifteenth Taxe in France I freely spent.

The Duke of Suffolke, after the marriage concluded between King *Henry* & *Margaret* daughter to Duke *Rayner*, asked in open Parliament a whole Fifteenth, to fetch her into England.

Seen thee for England but imbark'd at Deep.

Deep is a Towne in France, bordering upon the sea, where the Duke of Suffolk with Queen *Margaret* tooke ship for England.

A

As when arriv'd in Porchesters faire road

Porchester, a Haven towne in the South-west part of England where the King tarried, expecting the Queens arrival; whom from thence he conveyed to South-hampton.

Queen *Margaret* to *William de la Poole* Duke of Suffolke.

WHat news (sweet *Pool*) look'st thou my lines should
But like the toling of the dolefull Bell, (tell,
Bidding the Deaths-man to prepare the grave?
Expect from me no other newes to have.
My breast, which once was mirths imperiall throne,
A vast and desert wilderness is growne:
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,
On whose breeme seas the icie mountaines flote;
Where those poore creatures, banish'd from the light,
Doe live impris'ned in continuall night.
No object greets my soules internall eies,
But divinations of sad Tragedies;
And care takes up her solitary Inne,
Where youth and joy their Court did once begin.
As in September, when our yeere resignes
The glorious Sun to the cold wat'rie Signes,
Wch through the clouds lookes on the earth in scorne;
The little Bird, yet to salute the morne,
Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
The leaves then lying on the mossie root,
And there a silly chirripping doth keep,
As though she faine would sing, yet faine would weep,
Praising faire Summer, that too soon is gone,
Or sad for Winter, too fast comming on:

In this ſtrange plight I mourne for thy depart,
Becauſe that weeping cannot eaſe my heart.
Now to our aide, who ſtirres the neighb'ring Kings?
Or who from France a puiſſant Army brings?
VVho moves the Norman to abet our warre?
¶ Or brings in Burgoine to aide Lancaſter?
¶ VVho in the North our lawfull Claime commends,
To winne us credit with our valiant friends?
To whom ſhall I my ſecret griefes impart?
VVhoſe breaſt ſhall be the cloſet of my heart?
The ancient *Heroes* fame thou do'ſt revive,
As from all them thy ſelfe thou didſt derive:
Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
Alone in *Poole* ſhe was too prodigall;
Of ſo divine and rich a temper wrought,
As Heav'n for thee Perfections depth had ſought.
Well knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
When he choſe thee to be his Orator;
Whoſe Angell-eye, by pow'rfull influence,
Doth utter more than humane eloquence:
That if againe *Jove* would his ſports have tri'd,
He in thy ſhape himſelfe would onely hide;
VVhich in his love might be of greater pow'r,
Than was his Nymph, his Flame, his Swan, his Show'r.
¶ To that allegeance Yorke was bound by oath,
¶ To *Henries* Heires, for ſafety of us both;
¶ No longer now he meanes Record ſhall beare it,
¶ He will diſpenſe with Heav'n, and will unſweare it.
He that's in all the worlds blacke ſinnes forlorne,
Is careleſſe now how oft he be forſworne;
And here of late his Title hath ſet downe,
By which he makes his claime unto our Crowne.
And now I heare his hatefull Dutcheſſe chats,
And rips up their Deſcent unto her Brats,

And bleſſeth them as Englands lawfull Heires,
And tells them, that our Diadem is theirs:
And if ſuch hap her Goddeſſe Fortune bring,
¶ If three ſons faile, ſhee'le make the fourth a King.
¶ He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt *Dick*,
¶ That foule ill-favour'd crook-back'd Stigmatick,
¶ That like a Carkaſſe ſtolne out of a Tombe,
¶ Came the wrong way out of his mothers wombe,
¶ With teeth in's head, his paſſage to have torne,
¶ As though begot an age ere he was borne.
Who now will curb proud York, when he ſhall riſe?
Or arme our Right againſt his Enterpriſe,
To crop that Baſtard Weed, which daily growes,
¶ To over-ſhadow our Vermilion Roſe?
¶ Or who will muzzle that unruly Beare,
VVhoſe preſence ſtrikes our peoples hearts with feare?
VVhilſt on his knees this wretched King is downe,
To ſave them labour, reaching at his Crowne,
VVhere like a mounting Cedar, he ſhould beare
His plumed top aloft into the aire;
And let theſe ſhrubs ſit underneath his ſhrowds,
VVhilſt in his armes he doth imbrace the clouds.
O, that he ſhould his fathers right inherit,
Yet be an Alien to that mighty Spirit!
How were thoſe pow'rs diſpers'd, or whither gone,
Should ſympathize in Generation?
Or what oppoſed influence had force,
So much t' abuſe and alter Natures courſe?
"All other Creatures follow after kind,
"But man alone doth not beget the mind.
¶ My Daiſie-flower, which erſt perfum'd the aire,
VVhich for my favour Princes dain'd to weare,
Now in the duſt lies trodden on the ground,
And with Yorkes Garlands ev'ry one is crown'd:

When now his rising waits on our decline,
And in our setting he begins to shine;
Now in the skies that dreadfull Comet waves.
¶ And who be Stars, but Warwickes bearded slaves?
And all those knees, which bended once so low,
Grow stiffe, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, pursue me with despite,
Which most have cri'd, God save Queen *Margarite*.
When Fame shall bruit thy banishment abroad,
The Yorkist's Faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Westerne coast,
O, how that Hag, Dame *Elinor* will boast!
And labour straight, by all the meanes she can,
To be call'd home out of the Isle of Man;
To which I know Great Warwicke will consent,
To have it done by Act of Parlament:
That to my teeth my birth she may defie,
¶ Slandring Duke *Rayner* with base beggerie;
The onely way she could devise to grieve me,
Wanting sweet Suffolk, which should most relieve me.
And from that stocke doth sprout another bloome,
¶ A Kentish Rebell, a base up-start Groome:
¶ And this is he the White-Rose must preferre,
¶ By Clarence daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*.
Thus by Yorkes meanes this rascall Pesant *Cade*,
Must in all haste *Plantaginet* be made:
For that ambitious Duke sets all on worke,
To sound what friends affect the claime of Yorke,
Whilst he abroad doth practise to command,
¶ And makes us weake, by strength'ning Ireland:
More his owne power still seeking to increase,
Than for King *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
¶ Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes should be increas'd.

Beauford.

Beauford, whose shoulders proudly bare up all,
The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall.
The Commons (bent to mischiefe) never let,
¶ VVith France t' upbraid that valiant Somerset,
Railing in tumults on his souldiers losse;
Thus all goes backward, crosse comes after crosse:
And now of late Duke *Humphrey's* old allies,
VVith banish'd *El'nors* base accomplices,
Attending their revenge, grow wondrous crouse,
And threaten death and vengeance to our House:
And I alone the last poore remnant am,
¶ T' endure these stormes with wofull Buckingham.
I pray thee, *Poole*, have care how thou do'st passe,
Never the sea yet halfe so dang'rous was:
¶ And one fore-told by water thou shouldst die,
(Ah! foule befall that foule congues prophesie:)
Yet I by night am troubled in my dreames,
That I doe see thee tos'd in dang'rous streames;
And oft-times shipwrack'd, cast upon the land,
And lying breathlesse on the queachy sand:
And oft in Visions see thee in the night,
VVhere thou at sea maintain'st a dang'rous fight,
And with thy proved Target and thy Sword,
Beat'st backe the Pyrat which would come aboord.
Yet be not angry, that I warne thee thus,
" The truest love is most suspitious.
Sorrow doth utter what it feild doth grieve:
But hope forbids us sorrow to believe;
And in my counsell yet this comfort lo,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amisse:
Then live in hope, in Triumph to returne,
VVhen cleerer dayes shall leave in clouds to mourne.
But so much sorrow girt my soule about,
That that word Hope (me thinkes) comes slowly out;

The reason is, I know it here would rest,
VVhere it might still behold thee in my breast.
Farewell, sweet *Poole*, faine more I would indite,
But that my teares doe blot what I doe write.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Or brings in Burgoin to aide Lancaster.

Philip Duke of Burgoine, and his son, were alwaies great Favourites of the House of Lancaster: howbeit they often dissembled both with Lancaster and Yorke.

Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To winne us credit with our valiant friends?

The chiefe Lords of the North parts in the time of *Henry* the Sixth withstood the Duke of Yorke at his rising, giving him two great overthrowes.

To that allegeance Yorke was bound by oath,
To Henries *heires, for safety of us both;*
No longer now he meanes Records shall beare it,
He will with Heaven dispense, and will unsweare it.

The Duke of Yorke, at the death of *Henry* the Fifth, and at this Kings Coronation, took his oath to be true subject to him and his Heires for ever: but afterward dispensing therewith, claimed the Crowne, as his rightfull and proper Inheritance.

If three sons faile, shee'l make the fourth a King.

The Duke of Yorke had foure sons: *Edward* Earle of March, that afterward was Duke of York, and King of England, when he had deposed *Henry* the Sixth; and *Edmund* Earle of Rutland, slaine by the Lord *Clifford* at the battell at Wakefield: and *George* Duke of Clarence that was murthered in the Tower: and *Richard* Duke of Glocester, who was (after he had murthered his brothers sons) King, by the name of *Richard* the Third.

He that's so like his Dam, her youngest Dick,
That foule ill-favour'd crook-back'd Stigmatick, &c.
Till this Verse, *As though begot an age, &c.*

This *Richard* (whom ironically she calls *Dick*) that by Treason, after the murther of his Nephewes, obtained the Crowne, was a man low of stature, crook-back'd, the left shoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and sowre countenance. His mother

mother could not be delivered of him; he was borne troched, and with his feet forward, contrary to the course of Nature.

To over-shadow our Vermilion Rose.

The Red Rose was the badge of the House of Lancaster, and the White Rose of Yorke; which, by the marriage of *Henry* the Seventh with *Elizabeth*, inhabitate Heire of the House of Yorke, was happily united.

Or who will muzzle that unruly Beare?

The Earle of Warwick, the setter up and puller downe of Kings, gave for his Armes the White Beare rampant, and the Ragged Staffe.

My Daisie flower, which erst perfum'd the aire,
Which for my favour Princes dain'd to weare,
Now in the dust lies, &c.

The Daisie in French is called *Margarite*, which was Queen *Margarets* badge: wherewithall the Nobility and Chivalry of the Land at her first arrivall were so delighted, that they wore it in their Hats, in token of Honour.

And who be starres, but Warwicks bearded Staves?

The ragged or bearded Staffe, was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earldome of Warwicke.

Slad'ring Duke Rayner *with base beggerie.*

Rayner Duke of Anjou, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Jerusalem, who had neither inheritance, nor received any tribute from those parts; and was not able at the marriage of the Queen at his owne charges to send her into England, though he gave no dower with her: which, by the Dutchesse of Glouc'ster, was often in disgrace cast in her teeth.

A Kentish Rebell, a base up-start Groome.

This was *Jacke Cade*, which caused the Kentish men to rebell, in the eight and twentieth yeere of King *Henry* the Sixth.

And this is he the White Rose must preferre,
By Clarence daughter match'd to Mortimer.

This *Jacke Cade*, instructed by the Duke of Yorke, pretended to be descended from *Mortimer*, which married Lady *Philip*, daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

And makes us weake, by strengthning Ireland.

The Duke of Yorke being made Deputy of Ireland, first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, and strengthening himselfe by all meanes possible, that he might at his returne into

England, by open warre claime that which so long before he had privily gone about to obtaine.

Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd.

Henry Beaufort, Bishop and Cardinall of Winchester, sonne to *John* of Gaunt, beeing in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, favouring mightily the Queen and the Duke of Suffolk, continually heaping up innumerable Treasure, in hope to have been Pope, as himselfe on his death-bed confessed.

With Frances' upbraid the valiant Somerset.

Edmund Duke of Somerset, in the foure and twentieth yeere of *Henry* the Sixth, was made Regent of France, and sent into Normandie to defend the English Territories against the French Invasions: but in short time he lost all that King *Henry* the Fifth won; for which cause, the Nobles and Commons ever after hated him.

T' endure these storms with wofull Buckingham.

Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, was a great favourite of the Queenes Faction in the time of *Henry* the Sixth.

And one fore-told by water thou shouldst die.

The Witch of Eye received answer from her Spirit, that the Duke of Suffolke should take heed of water: which the Queen fore-warnes him of, as remembring the Witches prophesie, which afterwards came to passe.

EDWARD the Fourth to Mistresse SHORE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Edward *the Fourth, bewitch'd with the report*
Of Mistresse Shore, *resounded through his Court,*
Steales to the City in a strange disguise,
To view that beauty, whose trans-piercing eyes
Had shot so many: which did so content
The amorous King, that instantly he sent
These lines to her, whose graces did allure him;
Whose answer backe doth of her love assure him.

TO

TO thee, the fair'ſt that ever breath'd this aire,
¶ From Engliſh *Edward*, to thee faireſt faire:
Ah, would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of *Shore*,
To countermand a Monarchs high deſire,
And barre mine eyes of what they moſt admire!
O, why ſhould Fortune make the City proud,
To give that more, than is the Court allow'd?
VVhere they (like Wretches) hoard it up to ſpare,
And doe ingroſſe it, as they doe their ware.
VVhen Fame firſt blaz'd thy Beauty here in Court,
Mine eares repuls'd it, as a light report:
But when mine eyes ſaw what mine eare had heard,
They thought report too niggardly had ſpar'd;
And ſtrucken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiving more than it had words to utter.
Then thinke of what thy husband is poſſeſt,
VVhen I maligne the wealth wherewith hee's bleſt;
" When much abundance makes the needy mad,
" Who having all, yet knowes not what is had:
" Into fooles boſomes this good fortune creeps,
" And ſummes come in, whilſt the baſe Miſer ſleeps.
If now thy Beauty be of ſuch eſteem,
VVhich all of ſo rare excellency deem;
VVhat would it be, and prized at what rate,
VVere it adorned with a Kingly State?
VVhich being now but in ſo meane a bed,
Is like an un-cut Diamond in Lead,
Ere it be ſet in ſome high-prized Ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamelling;
VVe ſee the beauty of the Stone is ſpilt,
VVanting the gracious ornament of Gilt.
¶ When firſt attracted by thy heavenly eies,
I came to ſee thee in a ſtrange diſguiſe,

Passing thy Shop, thy husband call'd me backe,
Demanding what rare Jewell I did lacke.
I want (thought I) One that I dare not crave,
And One (I feare) thou wilt not let me have.
He calls for Caskets forth, and shewes me store;
But yet I knew he had one Jewell more,
And deadly curst him, that he did deny it,
That I might not for love or money buy it.
O, might I come a Diamond to buy,
That had but such a lustre as thine eye,
Would not my Treasure serve, my Crown should goe,
If any Jewell could be prized so!
An Agat, branched with thy blushing straines,
A Saphir, but so azur'd as thy veines;
My Kingly Scepter onely should redeem it,
At such a price if Judgement could esteem it.
How fond and sensl:ss be those strangers then,
VVho bring in Toyes, to please the English men?
I smile to thinke, how fond th' Italians are,
To judge their artificiall Gardens rare;
VVhen London in thy cheekes can shew them here
Roses and Lillies growing all the yeere:
The Portugall, that onely hopes to win,
By bringing Stones from fartheſt India in;
When happy *Shore* can bring them forth a Girle,
Whose lips be Rubies, and her teeth be Pearle.
¶ How silly is the Polander and Dane,
¶ To bring us Crystall from the frozen Maine?
VVhen thy cleare skins transparence doth surpasse
Their Crystall, as the Diamond doth Glasse.
The foolish French, which bring in Trash and Toyes,
To turne our Women, Men, our Girles to Boyes,
VVhen with what Tire thou do'st thy selfe adorne,
That for a Fashion onely shall be worne;

Which

Which though it were a Garment but of haire,
More rich than robe that ever Empresse ware.
Me thinkes, thy husband takes his marke awry,
To set his Plate to sale, when thou art by;
VVhen they which doe thy Angell-lockes behold,
As the base drosse doe but respect his Gold,
And wish one haire before that massie heap,
And but one locke, before the wealth of Cheap:
And for no cause else hold we Gold so deare,
But that it is so like unto thy haire.
And sure I thinke, *Shore* cannot chuse but flout
Such as would find the great Elixar out,
And laugh to see the Alchymists, that choke
Themselves with fumes, & waste their wealth in smoke;
VVhen if thy hand but touch the grosseſt mold,
It is converted to refined Gold:
VVhen theirs is chaff'red at an easie rate,
VVell knowne to all to be adulterate;
And is no more, when it by thine is set,
Than paltry Beugle, or light-prized Jet.
Let others wear perfumes, for thee unmeet,
If there were none, thou couldst make all things sweet;
Thou comfort'st ev'ry sense with sweet repast,
To heare, to see, to smell, to feele, to taste:
Like a rich Ship, whose very refuse ware,
Aromatikes, and precious Odors are.
If thou but please to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambricke, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whitenesse of the same wouldst prove,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy Glove;
And those which by, as the beholders stand,
Will take thy Hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy Hand.
A thousand eyes clos'd up by envious night,
Doe wish for day, but to enjoy thy sight,

And

And when they once have bleſt their eyes with thee,
Scorne ev'ry object elſe, what e're they ſee:
So like a Goddeſſe Beauty ſtill controules,
And hath ſuch pow'rfull working in our ſoules.
The Merchant, which in trafficke ſpends his life,
Yet loves at home to have a dainty wife:
The blunt-ſpoke Cynicke, poring on his booke,
Sometimes (aſide) at Beauty loves to looke:
The Church-men, by whoſe teaching we are led,
Allowes what keeps love in the marriage bed:
The bloudy ſouldier, ſpent in dang'rous broiles,
With Beauty yet content to ſhare his ſpoiles:
The buſie Lawyer wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth that Beauty gives his labour eaſe:
The toiling Trades-man, and the ſweating Clowne,
Would have his Wench faire, though his bread be browne:
So much is Beauty pleaſing unto all,
That Prince and Peſant equally doth call;
Nor never yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too deare, and that he could not prize it.
Unlearn'd is Learning, Artleſſe be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to praiſe thy ſev'rall parts:
Poore plodding Schoole-men they are far too low,
With by Probations, Rules, and Axiomes goe;
He muſt be ſtill familiar with the skies,
With notes the revolutions of thine eies:
And by that skill which meaſures ſea and land,
See Beauties *All*, thy Waſte, thy Foot, thy Hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights, as are both ſtrange and new:
And other worlds of Beauty more and more,
Which never were diſcovered before:
And to thy rare proportion, to apply
The Lines and Circles in Geometry,

Uſing

Uſing about Arithmetitches ſtrong ground,
Numbring the Vertues that in thee are found:
And when theſe all have done what they can doe,
For thy perfections, all too little too.

VVhen from the Eaſt the dawne hath gotten out,
And gone to ſeeke thee all the world about,
Within thy chamber hath ſhe fix'd her light,
Where, but that place, the world hath all been night:
Then is it fit, that ev'ry vulgar eye
Should ſee *Love* banquet in her Majeſtie?
"We deem thoſe things our ſight doth moſt frequent,
"To be but meane, although moſt excellent:
"For ſtrangers ſtill the ſtreets are ſwept and ſtrow'd,
"Few looke on ſuch as daily come abroad:
"Things much reſtrain'd, do make us much deſire them,
"And Beauties ſeldome ſeen, make us admire them.
Nor is it fit, a City-ſhop ſhould hide
The worlds delight, and Natures onely pride;
But in a Princes ſumptuous Galerie,
Hung all with Tiſſue, floor'd with Tapeſtrie,
Where thou ſhalt ſit, and from thy State ſhall ſee
The Toils and Triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the diff'rence (if thou liſt to prove)
Betwixt a vulgar and a Kingly love:
And when thou find'ſt, as now thou doubt'ſt, the troth,
Be thou thy ſelfe unpartiall Judge of both.

Where hearts be knit, what helps, if not injoy?
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy;
Whilſt lazie Time his turne by tarriance ſerves,
Love ſtill growes ſickly, and Hope daily ſtarves:
Meane while, receive that warrant by theſe lines,
Which Princely Rule and Sov'raignty reſignes;
Till when, theſe papers, by their Lords command,
By me ſhall kiſſe thy ſweet and dainty hand.

Annotations

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

THis Epistle of *Edward* to Mistresse *Shore*, and of hers to him, being of unlawfull affection, ministreth small occasion of Historicall notes; for had he mentioned the many Battels betwixt the Lancastrian Faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had been more like to *Plautus* boasting Souldier, than a Kingly Courtier. Notwithstanding it shall not be amisse to annexe a line or two.

From English Edward *to the fairest faire.*

Edward the fourth was by nature very chivalrous, & very amorous, applying his sweet and amiable aspect to attain his wanton appetite the rather: wch was so well known to *Lewis* the French King, who at their interview invited him to Paris, that as *Cominaeus* reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian Dames, with their witty conversation, would detaine him longer than should bee for his benefit: by which meanes, *Edward* was disappointed of his journey. And albeit Princes, whilest they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the Court in those times: For certaine it is, that his shape was excellent; his haire drew neere to a blacke, making his faces favour to seeme more delectable: though the smalnesse of his eyes, full of a shining moisture, as it tooke away some comelinesse, so it argued much sharpnesse of understanding, and cruelty mingled together. And indeed, *George Buchanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth him, and other Princes of those times with affection of tyrannie; as *Richard* the Third manifestly did.

When first attrafled by thy heavenly eyes.

Edward intemperate desires, with which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his off-spring were punished, is universally knowne. A Mirrour, representing their over-sight, that rather leave their children what to possesse, than what to imitate.

How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring us Crystall from the frozen Maine?

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine Crystall to be a kind of Ice; and therefore it is likely, they who come from those frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreme cold. Whether Crystall be Ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute: yet by the

the examples of Amber and Corall, there may be such an induration: for *Solinus* out of *Pliny* mentioneth, that in the Northerly Region a yellow Gelly is taken up out of the sea at low Tides, which he calls *Succinum*, we Amber. So likewise out of the Ligusticke Deep, a part of the Mediterranean sea, a greenish stalke is gathered, which hardened in the aire, comes to be Corall, either white or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees; as appeares by *Martials* Epigram:

Et latet, & lucet, Phaëtontide *condita gutta,*
Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

To behold a Bee inclosed in *Electrum*, is not so rare, as that a Boyes throat should be cut with the fall of an Ice-sicle; the which Epigram is excellent, the 18 *li.* 4. He calls it *Phaëtontu Gutta*, because of that Fable which *Ovid* rehearseth concerning the *Heliades*, or *Phaetons* sisters, metamorphosed into those Trees, whose gumme is Amber, where Flies alighting, are oftentimes tralucently imprisoned.

The Epistle of Mistresse SHORE to King EDWARD the Fourth.

AS the weake childe, that from the mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At ev'ry strings soft touch is mov'd with feare,
Noting his Masters curious list'ning eare,
VVhose trembling hand at ev'ry straine bewraies,
In what doubt he his new-set lesson playes:
As this poore childe, so sit I to indite,
At ev'ry word still quaking as I write.
¶ Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
¶ Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife.

And

And liv'd with them in country fields that range,
Nor seen the golden Cheap, nor glitt'ring Change.
Here, like a Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subject to all tongues, object to all eies:
Oft have I heard my Beauty prais'd of many,
But never yet so much admir'd of any:
A Princes Eagle-eye to find out that,
VVhich common men doe seldome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke affection flatters sight,
Or in the object some thing exquisite.
"To housed Beauty seldome stoop's report,
"Fame must attend on that which lives in Court.
VVhat Swan of bright *Apollo's* brood doth sing,
To vulgar Love, in Courtly Sonneting?
Or what immortall Poets sugred pen
Attends the glory of a Citizen?
Oft have I wondred, what should blind your eie,
Or what so farre seduced Majestie,
That having choice of Beauties so divine,
Amongst the most, to chuse this least of mine?
More glorious Sunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Than all rich Englands Continent beside;
That who't account their multitudes, would wish,
Might number Rumney's flow'rs, or Isis fish.
VVho doth frequent our temples, walkes, and streets,
Noting the sundry Beauties that he meets,
Thinkes not, that Nature left the wide world poore,
And made this place the Chequer of her store;
As Heaven and Earth had lately falne at jarres,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping Starres:
That if but some one Beauty should incite
Some sacred Muse, some ravish'd Spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true Promethian fire,
That after-ages should his lines admire;

Gathering

Gathering the honey from the choisest flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd weeds in country bow'rs.
Here in this garden (onely) springs the Rose,
In ev'ry common hedge the Bramble growes:
Nor are we so turn'd Neapolitan,
That might incite some foule-mouth'd Matrona,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And have just cause to raile upon our sex:
To pranke old wrinkles up in new attire,
To alter Natures course, prove Time a liar,
To abuse Fate, and Heav'ns just doome reverse,
On Beauties grave to set a crimson Hearse,
With a deceitfull foile to lay a ground,
To make a Glasse to seem a Diamond:
Nor cannot, without hazzard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian Dame:
Nor the fantasticke French to imitate,
Attir'd halfe Spanish, halfe Italionate;
With Waste, nor Curle, Body, nor Brow adorne,
That is in Florence, or in Genoa borne.
But with vaine boasts how witlesse fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignitie?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to Love belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the roome,
Crop'd Beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away inriched with the store,
Whilst others gleane, where he hath reap'd before:
And he dares sweare, that I am true and just,
And shall I then deceive his honest trust?
Or what strange hope should make you to assaile,
Where the strong'st batt'rie never could prevaile?
Belike you thinke, that I repuls'd the rest,
To leave a King the conquest of my breast,

And

And have thus long preserv'd my selfe from all,
To have a Monarch glory in my fall;
Yet rather let me dye the vilest death,
Than live to draw that sin-polluted breath.
But our kind hearts mens teares cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide.
Too well know men what our Creation made us,
And Nature too well taught them to invade us:
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to speake, to sue, and to forbeare;
By signs, by sighs, by motions, and by feares, (prai'rs:
When vows should serve, whē oaths, when smiles, when
What one delight our humours most doth move,
Onely in that you make us nourish Love.
If any naturall blemish blot our face,
You doe protest, it gives our Beauty grace;
And what attire we most are us'd to weare,
That, of all other, excellent'st, you sweare:
And if we walke, or sit, or stand, or lie,
It must resemble some one Deitie;
And what you know we take delight to heare,
That you are ever sounding in our eare:
And yet so shamelesse, when you tempt us thus,
To lay the fault on Beauty, and on us.
Romes wanton *Ovid* did those Rules impart,
O, that your Nature should be help'd with Art!
Who would have thought, a King that cares to raign,
Inforc'd by Love, so Poet-like should faine?
To say, that Beauty, Times sterne rage to shunne,
In my cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the Sunne;
And when she meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her East, and here she broke her day:
And that faire Summer still is in my sight,
And but where I am, all the world is night;

As

As though the fair'ſt ere ſince the world began,
To me, a Sunne-burnt baſe Egyptian.
But yet I know more than I meane to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well!)
That women oft their moſt admirers raiſe,
Though publikely not flatt'ring their owne praiſe.
Our churliſh husbands, which our youth injoy'd,
VVho with our Dainties have their ſtomacks cloy'd,
Doe loath our ſmooth hands with their lips to feele,
T' inrich our favours, by our beds to kneele,
At our command to wait, to ſend, to goe,
As ev'ry houre our amorous ſervants doe;
VVhich makes, a ſtolne kiſſe often we beſtow,
In earneſt of a greater good we owe:
VVhen he all day torments us with a frowne,
Yet ſports with *Venus* in a bed of Downe;
VVhoſe rude imbracement but too ill beſeemes
Her ſpan-broad waſte, her white and dainty limmes:
And yet ſtill preaching abſtinence of meat,
VVhen he himſelfe of ev'ry diſh will eat.
Blame you our husbands then, if they denie
Our publike walking, our looſe libertie?
If with exception ſtill they us debarre
¶ The Circuit of the publike Theater:
To heare the Poet in a Comicke ſtraine,
Able t' infect with his laſcivious Scene:
And the young wanton Wits, when they applaud
The ſlie perſwaſion of ſome ſubtle Bawd:
Or paſſionate Tragedian, in his rage
Acting a Love-ſicke Paſſion on the Stage:
VVhen though abroad reſtraining us to rome,
They very hardly keep us ſafe at home;
And oft are touch'd with feare and inward griefe,
Knowing rich Prizes ſooneſt tempt a Thiefe?

What

VVhat sports have we, whereon our minds to set?
Our Dogge, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once a weeke to walke into the field.
Small is the pleasure that these toyes doe yeeld,
But to this griefe a medicine you apply,
To cure restraint with that sweet liberty:
And Sov'raigntie (O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promise of a King:
And more, that honour which doth most intice
The holiest Nunne, and she that's ne're so nice.
Thus still we strive, yet overcome at length,
For men want mercy, and poore women strength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men resist,
VVhen Kings once come, they conquer as they list.
Thou art the cause *Shore* pleaseth not my sight,
That his imbraces give me no delight;
Thou art the cause I to my selfe am strange,
Thy comming is my Full, thy Set my Change.
Long Winter nights be minutes, if thou here,
Short minutes, if thou absent, be a yeere.
And thus by strength thou art become my face,
And mak'st me love even in the midst of hate.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of Shores *admired wife.*

TWo or three Poems written by sundry men, have magnified this womans beauty; whom, that ornament of England and Londons more particular glory, Sir *Thomas Moore*, very highly hath praised for her beauty, she being alive in his time, though being poore and aged. Her stature was meane, her haire of a darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerfull, and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of her, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing

thing on but a rich Mantle, cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting in a chaire, on which her naked arme did lie. What her fathers name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but *Shore*, a young man of rich & goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the King had made her his Concubine. *Richard* the Third causing her to doe open penance in Pauls Church-yard, commanded that no man should relieve her, which the Tyrant did not so much, for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.

May number Rumneyes-flowers, or Ifis fish.

Rumney is that famous Marish in Kent, at whose side Rie, a Haven Towne, doth stand. Hereof the excellent English Antiquary Master *Camden*, and Master *Lambert* in his Perambulation, doe make mention. And Marishes are commonly called those low grounds which abut upon the sea, and from the Latine word are so denominated. *Ifis* is here used for *Thamesis*, by a Synecdochicall kind of speech, or by a Poeticall liberty, in using one for another: for it is said that *Thamesis* is compounded of *Tame* and *Isis*, making, when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a City much more renowned than that water. Which being plentifull of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentifull therein. Moreover, I am perswaded, that there is no river in the world beholds more stately buildings on either side, cleane thorow, than the Thames. Much is reported of the Grand Canale in Venice, for that the Fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

That might intice some foule-mouth'd Mantuan.

Mantuan, a Pastorall Poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly inveyeth against woman-kind; some of the which, by the way of an append x might be here inserted, seeing the fantasticke and insolent humours of many of that sexe deserve much sharper physick, were it not that they are growne wiser than to amend for such an idle Poets speech as *Mantuan*: yea, or for *Euripides* himself, or *Seneca's* inflexible *Hippolitus*.

The Circuit of the publike Theater.

Ovid, a most fit author for so dissolute a Sectary, calls that place Chastities Shipwracke: for though *Shores* wife wantonly plead for liberty, which is the true humour of a Curtizan; yet much more is the praise of modesty, than of such liberty. Howbeit, the Vestall Nunnes had seats assigned them in the Roman Theater: whereby

whereby it should appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modesty, though they offending herein were buried quicke: A sharp law for them, who may say as *Shores* wife doth:

When though abroad restraining us to rome,
They very hardly keep us safe at home.

MARY the French Queen to CHARLES BRANDON Duke of Suffolke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Eight, firme friendship to unite
With France, bestowes the Lady Mary *bright,*
His younger sister, on King Lewes, *then*
Being lame and aged; but she of all men,
Charles Brandon *Duke of Suffolke most affected,*
One whom her brother highly had respected,
And had advanc'd: but scarcely had she been (Queen
Five months in France, when the brave beauteous
Buried the old King; who no sooner dead,
But she in heart determining to wed
Her long lov'd Brandon, *this Epistle writes,*
Who backe to her the Answer soone endites.

SUch health from Heav'n my selfe may wish to me,
Such health from France Queen *Mary* sends to thee
Brandon, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st how ill we women brooke delay?
If one poore Channell thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind) what would an Ocean do?
Leander had an Hellespont to swim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him;

He

His Bark (poore Soule) his breaſt, his armes his Oares,
But thou a Ship, to land thee on our ſhoares?
And oppoſite to famous Kent doth lie
The pleaſant fields of flowrie Picardie,
Where our faire Callice, walled in her ſands,
In kenning of the cliffie Dover ſtands.
Here is no Beldam Nurſe, to powt nor lowre,
When wantoning, we revell in my Towre;
Nor need I top my Turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou ſwim'ſt by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe ſo kind,
Thy ſighs ſhould ſtuffe thy ſails, though wanting wind:
But thy breaſt is becalm'd, thy ſighes be ſlacke,
And mine too ſtiffe, doe blow thy broad ſailes backe.
But thou wilt ſay, that I ſhould blame the floud,
Becauſe the wind ſo full againſt thee ſtood:
Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, for thou waſt ſo ſlow;
For it came not to keep thee in the Bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainly let'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt have wafted hither with the Tide.
If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not, *Brandon*, thou haſt broke thy vow;
Yet if I meant to frowne, I might be dumbe,
For this may make thee ſtand in doubt to come:
Nay come, ſweet *Charles*, have care thy Ship to guide;
Come, my ſweet Heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my brother and his lovely Queen,
In ſad attire for my depart were ſeen,
¶ The utmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
¶ When I from Dover did depart away,
Thou know'ſt what woe I ſuff'red for thy ſake,
How oft I faign'd of thee my leave to take:

God

God and thou know'ſt, with what a heavie heare
I tooke my farewell, when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd, gave ſignall with my hand
Up to the Cliffe, where I did ſee thee ſtand:
Nor could refraine, in all the peoples view,
But cri'd to thee, Sweet *Charles* adieu, adieu.
Looke how a little Infant, that hath loſt
The thing wherewith it was delighted moſt,
VVeary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creeps,
And then (poore ſoule) it ſits it downe and weeps;
And when the Nurſe would faine content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mournes for that it cannot finde.
Thus in my carefull Cabbin did I lie,
VVhen as the ſhip out of the road did flie.
¶ Think'ſt thou my love was faithfull then to thee,
¶ When young Caſtile to England ſu'd for mee?
Be judge thy ſelfe, if it were not of power,
VVhen I refus'd an Empire for my dower.
To Englands Court when once repore did bring,
How thou in France didſt revell with the King,
¶ VVhen he in triumph of his victorie,
¶ Under a rich imbroid'red Canopie,
¶ Entred proud Tournay, which did trembling ſtand,
To begge for mercy at his conqu'ring hand;
To heare of his endeerements, how I joy'd?
But ſee, this calme was ſuddenly deſtroi'd.
¶ When *Charles* of Caſtile there to banquet came,
¶ With him his ſiſter, that ambitious Dame,
¶ Savoy's proud Ducheſſe, knowing how long ſhe
¶ All meanes had tri'd to winne my love from me;
Fearing my abſence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
¶ VVhen in King *Henries* Tent of cloth of gold,
She often did thee in her armes enfold;

Where

Where you were feasted more deliciously,
Than *Cleopatra* did *Mark Anthony*:
Where sports all day did entertaine your sight,
And then in Maskes you pass'd away the night.
But thou wilt say, 'tis proper unto us,
That we by nature all are jealous:
"I must confesse 'tis oft found in our sex,
"But who not love, not any thing suspects:
"True love doth looke with pale suspitions eye,
"Take away love, if you take jealousie.
Turwin and Turney when King *Henry* tooke,
For this great change who then did ever looke?
¶ When *Maximilian* to those warres addrest,
¶ Ware Englands Crosse on his Imperiall breast,
¶ And in our Army let his Eagle flie,
¶ That view'd our Ensignes with a wond'ring eie;
Little thought I when Bullen first was won,
VVedlocke should end, what angry Warre begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
¶ But this alone by *Wolsies* wit was wrought.
To his advice the King gave free consent,
That will I, nill I, I must be content.
My Virgins right, thy state could not advance,
But now enriched with the Dower of France;
Then, but poore Suffolkes Dutchesse had I been,
Now, the great Dowager, the most Christian Queen.
But I perceive where all thy griefe doth lie,
Lewes of France had my Virginitie;
He had indeed, but shall I tell thee what,
Beleeve me, *Brandon*, he had scarcely that:
Good feeble King, he could not doe much harme,
But Age must needs have something that is warme;
"Small drops (God knowes) doe quench that heatlesse fire,
"When all the strength is onely in desire.

And I could tell (if Modeſtie might tell)
There's ſomewhat elſe that pleaſeth Lovers well;
To reſt his cheeke upon my ſofter cheeke,
VVas all he had, and more he did not ſeeke;
So might the little Baby clip the Nurſe,
And it content, ſhe never a whit the worſe:
Then thinke this, *Brandon*, if that make thee frowne,
For Maiden-head, he on my head ſet a Crowne.
VVho would not change a Kingdome for a kiſſe?
Hard were the heart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe ſo ſwiftly doth not paſſe,
Not yet full five moneths elder than I was.
When thou to France conducted waſt by Fame,
With many Knights which from all Countries came,
To ſee me at Saint Dennis on my Throne,
VVhere *Lewes* held my Coronation;
VVhere the proud Dolphin, for thy valour ſake,
Choſe thee at Tilt his Princely part to take:
VVhen as the ſtaves upon thy Caske did light,
Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my ſight,
And ſpake aloud, when I my ſelfe forgot,
'Tis my ſweet *Charles*, my *Brandon*, hurt him not.
But when I fear'd the King perceived this,
Good ſilly man, I pleas'd him with a kiſſe;
And to extoll his valiant ſonne began,
That Europe never bred a braver man:
And when (poore King) he ſimply praiſed thee,
Of all the reſt I ask'd which thou ſhouldſt bee?
Thus I with him diſſembled for thy ſake:
Open confeſſion now amends muſt make.
VVhilſt this old King upon a Pallat lies,
And onely holds a combat with mine eies;
Mine eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtolne away,
Which might too well their Miſtreſs thoughts bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proud unconquer'd Lance

To beare the prize from all the flow'r of France,
To see what pleasure did my soule imbrace,
Might eas'ly be discerned in my face.
Looke, as the Dew upon a Damaske Rose,
How through that liquid pearle his blushing showes,
And when the soft aire breathes upon his top,
From the sweet leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my cheeke, distilling from mine eies,
One teare for joy anothers roome supplies.
Before mine eye (like touch) thy shape did prove,
Mine eye condemn'd my too too partiall love;
But since by others I the same doe trie,
My love condemnes my too too partiall eie.
The precious stone, most beautifull and rare,
VVhen with it selfe we onely it compare,
VVe deem all other of that kind to bee
As excellent, as that we onely see;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our eye,
VVhich then appeares more orient, and more bright,
Having a foile whereon to shew its light.
Alanson, a fine timb'red man, and tall,
Yet wants the shape thou art adorn'd withall:
Vandome good carriage, and a pleasing eie,
Yet hath not Suffolk's Princely Majestie:
Courageous Burbon, a sweet manly face,
Yet in his lookes lackes *Brandons* Courtly grace:
Proud Longavile suppos'd to have no Peere,
A man scarce made was thought, whilst thou wast here:
County Saint-Paul, our best at Armes in France,
VVould yeeld himselfe a Squire, to beare thy Lance:
¶ *Galleas* and *Bounarme*, matchlesse for their might,
Under thy towring Blade have couch'd in fight.
If with our love my brother angry bee,
I'le say, to please him, I first fancied thee:

And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Never to thee had I been halfe so kind.
VVorthy my love the vulgar judge no man,
Except a Yorkist, or Lancastrian;
Nor thinke, that my affection should be set,
But in the Line of great *Plantaginet*.
I passe not what the idle Commons say,
I pray thee *Charles* make haste, and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is France, if thou not here?
Thy absence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy presence I should gladly smile.
VVhen last of me his leave my *Brandon* tooke,
He sware an oath (and made my lips the booke)
He would make haste, which now thou do'st denie;
Thou art forsworne: O wilfull perjurie!
Sooner would I with greater sinnes dispence,
Than by intreatie pardon this offence.
But yet I thinke, if I should come to shrive thee,
Great were the fault that I should not forgive thee:
Yet wert thou here, I would revenged be,
But it should be with too much loving thee.
I, that is all that thou shalt feare to taste;
I pray thee *Brandon* come, sweet *Charles*, make haste.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

The utmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Dover did depart away.

KIng *Henry* the Eighth, with the Queen and Nobles, in the sixth yeere of his reign, in the moneth of September, brought this Lady to Dover, where she tooke shipping for France.

Think'st thou my love was faithfull unto thee,
When young Castile to England su'd for mee?

It was agreed and concluded betwixt *Henry* the Seventh, and *Philip* King of Castile, son to *Maximilian* the Emperour, that *Charles*,

Charles, eldest son of the said *Philip*, should marry the Lady *Mary*, daughter to King *Henry*, when they came to age: Which agreement was afterward in the eighth yeere of *Henry* the Eighth annihilated.

When he, in triumph of his Victorie,
Under a rich imbroid'red Canopie,
Entred proud Turney, which did trembling stand, &c.

Henry the Eighth, after the long siege of Turney, which was delivered to him upon composition, entred the City in triumph under a Canopy of cloth of gold, borne by foure of the chiefe and most noble Citizens, the King himself mounted upon a gallant Courser barbed with the Armes of England, France and Ireland.

When Charles *of Castile there to a banquet came,*
With him his sister, that ambitious Dame,
Savoy's proud Dutchesse.

The King being at Turney, there came to him the Prince of Castile, and the Lady *Margaret* Dutchesse of Savoy, his sister, to whom King *Henry* gave great entertainment.

Savoy's proud Dutchesse, knowing how long shee
All meanes had tri'd to win my love from mee.

At this time there was speech of a marriage to be concluded between *Charles Brandon* then Lord Lisle, and the Dutchesse of Savoy; the Lord Lisle being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the Dutchesse.

When in King Henries *Tent of cloth of gold.*

The King caused a rich Tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feasted the Prince of Castile, and the Dutchesse, and intertained them with sumptuous Maskes and Banquets during their aboad.

When Maximilian *to those warres addrest,*
Wore Englands Crosse on his Imperiall breast.

Maximilian the Emperour, with all his souldiers, which served under King *Henry*, wore the Crosse of Saint *George*, with the Rose on their breasts.

And in our Army let his Eagle flie.

The blacke Eagle is the badge Imperiall, which hare is used for the displaying of his Enfigne or Standard.

That view'd our Ensignes with a wond'ring eye.

Henry the Eighth, at his wars in France, retained the Emperour

and all his ſouldiers in wages, which ſerved under him during thoſe warres.

But this alone by Wolſey's *wit was wrought.*

Thomas Wolſey the Kings Almoner, then Biſhop of Lincolne, a man of great authority with the King, and afterward Cardinall, was the chiefe cauſe that this Lady *Mary* was married to the old French King, with whom the French had dealt under-hand, to befriend him in that Match.

Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour ſake,
Choſe thee at Tilt his Princely part to take.

Francis Duke of Valoys, and Dolphin of France, at the marriage of the Lady *Mary*, in honour thereof proclaimed a Juſts; where he choſe the Duke of Suffolke and the Marqueſſe Dorſet for his aides, at all Martiall Exerciſes.

Galeas *and* Bounarme, *matchleſſe for their might.*

This County *Galeas*, at the Juſts ranne a courſe with a ſpeare, which was at the head five inches ſquare on every ſide, & at the But nine inches ſquare, whereby he ſhewed his wondrous force and ſtrength. This *Bounarme*, a Gentleman of France, at the ſame time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten ſpeares about him: in each ſtirrop three, under each thigh one, one under his left arme, and one in his hand; and putting his horſe to the Career, never ſtopped him, till he had broken every ſtaffe. *Hall.*

CHARLES BRANDON Duke of Suffolk, to MARY the French Queene.

BUt that my faith commands me to forbeare,
The fault's your owne, if I impatient were:
VVere my diſpatch ſuch as ſhould be my ſpeed,
I ſhould want time your loving Lines to reade.
Here, in the Court, Camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, onely feed on aire:
All day I wait, and all the night I watch,
And ſtarve mine eares, to heare of my diſpatch.

If

If Dover were th' Abydos of my reſt,
Or pleaſant Calice were my *Maries* Ceſt,
You ſhould not need, bright Queen, to blame me ſo,
Did not the diſtance, to deſire ſay no:
No tedious night from travell ſhould be free,
Till through the ſeas, with ſwimming ſtill to thee,
A ſnowie path I made unto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-ſtained way,
The reſtleſſe Sun by travelling doth weare,
Paſſing his courſe, to finiſh up the yeare.
But Paris lockes my Love within the Maine,
And London yet thy *Brandon* doth detaine.
Of thy firme love thou put'ſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my faith, not one word can I find.
¶ VVhen Longavile to *Mary* was affi'd,
And thou by him waſt made King *Lewes* Bride,
How oft I wiſh'd, that thou a Prize might'ſt bee,
That I in Armes might combate him for thee!
And in the madneſſe of my love diſtraught,
A thouſand times his murther have fore-thought:
" But that th' all-ſeeing Pow'rs, which ſit above,
" Regard not mad-mens oathes, nor faults in love,
" And have confirm'd it, by the Grant of Heaven,
" That Lovers ſins on earth ſhould be forgiven:
" For never man is halfe ſo much diſtreſs'd,
" As he that loves to ſee his Love poſſeſs'd.
Comming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my heart)
Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne and deſolate,
In whoſe faire walkes thou often haſt been ſeen,
To ſport with *Kath'rine, Henries* beauteous Queen,
Aſtoniſhing ſad Winter with thy ſight,
So that for thee the day hath put backe night;

And the ſmall Birds, as in the pleaſant Spring,
Forgot themſelves, and have begun to ſing.
So oft as I by Thames goe and returne,
Me thinkes for thee the river yet doth mourne,
VVhom I have ſeen to let his ſtreame at large,
VVhich like a hand-maid waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hap'ſt againſt the floud to row,
Which way it eb'd, it preſently would flow,
Weeping in drops upon the labouring Oares,
For joy that it had got thee from the ſhoares.
The Swans with muſicke that the roothers make,
Ruffing their plumes, came gliding on the Lake,
As the ſwift Dolphins by *Arions* ſtrings,
VVere brought to land with Syren raviſhings:
The flockes and heards that paſture neere the flood,
To gaze upon thee have forborne their food,
And ſat downe ſadly mourning by the brim,
That they by Nature were not made to ſwim.
VVhen as the Poſt to Englands Royall Court,
Of thy hard paſſage brought the true report,
¶ How in a ſtorme thy well-rigg'd ſhips were toſt,
And thou thy ſelfe in danger to be loſt,
I knew 'twas *Venus* loath'd that aged bed,
VVhere Beauty ſo ſhould be diſhonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but ſeen, their Goddeſſe ſhould forſake.
And whirling round her Dove-drawne Coach abour,
To view the Navie then in lanching out,
Her airie Mantle looſly doth unbind,
VVhich fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
VVafted thy ſailes with ſpeed unto the land,
And ran thy ſhips on Bullens harbouring ſtrand.
How ſhould I joy of thy arrive to heare?
But as a poore Sea-faring paſſenger,

After

After long travell, tempeſt-torne and wrack'd,
By ſome unpitty'ng Pyrat that is ſack'd;
Heares the falſe robber that hath ſtolne his wealth,
Landed in ſome ſafe harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the invaluable ſtore,
For which he long had travelled before.

¶ When thou to Abvile held'ſt th' appointed day,
We heard how *Lewes* met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring Tiſſue ſtrangely dight,
¶ Appear'dſt unto him like the Queen of Light:
In cloth of ſilver all thy Virgin Traine,
In Beauty ſumptuous, as the Northerne Waine;
And thou alone the formoſt glorious Starre,
Which led'ſt the Teame of that great Waggoner.
What could thy thought be, but as I did thinke,
When thine eyes taſted what mine eares did drinke?
¶ A cripple King, laid bedred long before,
Yet at thy comming crept out of the dore:
'Twas well he rid, he had no legges to goe,
But this thy Beauty forc'd his body to;
For whom a Cullice had more fitter been,
Than in a golden bed a gallant Queen.
To uſe thy Beauty, as the Miſer gold,
VVhich hoards it up but onely to behold;
Still looking on it with a jealous eie,
Fearing to lend, yet loving Uſurie:
O Sacriledge (if Beauty be divine)
The profane hand to touch the hallow'd Shrine!
To ſurfeit ſickneſſe on the ſound mans diet,
To rob content, yet ſtill to live unquiet;
And having all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet ſtill longing like a little child.

¶ When Marqueſſe Dorſet, and the valiant *Grayes*,
To purchaſe Fame, firſt croſt the narrow Seas,

With all the Knights that my Aſſociates went,
In honour of thy Nuptiall Tournament:
Think'ſt thou I joy'd not in thy Beauties pride,
¶ When thou in triumph didſt through Paris ride?
Where all the ſtreets, as thou didſt paſſe along,
With Arras, Biſſe, and Tapeſtry were hung;
Ten thouſand gallant Citizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy Princely ſelfe to guard:
Next them, three thouſand choiſe Religious men,
In golden Veſtments follow'd on agen;
And in Proceſſion as they came along,
VVith *Hymeneus* ſang thy Marriage ſong.
¶ Next theſe, five Dukes, as did their places fall,
VVith each of them a Princely Cardinall:
Then thou, on thy Imperiall Chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich impearled Coronet;
VVhilſt the Pariſian Dames, as thy Traine paſt,
Their precious Incenſe in abundance caſt.
As *Cynthia*, from her wave-embattel'd Shrowds,
Op'ning the Weſt, comes ſtreaming through the clouds,
VVith ſhining troupes of ſilver-treſſed Starres,
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers;
And all the leſſer lights about her Throne,
VVith admiration ſtand as lookers on:
VVhilſt ſhe alone, in height of all her pride,
The Queen of Light along her Sphere doth glide.
When on the Tilt my horſe like thunder came,
No other Signall had I, but thy name;
Thy voice my Trumpet, and my Guide thine eyes,
And but thy Beauty, I eſteem'd no Prize.
¶ That large-lim'd Almaine, of the Giants race,
Which bare ſtrength on his breaſt, feare in his face,
Whoſe ſinew'd armes, with his ſteele-temper'd blade,
Through Plate and Male ſuch open paſſage made:

Upon

Upon whose might the Frenchmens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou saw'st thy *Brandon* beat him on his knee,
Off'ring his Shield a conquer'd Spoile to thee.
But thou wilt say, perhaps, I vainly boast,
And tell thee that which thou already know'st.
No, sacred Queen, my Valour I denie,
It was thy Beauty, not my Chivalrie.
One of thy tressed curles there falling downe,
As loth to be imprisoned in thy Crowne,
I saw the soft aire sportively to take it,
And into strange and sundry formes to make it;
Now parting it to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twisting it, then it untwist againe:
Then make the threads to dally with thine eye,
A Sunnie Candle for a golden Flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
VVhich falling downe, as though a Starre had shot,
My up-turn'd eye pursu'd it with my sight,
The which againe re-doubled all my might.
'Tis but in vaine of my Descent to boast,
When Heav'ns Lamp shines, all other lights be lost;
Faulcons seem poore, the Eagle sitting by,
VVhose brood suryeyes the Sun with open eye:
Else might my bloud find issue from his force,
Who beat the Tyrant *Richard* from his horse
On Bosworth Plaine, whom Richmond chose to wield
His glorious Ensigne in that conqu'ring Field;
And with his sword, in his deare Sov'raignes sight,
To his last breath stood fast in *Henries* right.
Then, beauteous Empresse, thinke this safe delay,
Shall be the even to a joyfull day:
"Fore-sight doth still on all advantage lie,
"Wise men must give place to necessitie;

"To

"To put backe ill, our good we muſt forbeare,
"Better firſt feare, than after ſtill to feare.
'Twere over-ſight in that, at which we aime,
To put the hazzard on an after-game;
With patience then let us our hopes attend,
And till I come receive theſe Lines I ſend.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

When Longaville to Mary *was affi'd.*

THe Duke of Longaville, which was priſoner in England, upon the peace to be concluded between England and France, was delivered, and married the Princeſſe *Mary*, for *Lewis* the French King his Maſter.

How in a ſtorme thy well-rig'd ſhips were toſt,
And thou, &c.

As the Queen ſailed for France, a mighty ſtorme aroſe at ſea, ſo that the Navie was in great danger, and was ſevered, ſome driven upon the coaſt of Flanders, ſome on Britaine: the ſhip wherein the Queen was, was driven into the Haven at Bullen, with very great danger.

When thou to Abvile held'ſt th' appointed day.

King *Lewis* met her by Abvile, neere to the Forreſt of Arders, and brought her into Abvile with great Solemnity.

Appear'dſt unto him like the Queen of Light.

Expreſsing the ſumptuous attire of the Queen and her Traine, attended by the chiefe of the Nobility of England, with ſixe and thirty Ladies, all in cloth of ſilver, their Horſes trapped with Crimſon Velvet.

A cripple King, laid bedred long before.

King *Lewis* was a man of great yeeres, troubled much with the Gowt, ſo that he had long time before little uſe of his legges.

When Marqueſſe Dorſet, and the valiant Grayes.

The Duke of Suffolke, when the Proclamation came into England, of Juſts to be holden in France at Paris; he, for the Queens ſake his Miſtreſſe, obtained of the King to goe thither: With whom went the Marqueſſe Dorſet, and his foure brothers, the

Lord

Lord *Clinton*, Sir *Edward Nevill*, Sir *Giles Capell*, *Thomas Cheyney*, which went all over with the Duke as his Assistants.

When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride.

A true description of the Queens entring into Paris, after her Coronation performed at S. Denis.

Then five great Dukes, as did their places fall.

The Dukes of Alanson, Burbon, Vandome, Longavile, Suffolke, with five Cardinals.

That large-limb'd Almaine, of the Giants race.

Francis Valoys, the Dolphin of France, envying the glory that the English men had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an Almain secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, which encountred *Charles Brandon* at the Barriers: but the Duke grappling with him, so beat him about the head with the pummell of his sword, that the blood came out of the sight of his Caske.

Else might my blood find issue from his force,
Who beat, &c.

Sir *William Brandon*, Standard-bearer to the Earle of Richmond, (after, *Henry* the Seventh) at Bosworth field, a brave and gallant Gentleman, who was slaine by *Richard* there; this was father to this *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke.

HENRY HOWARD, Earle of Surrey, to the Lady GERALDINE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Earle of Surrey, that renowned Lord,
Th' old English Glory bravely that restor'd,
That Prince, and Poet (a name more divine)
Falling in love with beauteous Geraldine,
Of the Geraldi, *which derive their name*
From Florence: whither, to advance her fame
He travel's, and in publike Justs maintain'd
Her Beauty peerlesse, which by Armes he gain'd:

But

But ſtaying long, faire Italy to ſee,
To let her know, him conſtant ſtill to be,
From Tuſkany this Letter to her writes;
Which her Reſcription inſtantly invites.

¶ FRom learned Florence (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble Grandſirs came,
To famous England, that kind Nurſe of mine,
Thy Surrey ſends to heav'nly *Geraldine*:
Yet let not Tuſcan thinke I doe it wrong,
That I from thence write in my native tongue,
That in theſe harſh-tun'd Cadences I ſing,
Sitting ſo neere the Muſes ſacred Spring;
But rather thinke it ſelfe adorn'd thereby,
That England reades the praiſe of Italy.
Though to the Tuſcans I the ſmoothneſſe grant,
Our Dialect no majeſtie doth want,
To ſet thy praiſes in as high a Key,
As France, or Spaine, or Germanie, or they.
VVhat day I quit the fore-land of faire Kent,
And that my ſhip her courſe for Flanders bent,
Yet think I with how many a heavie looke,
My leave of England and of thee I tooke,
And did intreat the Tide (if it might bee)
But to convey me one ſigh backe to thee.
Up to the decke a billow lightly skips,
Taking my ſigh, and downe againe it ſlips;
Into the gulfe, it ſelfe it head-long throwes,
And as a Poſt to England-ward it goes.
As I ſate wondring how the rough ſea ſtirr'd,
I might far off perceive a little Bird,
Which as ſhe faine from ſhore to ſhore would flie,
Had loſt her ſelfe in the broad vaſtie skie,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceive her,
The ſeas of life ſtill gaping to bereave her:

Unto

Unto the ſhip ſhe makes, which ſhe diſcovers,
And there (poore foole) a while for refuge hovers;
And when at length her flagging pinion failes,
Panting ſhe hangs upon the rattling ſailes,
And being forc'd to looſe her hold with paine,
Yet beaten off, ſhe ſtraight lights on againe,
And tos'd with flawes, with ſtormes, with wind, with weather,
Yet ſtil departing thence, ſtil turneth thither:
Now with the poop, now with the prow doth beare,
Now on this ſide, now that, now here, now there.
Me thinkes theſe ſtormes ſhould be my ſad depart,
The ſilly helpleſſe bird is my poore heart,
The ſhip, to which for ſuccour it repaires,
That is your ſelfe, regardleſſe of my cares.
Of every ſurge doth fall, or wave doth riſe,
To ſome one thing I ſit and moralize.

VVhen for thy love I left the Belgick ſhore,
Divine *Eraſmus*, and our famous *More*,
VVhoſe happy preſence gave me ſuch delight,
As made a minute of a Winters night;
VVith whom a while I ſtaid at Roterdame,
Now ſo renowned by *Eraſmus* name:
Yet every houre did ſeem a world of time,
Till I had ſeen that ſole-reviving Clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
A watry ſoile to clogge a fiery wit.
And as that wealthy Germany I paſt,
Comming unto the Emperours Court at laſt,
Great learn'd *Agrippa*, ſo profound in Art,
Who the infernall ſecrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did deſire to know,
Me in a glaſſe my *Geraldine* did ſhow,
Sicke in thy bed, and for thou could'ſt not ſleep,
By a waxe Taper ſet the light to keep;

I doe

I doe remember thou didſt reade that Ode,
Sent backe whilſt I in Thanet made abode,
VVhere when thou cam'ſt unto that word of Love,
Even in thine eyes I ſaw how paſſion ſtrove:
That ſnowie Lawne which covered thy bed,
Me thought look'd white, to ſee thy cheek ſo red;
Thy Roſie cheeke oft changing in my ſight,
Yet ſtill was red, to ſee the Lawne ſo white:
The little Taper which ſhould give thee light,
Me thought wax'd dim, to ſee thine eye ſo bright;
Thine eye againe ſuppli'd the Tapers turne,
And with his beames more brightly made it burne:
The ſhrugging aire about thy temples hurles,
And wrapt thy breath in little clowded curles,
And as it did aſcend, it ſtraight did ſeaze it,
And as it ſunke, it preſently did raiſe it.
Canſt thou by ſickneſſe baniſh beauty ſo,
Which if put from thee, knowes not where to goe,
To make her ſhift, and for her ſuccour ſeeke,
To every rivel'd face, each bankrupt cheeke?
"If health preſerv'd, thou beauty ſtill do'ſt cheriſh,
"If that neglected, beauty ſoon doth periſh.
Care drawes on care, woe comforts woe againe,
Sorrow breeds ſorrow, one griefe brings forth twaine.
If live or die, as thou do'ſt, ſo doe I,
If live, I live, and if thou die, I die:
One heart, one love, one joy, one griefe, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.
If *Howards* bloud thou hold'ſt as but too vile,
Or not eſteem'ſt of Norfolkes Princely ſtile,
If Scotlands Coat no marke of Fame can lend,
¶ That Lion plac'd in our bright ſilver bend,
VVhich as a Trophy beautifies our ſhield,
¶ Since Scottiſh bloud diſcolour'd Floden field;

When

When the proud *Cheviot* our brave Enſigne bare,
As a rich Jewell in a Ladies haire,
And did faire Bramſtons neighbouring Vallies choke
VVith clouds of Canons, fire-diſgorged ſmoke:
Or Surreys Earledome inſufficient be,
And not a Dower ſo well contenting thee:
Yet I am one of great *Apollo's* Heires,
The ſacred Muſes challenge me for theirs.
By Princes my immortall Lines are ſung,
My flowing Verſes grac'd with ev'ry tongue:
The little children when they learne to goe,
By painfull mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught by ſugred numbers to rehearſe,
And have their ſweet lips ſeaſon'd with my Verſe.
VVhen Heav'n would ſtrive to doe the beſt it can,
And put an Angels ſpirit into a man,
The utmoſt pow'r it hath, it then doth ſpend,
VVhen to the world a Poet it doth intend.
That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,
(By them confirm'd) diſtinguiſh'd onely thus:
Whom they in birth ordaine to happy daies,
The gods commit their glory to our praiſe;
T' eternall life when they diſſolve their breath,
We likewiſe ſhare a ſecond pow'r by death.
When time ſhall turne thoſe Amber lockes to gray,
My Verſe againe ſhall gild and make them gay,
And tricke them up in knotted curles anew,
And to thy Autumne give a Summers hiew:
That ſacred pow'r that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put freſh bloud into thy wither'd veines,
And on thy red decai'd, thy whiteneſſe dead,
Shall ſet a white more white, a red more red:
When thy dimme ſight thy glaſſe cannot deſcry,
Nor thy craz'd mirrour can diſcerne thine eye;

My

My Verſe, to tell th' one what the other was,
Shall repreſent them both, thine eye and glaſſe:
Where both thy mirrour and thine eye ſhall ſee,
What once thou ſaw'ſt in that, that ſaw in thee;
And to them both ſhall tell the ſimple truth,
VVhat that in pureneſſe was, what thou in youth.
If Florence once ſhould loſe her old renowne,
As famous Athens, now a Fiſher-Towne;
My Lines for thee a Florence ſhall erect,
VVhich great *Apollo* ever ſhall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring marble Mines to re-erect thoſe walls.
¶ Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongues report
To be the glory of the Engliſh Court,
Shall by our Nation be ſo much admir'd,
If ever Surrey truly were inſpir'd.
¶ And famous *Wyat*, who in numbers ſings,
To that inchanting Thracian Harpers ſtrings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets God) did drinke
A bowle of Nectar, fill'd up to the brinke;
And ſweet-tongu'd *Bryan* (whom the Muſes kept,
And in his Cradle rockt him whilſt he ſlept)
In ſacred Verſes (moſt divinely pen'd)
Upon thy praiſes ever ſhall attend.
VVhat time I came into this famous Towne,
And made the cauſe of my Arrivall knowne,
Great *Medices* a Liſt (for Triumphs) built;
VVithin the which, upon a Tree of gilt,
(Which was with ſundry rare devices ſet)
I did erect thy lovely Counterfet,
To anſwer thoſe Italian Dames deſire,
VVhich daily came thy Beauty to admire:
By which, my Lion, in his gaping jawes
Held up my Lance, and in his dreadfull pawes

Reacheth

Reacheth my Gauntlet unto him that dare
A Beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.
Which, when each manly valiant arme aſſayes,
After ſo many brave triumphant dayes,
The glorious Prize upon my Lance I bare,
By Heralds voice proclaim'd to be thy ſhare.
The ſhiver'd ſtaves, here for thy Beauty broke,
With fierce encounters paſt at ev'ry ſhocke,
When ſtormy courſes anſwered cuffe for cuffe,
Denting proud Bevers with the Counter-buffe,
Upon an Altar, burnt with holy flame,
I ſacrific'd, as Incenſe to thy Fame:
Where, as the Phœnix from her ſpiced fume
Renues her ſelfe, in that ſhe doth conſume;
So from theſe ſacred aſhes live we both,
Ev'n as that one Arabian Wonder doth.
When to my Chamber I my ſelfe retire,
Burnt with the ſparkes that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England, which my Hope containes,
The happy Iſle where *Geraldine* remaines:
¶ Of Hunſdon, where thoſe ſweet celeſtiall eyne,
At firſt did pierce this tender breaſt of mine:
¶ Of Hampton Court, and Windſor, where abound
All pleaſures that in Paradiſe were found.
Neere that faire Caſtle is a little Grove,
With hanging Rockes all cover'd from above,
Which on the banke of goodly Thames doth ſtand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,
Whoſe buſhy top doth bid the Sun forbeare,
And checks his proud beames, that would enter there;
Whoſe leaves ſtill mutt'ring, as the aire doth breathe,
With the ſweet bubbling of the ſtreame beneath,
Doth rocke the ſenſes (whilſt the ſmall Birds ſing)
Lulled aſleep with gentle murmuring;

Where

Where light-foot Fairies ſport at priſon-Baſe,
(No doubt there is ſome pow'r frequents the place)
There the ſoft Poplar and ſmooth Beech doe beare
Our names together carved every where,
And Gordian Knots doe curiouſly entwine
The names of *Henry* and of *Geraldine*.
O, let this Grove in happy times to come,
Be call'd, *The Lovers bleſs'd Elizium*;
VVhither my Miſtreſſe wonted to reſort,
In Summers heat, in thoſe ſweet ſhades to ſport:
A thouſand ſundry names I have it given,
And call'd it, Wonder-hider, Cover-heaven,
The roofe where Beauty her rich Court doth keep,
Under whoſe compaſſe all the Starres doe ſleep.
There is one Tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth beare theſe Verſes carved in the rind:
When Geraldine *ſhall ſit in thy faire ſhade,*
Fan her ſweet treſſes with perfumed aire,
Let thy large boughes a Canopie be made,
To keep the Sunne from gazing on my Faire,
And when thy ſpreading branched armes be ſunke,
And thou no ſap nor pith ſhalt more retaine,
Ev'n from the duſt of thy unweldy trunke,
I will renue thee Phœnix-like againe,
And from thy dry decayed root will bring
A new-borne ſtem, another Æſons ſpring.
I find no cauſe, nor judge I reaſon why,
My Country ſhould give place to Lumbardy;
As goodly flow'rs on Thameſis do grow,
As beautifie the bankes of wanton Po:
As many Nymphs as haunt rich Arnus ſtrand,
By ſilver Severne tripping hand in hand:
Our ſhade's as ſweet, though not to us ſo deare,
Becauſe the Sunne hath greater power there.

This

This distant place doth give me greater woe,
Farre off, my sighes the farther have to goe.
Ah absence! why thus shouldst thou seem so long?
Or wherefore shouldst thou offer time such wrong,
Summer so soon to steale on Winters cold,
Or Winters blasts so soon make Summer old?
Love did us both with one-selfe arrow strike,
Our wound's both one, our cure should be the like;
Except thou hast found out some meane by Art,
Some pow'rfull med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and absence being proved,
It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed.
Adiew, adiew, from Florence when I goe,
By my next Letters *Geraldine* shall know,
Which if good fortune shall by course direct,
From Venice by some messenger expect;
Till when, I leave thee to thy hearts desire,
By him that lives thy vertues to admire.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

From learned Florence, long time rich in Fame.

FLorence, a City of Tuscan, standing upon the river Arnus (celebrated by *Dante*, *Petrach*, and other the most noble Wits of Italie) was the originall of the Family, out of which this *Geraldine* did spring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these Verses of the Earle of Surrey:

From Tuscan came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire Florence was sometimes her ancient seat,
The Westerne Isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Cambers cliffes, did give her lively heat.

Great learn'd Agrippa, *so profound in Art.*

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for Magicke, (which the bookes published by him concerning that argument, doe partly prove) as in this place needs no further remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy Arts are but illusions; so in the honour of so rare a Gentleman as this Earle (and therewithall

withall ſo noble a Poet; a quality, by which his other Titles receive their greateſt luſtre.) Invention may make ſomewhat more bold with *Agrippa* above the barren truth.

That Lion ſet in our bright ſilver Bend.

The Blazon of the *Howards* honourable Armour was, *Gules between ſix croſſelets Fitchy a bend Argent*, to which afterwards was added by atchievment, *In the Canton point of the Bend an eſcutcheon*, or *within the* Scottiſh *treſſure, a Demi-lion-rampant Gules, &c.* as Maſter *Camden*, now *Clarenceaux*, from authority noteth. Never ſhall Time or bitter Envie be able to obſcure the brightneſſe of ſo great a Victory as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Hiſtorian of Scotland, *George Buchanan*, reporteth, that the Earle of Surrey gave for his badge a *Silver Lion* (which from antiquity belonged to that name) tearing in pieces *A Lion proſtrate Gules*: and withall, that this, which he termes inſolence, was puniſhed in him and his poſterity, as if it were fatall to the Conqueror, to doe his Soveraigne ſuch loyall ſervice, as a thouſand ſuch ſevere cenſurers were never able to performe.

Since Scottiſh bloud diſcolour'd Floden field.

The battell was fought at Bramſton, neere Floden hill, being a part of the *Cheviot*, a Mountaine that exceedeth all the Mountaines in the North of England for highneſſe; in which the wilfull perjury of *James* the Fifth was puniſhed from Heaven by the Earle of Surrey, being left by King *Henry* the Eight (then in France before Turwin) for the defence of his Realme.

Nor beauteous Stanhope, *whom all tongues report*
To be the glory, &c.

Of the beauty of that Lady, he himſelfe teſtifies, in an Elegie which he writ of her, refuſing to dance with him, which he ſeemeth to allegorize under a Lion and a Wolfe. And of himſelfe he ſaith:

A Lion ſaw I late, as white as any ſnow.

And of her,

I might perceive a Wolfe, as white as a Whales bone,
A fairer beaſt, of freſher hue, beheld I never none,
But that her looks were coy, and froward was her grace.

And famous Wyat, *who in numbers ſings.*

Sir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, a moſt excellent Poet, as his Poems extan

extant doe witnesse; besides certaine Encomions, written by the Earle of Surrey upon some of *Davids* Psalmes, by him translated:

What holy Grave, what worthy Sepulchre,
To *Wyats* Psalmes shall Christians purchase then?

And afterward, upon his death, the said Earle writeth thus:

What vertues rare were temp'red in thy breast?
Honour that England such a Jewell bred,
And kisse the ground whereas thy corps did rest.

Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestiall eyne.

It is manifest by a Sonnet, written by this noble Earle, that the first time he beheld his Lady, was at Hunsdon:

Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a description of his Love, I do alledge in divers places of this glosse, as proofes of what I write.

Of Hampton Court, and Windsor, where abound All pleasures, &c.

That he enjoyed the presence of his faire and vertuous Mistresse in those two places, by reason of Queen *Katherines* usuall aboad there (on whom this Lady *Geraldine* was attending) I prove by these Verses of his:

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
Windsor (alas) doth chase me from her sight.

And in another Sonnet following:

When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arme,
My hand, my chin, to ease my restlesse head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Windsor to Paradise, an Elegie may prove; where he remembreth his passed pleasures in that place:

With a Kings sonne my childish yeeres I pass'd,
In greater feasts than *Priams* sonne of Troy.

And againe in the same Elegie:

Those large green Courts, where we were wont to rove,
With eyes cast up unto the Maidens Tower,
With easie sighes, such as men draw in love.

And againe in the same:

The stately Seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The Dances short, long Tales of sweet delight.

And

And for the pleasantnesse of the place, these Verses of his manifestie, in the same Elegie before recited:

The secret Groves which we have made resound,
With silver drops the Meads yet spread for ruth.

As goodly flow'rs on Thames is doe grow, &c.

I had thought in this place not to have spoken of Thames, being so oft remembred by me before in sundry other places, on this occasion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which, I judge, either to be done by the said Earle, or Sir *Francis Brian*; for the worthinesse thereof I will here insert: which, as it seemes to me, was compiled at the Authors being in Spaine.

Tagus farewell, which Westward with thy streames
Turn'st up the graines of gold, already try'd,
For I with spur and saile goe seek the Thames,
Against the Sun that shewes his wealthy pride,
And to the Towne that *Brutus* sought by dreames,
Like bended Moon, that leanes her lusty side,
To seeke my Country now, for whom I live;
O mighty *Jove*, for this the winds me give.

The Lady GERALDINE to HENRY HOWARD, Earle of Surrey.

SUch greeting as the noble Surrey sends,
The like to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A Maidens thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other termes or complements to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in farre richer words:
But all is one, my faith as firme shall prove,
As hers that makes the greatest shew of love.
In *Cupid's* Schoole I never read those bookes,
Whose Lectures oft we practise in our lookes,

Nor

Nor ever did ſuſpitious rivall eye
Yet lie in wait my favours to eſpie;
My Virgin thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chaſte bluſhes ſitting on my cheeke:
As in a Feaver I doe ſhiver yet,
Since firſt my pen was to the paper ſet.
If I doe erre, you knovv my Sexe is weake,
Feare proves a fault where Maids are forc'd to ſpeake.
Doe I not ill? Ah ſooth me not herein;
O, if I doe, reprove me of my ſin:
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach my ſelfe, my ſelfe to chide.
Nay, noble Surrey, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldneſſe ſhould returne my guilt:
For that ſhould be ev'n from our ſelves conceal'd,
VVhich is diſclos'd, if to our thoughts reveal'd;
For the leaſt motion, more the ſmalleſt breath,
That may impeach our modeſty, is death.
The Page that brought thy Letters to my hand,
(Methinkes) ſhould marvell at my ſtrange demand:
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie
The nakednеſſe of my immodeſtie,
VVhich in my face he greater might have ſeen,
But that my Fan I quickly put between;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
" Feare ſeeing all, feares it of all is ſpi'd.
Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintaine his light;
The blaze aſcending, forced by the ſmoke,
Living by that which ſeekes the ſame to choke:
The flame ſtill hanging in the aire, doth burne,
Untill drawne downe, it backe againe returne:
Then cleare, then dim, then ſpreadeth, and then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſſe loſeth;

As well the beſt diſcerning eye may doubt,
VVhether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheeke my ſundry paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhie pale, and now againe it glow'd.
If in your Verſe there be a pow'r to move,
It's you alone, who are the cauſe I love,
It's you bewitch my boſome by mine eare;
Unto that end I did not place you there:
Aires to aſſwage the bloudy ſouldiers mind,
Poore women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'le thinke, that I theſe termes inforce,
For that in Court this kindneſſe is of courſe:
Or that it is that honey-ſteeped gall,
VVe oft are ſaid to bait our loves withall;
That in one eye we carry ſtrong deſire,
In th' other drops, which quickly quench that fire.
Ah, what ſo falſe can Envie ſpeake of us,
But it ſhall find ſome vainly credulous?
I doe not ſo, and to adde proofe thereto,
I love in faith, in faith, ſweet Lord, I doe:
Nor let the envie of invenom'd tongues,
VVhich ſtill is grounded on poore Ladies wrongs,
Thy noble breaſt diſaſterly poſſeſſe,
By any doubt to make my love the leſſe.
My Houſe from Florence I doe not pretend,
Nor from thoſe *Geralds* claime I to deſcend;
Nor hold thoſe honours inſufficient are,
That I receive from Deſmond, or Kildare:
Nor adde I greater worth unto my bloud,
Than Iriſh milke to give me infant-food;
Nor better aire will ever boaſt to breathe,
Than that of Lemſter, Munſter, or of Meath:
Nor crave I other forraine farre Allies,
Than Windſor's, or *Fitz-Gerald's* Families:

It

It is enough to leave unto my Heires,
If they but please t' acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place ever did the Court remove,
But that the House gives matter to my Love?
At Windsor still I see thee sit, and walke,
There mount thy Courser, there devise, there talke.
The Robes, the Garter, and the state of Kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped Greatnesse brings:
None-such, the name imports (me thinkes) so much,
None such as it, nor as my Lord, none such:
In Hamptons great magnificence I find
The lively Image of thy Princely mind:
Faire Richmonds Tow'rs like goodly Trophies stand,
Rear'd by the pow'r of thy victorious hand:
White-Halls triumphing Galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich devices of thy wit:
In Greenwich still, as in a glasse, I view,
Where last thou bad'st thy *Geraldine* adiew.
With ev'ry little perling breath that blowes,
How are my thoughts confus'd with joyes and woes!
As through a gate, so through my longing eares
Passe to my heart whole multitudes of feares.
O, in a Map that I might see thee show
The place where now in danger thou do'st goe!
Whilst we discourse, to travell with our eye
Romania, Tuscan, and faire Lumbardy;
Or with thy pen exactly to set downe
The Modell of that Temple, or that Towne:
And to relate at large where thou hast been,
As there, and there, and what thou there hast seen;
Expressing in a Figure, by thy hand,
How Naples lies, how Florence faire doth stand:
Or as the Grecians finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a river in a little line,

And with a drop, a Gulfe to figure out,
To modell Venice, moted round about;
Then adding more, to counterfeit a Sea,
And draw the Front of ſtately Genoa.
Theſe from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now do ſound like Mandrakes dreadfull grones.
Some travell hence, t' inrich their minds with skill,
Leave here their good, and bring home others ill;
VVhich ſeem to like all Countries but their owne,
Affecting moſt, where they the leaſt are knowne:
Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,
As they had been in ſev'rall Countries bred;
In their attire, their geſture, and their gate,
Found in each one, in all Italionate,
So well in all deformity in faſhion,
Borrowing a limbe of ev'ry ſev'rall Nation;
And nothing more than England hold in ſcorne,
So live as ſtrangers whereas they were borne.
But thy returne in this I doe not reade,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeed:
O God forbid that *Howards* noble line,
From ancient Vertue ſhould ſo farre decline.
The Muſes traine (whereof your ſelfe are chiefe)
Onely to me participate their griefe:
To ſooth their humours, I doe lend them eares,
" He gives a Poet, that his Verſes heares.
Till thy returne by hope they onely live;
Yet had they all, they all away would give:
The world and they, ſo ill according bee,
That wealth and Poets never can agree.
Few live in Court that of their good have care,
The Muſes friends are every where ſo rare.
Some praiſe thy worth (that it did never know,)
Onely becauſe the better ſort doe ſo,

Whoſe

Whoſe judgement never further doth extend,
Than it doth pleaſe the greateſt to commend;
So great an ill upon deſert doth chance,
VVhen it doth paſſe by beaſtly ignorance.
VVhy art thou ſlacke, whilſt no man puts his hand
¶ To raiſe the mount where Surrey's towers muſt ſtand?
Or who the ground fill of that worke doth lay,
VVhilſt like a Wand'rer thou abroad do'ſt ſtray,
Clip'd in the armes of ſome laſcivious Dame,
VVhen thou ſhouldſt reare an *Ilion* to thy name?
When ſhall the Muſes by faire Norwich dwell,
To be the City of the learned Well?
Or *Phœbus* Altars there with incenſe heap'd,
As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept?
Or when ſhall that faire hoofe-plow'd Spring diſtill
From great Mount-Surrey, out of *Leonards* Hill?
Till thou returne, the Court I will exchange
For ſome poore Cottage, or ſome Country Grange,
VVhere to our Diſtaves, as we ſit and ſpin,
My Maid and I will tell what things have bin.
Our Lutes unſtrung ſhall hang upon the wall,
Our leſſons ſerve to wrap our towe withall,
And paſſe the night, whiles Winter tales we tell,
Of many things, that long ague befell:
Or tune ſuch homely Carrols as were ſung
In Country ſport, when we our ſelves were young,
In pretty Riddles to bewray our Loves,
In queſtions, purpoſe, or in drawing Gloves.
The nobleſt Spirits, to Vertue moſt inclin'd,
Theſe here in Court thy greateſt want doe find:
Others there be, on which we feed our eie,
¶ Like Arras-worke, or ſuch like Imagerie:
Many of us deſire Queen *Kath'rines* ſtate,
But very few her Vertues imitate.

Then, as *Ulysses* wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy selfe to mee.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Than Windsor's, or Fitz-Gerald's *Families.*

THe cost of many Kings, which from time to time have adorned the Castle at Windsor with their Princely magnificence, hath made it more noble than that it need to be spoken of now, as though obscure; and I hold it more meet to referre you to our vulgar Monuments, for the Founders and Finishers thereof, than to meddle with matter nothing neere the purpose. As for the Family of the *Fitz-Geralds*, of whence this excellent Lady was lineally descended, the originall was English, though the branches did spread themselves into distant places, and names nothing consonant, as in former times it was usuall to denominate themselves of their Manours, or Forenames: as may partly appeare in that which ensueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy friend, Master *Francis Thinne*. *Walter* of Windsor, the sonne of *Otuus*, had to issue *William*, of whom *Henry*, now Lord Windsor, is descended, and *Robert* of Windsor, of whom, *Robert* the now Earle of Essex, and *Gerald* of Windsor his third sonne, who married the daughter of *Rees*, the great Prince of Wales, of whom came *Nesta*, Paramour to *Henry* the First: Which *Gerald* had issue *Maurice Fitz-Gerald*, ancestor to *Thomas Fitz-Maurice* Justice of Ireland, buried at Trayly; leaving issue *John* his eldest sonne, first Earle of Kildare, ancestor to *Geraldine*, and *Maurice* his second sonne, first Earle of Desmond.

To raise the Mount where Surrey's Tow'rs must stand.

Alluding to the sumptuous House which was afterward builded by him upon Leonards Hill, right against Norwich; which, in the Rebellion of Norfolke under *Ket*, in King *Edward* the Sixths time, was much defaced by that impure Rabble. Betwixt the Hill and the City, as *Alexander Neval* describes it, the river of Yarmouth runnes, having West and South thereof a Wood, and a little Village called Thorpe; and on the North, the pastures of Mousholl, which containe about five miles in length

length and breadth. So that beſides the ſtately greatneſſe of Mount-Surrey, which was the Houſes name, the proſpect and ſight thereof was paſsing pleaſant and commodious; and no where elſe did that increaſing evill of the Norfolke Furie enkennell it ſelfe then, but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of their intent, to debaſe all high things, and to profane all holy.

Like Arras-worke, or ſuch like Imagerie.

Such was he whom *Juvenal* taxeth in this manner:

——*Truncoque ſimillimus Hermæ*
Nullo quippe alio vincit diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit imago.

Seeming to be borne for nothing elſe but apparrell, and the outward appearance, intituled Complement: with whom the ridiculous Fable of the Ape in *Æſop* ſorteth fitly; who comming into a Carvers houſe, and viewing many Marble workes, tooke up the head of a man, very cunningly wrought: who greatly in praiſing, did ſeeme to pitie it, that having ſo comely an out-ſide, it had nothing within; like empty Figures, walke and talke in every place: at whom the noble *Geraldine* modeſtly glanceth.

The Lady JANE GRAY to the Lord GILFORD DUDLEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Edward *the Sixth his timeleſſe life bereft;*
(Though doubtfully) yet his Dominion left
To his ſiſter Mary: *but by* Henry Gray,
Then Duke of Suffolke, bearing mighty ſway,

With the consent, and by the pow'rfull hand
Of John, *the stout Duke of Northumberland,*
His fourth sonne, Gilford Dudley, *they affi'd*
To faire Jane Gray, *which by the mothers side*
Some title claim'd: this marriage them between,
The Lady Jane *was here proclaimed Queen.*
But Mary *soon prevailing by her pow'r,*
Caused those two preserved in the Tow'r,
There to be prison'd; where, their blame to quite,
They each to other these Epistles write.

MIne own deare Lord, sith thou art lock'd from me,
In this disguise my love must steale to thee,
Since to renue all loves, all kindnesse past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.
My Keeper comming, I of thee inquire,
VVho with thy greeting answers my desire;
VVhich my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe stops my words, and I but strive in vaine:
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haste he goes,
When through my lips my heart thrusts forth my woes.
But then the doores that make a dolefull sound,
Drive back my words, that in the noise are drown'd,
Which somewhat hush'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word:
VVhen like an adverse wind in Isis course,
Against the Tide bending his boistrous force;
But when the floud hath wrought it selfe about,
He following on, doth head-long thrust it out:
Thus strive my sighes with teares ere they begin,
And breaking out, againe sighes drive them in.
A thousand formes present my troubled thought,
Yet prove abortive e're they forth are brought.
"The depth of woe with words we hardly sound,
"Sorrow is so insensibly profound.

As

As teares doe fall and riſe, ſighes come and goe,
So doe theſe numbers ebbe, ſo doe they flow.
Theſe briny teares doe make my inke look pale,
My inke clothes teares in this ſad mourning vale,
The letters mourners, weep with my dim eie,
The paper pale, griev'd at my miſerie.
Yet miſerable our ſelves why ſhould we deem,
Sith none are ſo, but in their owne eſteem?
"VVho in diſtreſſe from reſolution flies,
"Is rightly ſaid, to yeeld to miſeries.
¶ They which begot us, did beget this ſin,
They firſt begun, what did our griefe begin:
We taſted not, 'twas they which did rebell,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell:
They which a Crown would to my Lord have link'd,
All hope of life and liberty extinct;
A ſubject borne, a Soy'raigne to have been,
Hath made me now, nor ſubject, nor a Queen.
Ah vile Ambition, how do'ſt thou deceive us,
Which ſhew'ſt us Heav'n, and yet in Hell do'ſt leave us?
"Seldome untouch'd doth innocence eſcape,
"When errour commeth in good counſels ſhape,
"A lawfull title counterbeckes proud Might,
"The weakeſt things become ſtrong props to right.
Then, my deare Lord, although affliction grieve us,
Yet let our ſpotleſſe innocence relieve us.
"Death but an acted paſſion doth appeare,
"Where truth gives courage, and the conſcience cleare.
And let thy comfort thus conſiſt in mine,
That I beare part of whatſoe're is thine;
As when we liv'd untouch'd with theſe diſgraces,
When as our Kingdome was our deare embraces:
¶ At Durham Palace, where ſweet *Hymen* ſang,
Whoſe buildings with our Nuptiall muſicke rang:

When Prothalamions prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
When they devis'd to linke by Wedlockes band,
The Houſe of Suffolke to Northumberland;
Our fatall Dukedome to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this building on ſo weake a ground.
For what availes a lawleſſe Uſurpation,
VVhich gives a Scepter, but not rules a Nation?
Onely the ſurfet of a vaine opinion:
"What gives content, gives what exceeds Dominion.

¶ When firſt mine eares were pierced with the fame
Of *Jane*, proclaimed by a Princeſſe name,
A ſudden fright my trembling heart appalls:
"The feare of conſcience entreth iron walls.
Thrice happy for our fathers had it been,
If what we fear'd, they wiſely had fore-ſeen,
And kept a meane gate, in an humble path,
To have eſcap'd the Heav'ns impetuous wrath.
The true-bred Eagle ſtrongly ſtems the wind,
And not each Bird reſembling their brave kind;
He, like a King, doth from the clouds command
The fearfull Fowle, that move but neere the land.

Though *Mary* be from mighty Kings deſcended,
My bloud not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
¶ My Grandſire *Brandon* did our Houſe advance,
By Princely *Mary*, Dowager of France:
The fruit of that faire ſtocke, which did combine,
And York's ſweet branch with Lancaſter's entwine,
And in one ſtalke did happily unite
The pure Vermilion Roſe, and purer White;
I, the untimely Slip of that rich Stem,
VVhoſe golden Bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh, forgive me, Lord, it is not I,
Nor doe I boaſt of this, but learne to die:

Whilſt

Whilſt we were as our ſelves, conjoyned then,
Nature to Nature, now an Alien.
"To gaine a Kingdome, who ſpares their next blood?
"Neerneſſe contemn'd, if Sov'raignty withſtood.
"A Diadem once dazeling the eye,
"The day too darke to ſee affinitie;
"And where the arme is ſtretch'd to reach a Crowne,
"Friendſhip is broke, the deareſt things thrown down:
For what great *Henry* moſt ſtrove to avoid, (ſtroi'd.
The Heav'ns have built, where Earth would have de-
And ſeating *Edward* on his Regall Throne,
He gives to *Mary* all that was his owne,
By death aſſuring what by life is theirs,
The lawfull claime of *Henries* lawfull heires.
By mortall Lawes the bond may be divorc'd,
But Heav'ns decree by no meanes can be forc'd:
That rules the caſe, when men have all decreed,
Who took him hence fore-ſaw who ſhould ſucceed;
For we in vaine relie on humane Lawes,
When Heaven ſtands forth to plead the righteous cauſe:
Thus rule the Skies in their continuall courſe,
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
"Mans wit doth build for Time but to devoure,
"But Vertue's free from Time and Fortunes pow'r.
Then my kind Lord, ſweet *Gilford*, be not griev'd,
The ſoule is heavenly, and from Heaven reliev'd;
And as we once have plighted troth together,
Now let us make exchange of minds to either:
To thy faire breaſt take my reſolved mind,
Arm'd againſt blacke Deſpaire, and all her kind;
Into my boſome breathe that ſoule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine:
So ſhall our faiths as firmly be approved,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloved.

This

This life, no life, wert thou not deare to mee,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.
Thou my deare husband, and my Lord before,
But truely learne to die, thou ſhalt be more.
Now live by praier, on Heaven fixe all thy thought,
And ſurely find, what e're by zeale is ſought:
For each good motion that the ſoule awakes,
A Heavenly figure ſees, from whence it takes
That ſweet reſemblance, which by power of kind,
Formes (like it ſelfe) an image in the mind,
And in our faith the operations bee,
Of that divineneſſe which through that we ſee;
VVhich never erres, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleſhes imbecillity;
By each temptation over apt to ſlide,
Except our ſpirit becomes our bodies guide:
For as theſe towers our bodies doe incloſe,
So our ſoules priſons verily are thoſe:
Our bodies, ſtopping that celeſtiall light,
As theſe doe hinder our exteriour ſight;
Whereon death ſeazing, doth diſcharge the debt,
And us at bleſſed liberty doth ſet.
Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſſe of this earthly part,
And on theſe three let thy aſſurance lie,
On Faith, Repentance, and Humilitie;
By which, to Heav'n aſcending by degrees,
Perſiſt in praier upon your bended knees:
Whereon if you aſſuredly be ſtai'd,
You need in perill not to be diſmai'd,
Which ſtill ſhall keep you, that you ſhall not fall,
For any perill that can you appall:
The Key of Heav'n thus with you you ſhall beare,
And Grace you guiding, get you entrance there;

And

And you of thoſe celeſtiall joyes poſſeſſe,
Which mortall tongue's unable to expreſſe.
Then thanke the Heav'n, preparing us this roome,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdome,
Before the blacke and diſmall daies begin,
The daies of all Idolatry and Sin,
Not ſuff'ring us to ſee that wicked age,
When Perſecution vehemently ſhall rage;
When Tyrannie new tortures ſhall invent,
To inflict vengeance on the innocent.
Yet Heav'n forbid, that *Maries* womb ſhould bring
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King;
But ſhe to faire *Elizabeth* ſhall leave it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receive it:
And on her temples having plac'd the Crowne,
Root out the dregs Idolatry hath ſowne;
And Sions glory ſhall againe reſtore,
Laid ruine, waſte, and deſolate before:
And from blacke cinders, and rude heaps of ſtones,
Shall gather up the Martyrs ſacred bones:
And ſhall extirp the pow'r of Rome againe,
And caſt aſide the heavie yoke of Spaine.
Farewell, ſweet *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heav'n is our home, we are but ſtrangers here:
Let us make haſte to goe unto the bleſt,
Which from theſe weary worldly labours reſt.
And with theſe lines, my deareſt Lord, I greet thee,
Untill in Heav'n thy *Jane* againe ſhall meet thee.

Annota-

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

They which begot us, did beget this sin.

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes their fathers, whose pride was the cause of the utter overthrow of their children.

At Durham Palace, where sweet Hymen *sang,*
The buildings, &c.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, fourth son to *John Dudley* Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady *Jane Gray*, daughter to the Duke of Suffolke, at Durham house in the Strand.

When first mine eares were pierced with the fame
Of Jane, *proclaimed by a Princesse name.*

Presently upon the death of King *Edward*, the Lady *Jane* was taken as Queen, conveyed by water to the Tower of London for her safety, and after proclaimed in divers parts of the Realm, as so ordained by King *Edwards* Letters Patents, and his Will.

My Grandsire Brandon *did our House advance,*
By Princely Mary, *Dowager of France.*

Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolke, married *Frances* the eldest daughter of *Charles Brandon*, Duke of Suffolke, by the French Queen; by which *Frances* he had this Lady *Jane*: This *Mary* the French Queen, was daughter to King *Henry* the Seventh, by *Elizabeth* his Queen; which happy marriage conjoyned the two noble Families of Lancaster and Yorke.

For what great Henry *most strove to avoid.*

Noting the distrust that King *Henry* the Eight ever had in the Princesse *Mary* his daughter, fearing she would alter the state of Religion in the Land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that King *Henries* issue had to the Crowne.

But she to faire Elizabeth *shall leave it.*

A Prophesie of Queen *Maries* barrennesse, and of the happy and glorious raigne of Queen *Elizabeth*, her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the Romish servitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spaine.

GILFORD

GILFORD DUDLEY
To the Lady
JANE GRAY.

AS the Swan ſinging at his dying hou'r,
So I reply from my impris'ning tow'r:
O, could there be that pow'r but in my Verſe,
T' expreſſe the griefe which my ſad heart doth pierce!
The very walls that ſtraitly thee incloſe,
Would ſurely weep at reading of my woes;
Let your eyes lend, I'le pay you every teare,
And give you int'reſt, if you doe forbeare,
Drop for a drop, and if you'le needs have lone,
I will repay you frankly, two for one.
Perhaps you'le thinke (your ſorrowes to appeaſe)
That words of comfort fitter were than theſe:
True, and in you when ſuch perfection liveth,
As in moſt griefe, me now moſt comfort giveth.
But thinke not, *Jane*, that cowardly I faint,
To begge mans mercy by my ſad complaint,
That death ſo much my courage can controle,
At the departing of my living ſoule.
For if one life a thouſand lives could be,
All thoſe too few to conſummate with thee,
When thou this croſſe ſo patiently doeſt beare,
As if thou wert incapable of feare,

And

And doeſt no more this diſſolution flie,
Than if long age conſtrained thee to die.
Yet it is ſtrange, thou art become my foe,
And only now add'ſt moſt unto my woe;
Not that I loath what moſt did me delight,
But that ſo long deprived of thy ſight:
For when I ſpeake, and would complaine my wrong,
Straight-waies thy name poſſeſſeth all my tongue,
As thou before me evermore didſt lie
The preſent object to my longing eie.
No ominous Starre did at thy birth-tide ſhine,
That might of thy ſad deſtinie divine;
'Tis only I that did thy fall perſwade,
And thou by me a ſacrifice art made,
As in thoſe countries, where the loving wives
With their kind husbands end their happy lives,
And crown'd with Garlands, in their Brides attire
Burne with his body in the fun'rall fire;
And ſhe the worthieſt reck'ned is of all,
Whom leaſt the perill ſeemeth to appall.
I boaſt not of Northumberlands great name,
¶ (Nor of *Ket* conquer'd, adding to our fame)
When he to Norfolke with his armies ſped,
And thence in chaines the Rebels captive led,
And brought ſafe peace returning to our dores,
Yet ſpread his glory on the Eaſterne ſhores:
¶ Nor of my brothers, from whoſe naturall grace
Vertue may ſpring to beautifie our Race;
¶ Nor of *Grayes* match, my children borne by thee,
Of the great bloud undoubtedly to be:
But of thy Vertue only doe I boaſt,
That wherein I may juſtly glory moſt.
I crav'd no Kingdomes, though I thee did crave,
It me ſuffic'd thy only ſelfe to have:

Yet

Yet let me ſay, how ever it befell,
Me thinkes, a crowne ſhould have becom'd thee well:
For ſure thy wiſedome merited (or none)
¶ To have been heard with wonder from a throne;
When from thy lips the counſell to each deed,
Doth as from ſome wiſe Oracle proceed.
And more eſteem'd thy Vertues were to me,
Than all that elſe might ever come by thee:
So chaſte thy love, ſo innocent thy life,
As being a virgin when thou wert a wife;
So great a gift the Heav'n on me beſtow'd,
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd:
Such was the good I did poſſeſſe of late,
Ere wordly care diſturb'd our quiet ſtate;
Ere trouble did in ev'ry place abound,
And angry warre our former peace did wound.
But to know this, ambition us affords,
" One Crowne is guarded with a thouſand ſwords;
" To meane eſtates meane ſorrowes are but ſhowne,
" But crowns have cares, whoſe workings be unknown.
¶ When *Dudley* led his armies to the Eaſt,
Of our whole forces gen'rally poſſeſt,
What then was thought his enterpriſe could let,
¶ Whom a grave Councell freely did abet,
That had the judgement of the pow'rfull Lawes,
In ev'ry point to juſtifie the cauſe?
The holy Church a helping hand that laid, (ſwaid?
Who would have thought that theſe could not have
But what (alas) can Parlaments availe,
Where *Maries* right muſt *Edwards* acts repeale?
¶ When Suffolkes power doth Suffolkes hopes with-
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland; (ſtand,
And they that ſhould our Greatneſſe undergoe,
Us and our actions only overthrow.

Ere

Ere greatneſſe gain'd, we give it all our heart,
But being once come, we wiſh it would depart,
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
Which overtaken puniſheth our haſte.
If any one doe pity our offence,
Let him be ſure that he be farre from hence:
Here is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as once commiſerate our fall:
And we of mercy vainly ſhould but thinke,
Our timeleſſe teares th' inſatiate earth doth drinke.
All lamentations utterly forlorne,
Dying before they fully can be borne.
Mothers that ſhould their wofull children rue,
Fathers in death to kindly bid adue,
Friends their deare farwell lovingly to take,
The faithfull ſervant weeping for our ſake,
Brothers and ſiſters waiting on our Beere,
Mourners to tell what we were living heere:
But we (alas) deprived are of all,
So fatall is our miſerable fall.
And where at firſt for ſafety we were ſhut,
Now in darke priſon wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious ſtate,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perſwaſion thus I then reply,
Hold on thy courſe reſolved ſtill to dye,
And when we ſhall ſo happily be gone,
Leave it to Heaven to give the rightfull Throne,
And with that health regreet I thee againe,
Which I of late did gladly entertaine.

Annota-

Annotations of the Chronicle History.

Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame.

John, Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earle of Warwicke, in his expedition against *Ket*, overthrew the Rebels of Norfolke and Suffolke, incamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolke.

Nor of my brothers, from whose naturall grace.

Gilford Dudley, as remembring in this place the towardnesse of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to have raised that House of the *Dudleyes*, of which he was a fourth brother, if not suppressed by their fathers overthrow.

Nor of Grayes *match, my children borne by thee.*

Noting in this place the alliance of the Lady *Jane Gray* by her mother, which was *Frances*, the daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by *Mary* the French Queen, daughter to *Henry* the seventh, and sister to *Henry* the eighth.

To have been heard with wonder from a Throne.

Seldome hath it ever been knowne of any woman indued with such wonderfull gifts, as was this Lady, both for her wisedome and learning: Of whose skill in the Tongues, one reporteth by this Epigram,

Miraris *Janam Graio* sermone valere?
Quo primùm nata est tempore *Graia* fuit.

When Dudley *led his Army to the East.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition against the rebels in Norfolke, and making haste away, appointed the rest of his Forces to meet him at New-Market Heath: of whom this saying is reported, That passing thorow Shore-ditch, the Lord *Gray* in his company, seeing the people in great numbers came to see him, he said: The people presse to see us, but none bid God speed us.

Whom a grave Councell freely did abet.

John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when he went out against Queen *Mary*, had his Commission sealed for the generalship of the Army, by the consent of the whole Councell of the land:

land: insomuch, that passing thorow the Councell Chamber at his departure, the Earle of Arundel wished, That he might have gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his bloud in the quarrell.

When Suffolks pow'r doth Suffolks hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland.

The Suffolke men were the first that ever resorted to Queene *Mary* in her distresse, repairing to her succours whilst shee remained both at Keningall and at Fremingham Castle, still increasing her aides, untill the Duke of Northumberland was left forsaken at Cambridge.

A Catalogue of the Heroicall LOVES.

THe world's faire Rose, and *Henries* frosty fire,
John's tyranny, and chaste *Matilda's* wrong,
Th' inraged Queen, and furious *Mortimer*,
The Scourge of France, and his chaste love I sung,
Deposed *Richard*, *Isabel* exil'd,
The gallant *Tudor*, and faire *Katherine*,
Duke *Humphrey*, and old *Cobhams* hapless childe,
Couragious *Poole*, and that brave spiritfull Queen,
Edward, and the delicious London Dame,
Brandon, and that rich Dowager of France,
Surrey, with his faire Paragon of fame,
Dudley's mishap, and vertuous *Gray's* mischance;
Their sev'rall loves since I before have showne,
Now give me leave at last to sing mine owne.

FINIS.

THE LEGENDS OF

Robert, Duke of Normandie.
Matilda, the Faire.
Pierce Gaveſton, Earl of Cornwal.
Thomas Cromwel, Earle of Eſſex.

By *Michael Drayton*, Eſquire.

LONDON,
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THE LEGEND OF *ROBERT* DUKE OF NORMANDIE.

WHat time ſoft night had ſilently begun
To ſteale by minutes on the long liv'd daies,
The furious Dog-ſtarre following the bright Sunne,
With noiſome heat infeſts his chearfull rayes,
Filling the earth with many a ſad diſeaſe;
Which then inflam'd with their intemp'rate fires,
Her ſelfe in light habilliments attires.

And the rathe morning newly but awake,
Was with freſh beauty burniſhing her browes,
Her ſelfe beholding in the gen'rall Lake,
To which ſhe payes her never-ceaſing vowes,
With the new day me willingly to rowze,
Downe to faire Thames I gently tooke my way,
With whom the winds continually doe play.

Striving to fancie his chaſte breaſt to move,
Whereas all pleaſures plentifully flow,
When him along the wanton tide doth ſhove,
And to keep backe, they eaſily doe blow,
Or elſe force forward, thinking him too ſlow;
Who with his waves would checke the winds im-
Whilſt they fan aire upon his cryſtall face. (brace,

Still

Still forward ſalliyng from his bounteous ſourſe,
Along the ſhores laſciviouſly doth ſtraine,
Making ſuch ſtrange *Meanders* in his courſe,
As to his fountaine he would backe againe,
Or turn'd about to looke upon his traine;
Whoſe ſundry ſoiles with coy regards he greets,
Till with cleare Medway happily he meets.

Steering my compaſſe by this wand'ring ſtreame,
Whoſe flight preach't to me times ſwift-poſting hou'rs,
Delighted thus as with ſome pretty dreame,
Where pleaſure wholly had poſſeſs'd my pow'rs,
And looking backe on Londons ſtately tow'rs,
So Troy, thought I, her ſtately head did rere,
Whoſe crazed ribs the furrowing plow doth eyre.

Weary, at length a Willow tree I found,
Which on the banke of this brave river ſtood,
Whoſe root with rich graſſe greatly did abound,
Forc'd by the fluxure of the ſwelling flood,
Ordain'd (it ſeem'd) to ſport his Nymphiſh brood,
Whoſe curled top envi'd the Heav'ns great eye
Should view the ſtocke it was maintained by.

The Larke, that holds obſervance to the Sunne,
Quaver'd her cleare notes in the quiet aire,
And on the rivers murmuring baſe did runne,
Whilſt the pleas'd Heav'n her faireſt liv'rie ware,
The place ſuch pleaſure gently did prepare;
The flow'rs my ſmell, the cloud my taſte to ſteep,
And the much ſoftneſſe lulled me aſleep.

When

When in a vision as it seem'd to me,
Triumphall Musick from the Floud arose,
As when the Sov'raigne we embarged see,
And by faire London for his pleasure rowes,
Whose tender welcome the glad Citie showes:
The people swarming on the pest'red shoares,
And the curl'd water over-spread with oares.

A troupe of Nymphs came suddenly on land,
In the full end of this Triumphall sound,
And me incompass'd, taking hand in hand,
Casting themselves about me in a round,
And so downe set them on the easie ground,
Bending their cleare eyes with a modest grace
Upon my swart and melancholy face.

Next 'twixt two Ladies came a goodly Knight,
As newly brought from some distressefull place,
To mee who seemed some right worthy Wight,
Though his attire were miserably base,
And time had worne deep furrowes in his face;
Yet, though cold age had frosted his faire haires,
It rather seem'd with sorrow than with yeares.

The one a Lady of a Princely port,
Leading this sad Lord scarcely that could stand;
The other fleering in disdainfull sort,
With scornfull gestures drew him by the hand:
Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a band,
When I perceived neerer as they came,
This foole was Fortune, and the braver Fame.

Fame had the right hand in a robe of gold,
(Whose traine old Time obsequiously did beare)
Whereon in rich embrod'rie was enrol'd
The names of all that Worthies ever were,
Which all might reade depainted lively there,
Set downe in loftie well-composed Verse,
Fit'st the great deeds of Heroes to reherse.

On her faire breast she two broad Tablets wore,
Of Crystall one, the other Ebonie,
On which ingraven were all names of yore
In the cleare Tombe of living Memorie,
Or the black Book of endlesse Obloquie:
The first with Poets and with Conqu'rors pyl'd,
That with base Worldlings ev'ry where defil'd.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
Her present force and after-during might,
Which softly spoke, farre off were heard to thunder
About the world, that quickly took their flight,
And brought the most obscurest things to light;
That still the farther off, the greater still
Did make our good, or manifest our ill.

Fortune, as blind as he whom she did lead,
Changing her feature often in an houre,
Fantastically carrying her head,
Soone would she smile, and suddenly would lowre,
And with one breath her words were sweet & sowre:
Upon starke fooles she amorously would glance,
And upon wise men coily look ascance.

About her necke, in manner of a chaine,
Torne Diadems and broken Scepters hung,
If any on her ſtedfaſtly did leane,
Them to the ground deſpightfully ſhe flung,
And in this poſture as ſhe paſt along,
She bags of gold out of her boſome drew,
VVhich ſhe to Sots and arrant Ideots threw.

A duskie Vaile did hide her ſightleſſe eies,
Like clouds that cover our uncertaine lives,
Whereon were portrey'd direfull Tragedies,
Fooles wearing crowns, and wiſe men clog'd in gyves,
How all things ſhe prepoſtrouſly contrives,
VVhich as a Map, her Regency diſcovers
In Camps, in Courts, and in the way of Lovers.

An eaſie banke neere to this place there was,
A ſeat faire *Flora* us'd to ſit upon,
Curling her cleere lockes in this liquid glaſſe,
Putting her rich gems and attirings on,
Fitter than this about us there was none:
Where they ſet downe that poore diſtreſſed man,
When to the purpoſe Fortune thus began.

Behold this Duke of Normandie, quoth ſhe,
The heire of *William* Conquerour of this Iſle,
Appealing to be juſtifi'd by thee,
(VVhoſe Tragedy this Poet muſt compile)
He whom I ever have eſteemed vile,
Marking his birth with an unlucky brand;
And yet for him thou com'ſt prepar'd to ſtand.

What art thou, but a tumour of the mind,
A bubble, blowne up by deceitfull breath,
Which never yet exactly wert defin'd,
In whom no wise man e'r reposed faith,
Speaking of few well, untill after death,
That from loole humour hast thy time-lesse birth,
Unknowne to heaven, not much esteem'd on earth?

First, by opinion had'st thou thy creation,
On whom thou still dost servilely attend,
And like whom, long thou keep'st not any fashion;
But with the world uncertainly do'st wend,
Which as a Poste thee up and downe doth send:
Without profane tongues thou canst never rise,
Nor be up-holden, be it not with lies.

In ev'ry corner prying like a thiefe,
And through each cranny like the wind do'st creep,
Apt to report, as easie of beliefe:
What's he, whose counsell thou didst ever keep?
Yet into Closets sawcily dar'st peep,
Telling for truth what thou canst but suppose,
Divulging that which thou shouldst not disclose.

With extreme toile and labour thou art sought,
Death is the way which leadeth to thy Cell,
Onely with bloud thy favour must be bought,
And who will have thee, fetcheth thee from Hell,
Where thou impal'd with fire and sword do'st dwell;
And when thou art in all this perill found,
What art thou? onely but a tinckling sound.

Such

Such as the world doth hold to be but baſe,
Of humane creatures and the moſt doth ſcorne,
That amongſt men ſit in the ſervil'ſt place,
Theſe for the moſt part thou do'ſt moſt ſuborne,
Thoſe follow Fame, whoſe weeds are neerly worne;
Yet thoſe poore wretches cannot come to thee,
Unleſſe preferr'd and dignifi'd by mee.

Thy Trumpet ſuch ſuppoſed to advance,
Is but as thoſe fantaſtically deem,
Whom Folly, Youth, or Frenzie doth inrance,
Nor doth it ſound, but onely ſo doth ſeem,
(Which the wiſe ſort a dotage but eſteem)
Onely thereby the humorous abuſing,
Fondly their errour and thy fault excuſing.

Except in perill, thou do'ſt not appeare;
Yet ſcarcely then, but with intreats and wooing,
Flying far off, when as thou ſhouldſt be neere,
At hand diminiſh'd, and augmented going,
Upon ſlight toyes the greateſt coſt beſtowing,
Oft promiſing mens loſſes to repaire,
Yet the performance but a little aire.

On balefull Herſes (as the fitteſt grounds)
Written with bloud thy ſad Memorials lye,
Whoſe letters are immedicable wounds,
Onely fit objects for the weeping eie;
Thou from the duſt mens worths do'ſt onely trie,
And what before thou falſly didſt deprave,
Thou do'ſt acknowledge onely in the grave.

The World it ſelfe is witneſſe of my pow'r,
Ov'r whom I raigne with the eternall Fates,
VVith whom I ſit in councell ev'ry houre,
On th' alteration of all Times and States,
Setting them downe their changes, and their dates,
In fore-appointing ev'ry thing to come,
Untill the great and univerſall doome.

The Starres to me an everlaſting booke,
In that eternall regiſter, the Skie,
VVhoſe mighty volumes I oft over-looke,
Still turning ov'r the leaves of Deſtinie,
VVhich man I too inviolate denie,
And his fraile will thereby I ſee controul'd,
By ſuch ſtrong clauſes as are there inrol'd.

Predeſtination giving me a being,
Whoſe depth mans wiſedome never yet could ſound,
Into whoſe ſecrets onely I have ſeeing,
VVherein wiſe Reaſon doth her ſelfe confound,
Searching where doubts doe more thereby abound:
For ſacred Texts unlocke the way to mee,
To lighten thoſe that will my glory ſee.

Thoſe names th' old Poets to their gods did give,
VVere only figures to expreſſe my might,
To ſhew the vertues that in Fortune live,
And my much power in this all-moving wight,
Who all their Altars to my God-head dight;
Which alterations upon earth doe bring,
And give them matter ſtill whereon to ſing.

What

What though uncertaine, varying in my course,
I make my changes aime one certaine end,
Crossing mans fore-cast, to make knowne my force,
Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend?
To him least hoping, soonest I doe send,
That all should find, I worthily bestow,
And 'tis a reason, that I thinke it so.

Forth of my lap I powre abundant blisse,
All good proceeds from my all-giving hand,
By me, man happy, or unhappy is,
For whom I sticke, or whom I doe withstand,
And it is I am friendships onely band;
And upon me all greedily take hold,
Which being broke, all worldly love growes cold.

Pawsing she frown'd, when suddenly withall
A fearfull noise ariseth from the flood,
As when a tempest furiously doth fall
Within the thicke waste of some ancient wood;
That in amazement ev'ry mortall stood,
As though her words such pow'rfulnesse did beare,
That each thing seem'd her menaces to feare.

When Fame, yet smiling, mildly thus replies:
Alas (quoth she) what labour thou hast lost?
What wond'rous mists thou cast'st before our eyes?
Yet will the gaine not countervaile the cost,
What would'st thou say, if thou hadst cause so boast,
Which set'st thy state out in such wond'rous sort,
Which, but thy selfe, none ever could report?

For what is Fortune onely, but Event,
Breeding in some a transitory terrour?
A what men will, that falls by accident,
And onely named to excuse their errour?
What else is Fortune? or who doth preferre her?
Or who to her so foolish is to leane,
Which weake Tradition onely doth maintaine?

A Toy, whereon the doting world doth dreame,
First soothed by uncertaine Observation,
Of mens attempts that being the extreme,
Fast'neth thereby on weake Imagination;
Yet notwithstanding all this Usurpation,
Must to thy selfe be incidently loathing,
Most when thou would'st be, that art rightly nothing.

And with the world insinuating thus,
And under so allowable pretence,
Closely incrocheſt on mans *Genius*,
In good and evill taking residence;
And having got this small preheminence,
When to thy selfe a being thou would'st frame,
Art in conclusion onely but a name.

Those Ignorant, which made a god of Nature,
And Natures God divinely never knew,
Were those to Fortune that first built a Stature,
From whom thy worship ignorantly grew,
Which being adored foolishly by few,
Grounded thy looser and uncertaine lawes
Upon so weake and indigent a cause.

Firſt Sloth did hatch thee in her ſleepy Cell,
And thee with eaſe diſhonourably fed,
Delivering thee with Cowardize to dwell,
Which with baſe thoughts continually thee bred,
By Superſtition id'ly being led,
It an Impoſture after did thee make,
Whom for a goddeſſe ſooles doe onely take.

Nor never do'ſt thou any thing fore-caſt,
But as thou art improvident, ſo light,
And this moſt wicked property thou haſt,
That againſt Vertue thou bend'ſt all thy might,
With whom thou wageſt a continuall fight;
The yeelding ſpirit in fetters thou do'ſt bind,
But art a meere ſlave to the conſtant mind.

Such is thy froward and malignant kind,
That what thou do'ſt, thou ſtill do'ſt in deſpight,
And art enamour'd of the barbarous Hind,
VVhom thou do'ſt make thy onely Favourite:
None but the baſe in baſeneſſe doe delight;
For wert thou Heavenly, thou in love would'ſt bee,
VVith that which neereſt doth reſemble thee.

But I alone the Herald am of Heaven,
Whoſe ſpacious Kingdome ſtretcheth far and wide,
Through ev'ry coaſt upon the light'ning driven,
As on the Sun-beames glorioufly I ride,
By them I mount, and downe by them I ſlide,
I regiſter the worlds long-during houres,
And know the high will of th' immortall Powers.

Men to the Starres me guiding them doe clime,
That all dimenſions perfectly expreſſe,
I am alone the vanquiſher of time,
Bearing thoſe ſweets, which cure death's bitterneſſe:
I all good labours plentifully bleſſe,
Yea, all abſtruſe profundities impart,
Leading men through the tedious waies of Art.

My Palace placed betwixt Earth and Skies,
VVhich many a Tower ambitiouſly up beares,
VVhereof the windowes are glaz'd all with eies,
The walls as nearly builded are of eares,
VVhere ev'ry thing in Heaven and Earth appeares,
Nothing ſo ſoftly whiſper'd in the round,
But through my Palace preſently doth ſound.

And under foot floor'd all about with Drums,
The rafters Trumpets, admirably cleare,
Sounding aloud each name that thither comes,
The crannies tongues, and talking ev'ry where,
And all things paſt in memory doe beare,
The doores unlocke with ev'ry little breath,
Nay, open wide with each word which man ſaith.

And hung about with armes and conqu'red ſpoiles;
The poſts whereon the goodly roofe doth ſtand,
Are pillars graven with Herculean toiles:
Th' atchivements great of many a warlike hand,
As well in Chriſtned, as in Heathen Land,
Done by thoſe Nobles that are moſt renown'd,
That there by me immortally are crown'd.

Here,

Here, in the bodies likeneſſe whilſt it lives,
Appeare the thoughts, proceeding from the mind,
To which the place a glorious habit gives,
VVhen onee to me they freely are reſign'd,
To be preſerv'd here and are ſo refin'd,
That when the corps by death doth laſtly periſh,
Then doth this place the minds true image cheriſh.

My beauty never fades, but ſtill new-borne,
As yeeres increaſe, ſo ever waxing young,
My ſtrength is not diminiſhed, nor worne,
Time weak'ning all things, onely makes me ſtrong,
Nor am I ſubject to baſe worldly wrong:
The power of Kings I utterly deſie,
Nor am I aw'd by all their tyrannie.

The brow of Heav'n my Monuments containe,
(And is the mighty regiſter of Fame)
VVhich there in fiery characters remaine,
The gorgeous ſeeling of th' immortall frame,
The Conſtellations publiſhing my name,
VVhere my memorials evermore abide,
So by th' old Poets was I glorifi'd.

Fame having ended, Fortune ſoon began,
Further to urge what ſhe before had ſaid:
VVhen lo (quoth ſhe) Duke *Robert* is the man,
VVhich as my priſoner, I in bonds doe lead,
For whom thou com'ſt againſt me here to plead,
Whom I alone deprived of his Crowne,
Who can raiſe him, that Fortune will have downe?

A Letter

A fitter inſtance, Fame replying, none
Than is Duke *Robert*, Fortune, doe thy worſt,
Greater on man thy might was never ſhowne,
Doing to him all that thou could'ſt or durſt:
And ſince thy turne allotted is the firſt,
Proceed; ſee which the Norman Duke ſhall have,
After ſo long being laid up in his grave.

Quoth Fortune, Then I found th' unſtedfaſt Starre,
VVhoſe luckleſſe working limited his fate,
That mark'd his ſad nativitie with warre,
And brothers moſt unnaturall debate,
As to be puniſh'd by his parents hate:
For that the Kingdome, which the Conqu'ror won,
Should be the wrack of him, his firſt borne ſon.

By that which Nature did on him beſtow,
In him her beſt, that ſtrained her to try,
Thereby himſelfe I made him overthrow,
In humane birth ſo powerfull am I,
Marking his breaſt too openly to lye,
From both his brothers different too farre,
Too mild for peace, too mercifull for warre.

And yet the courage that he did inherit,
And from the greatneſſe of his bloud did take,
Though ſhrowded in ſo peaceable a ſpirit,
When once his wrongs came roughly to awake,
Forth with ſo ſtrange and violent fury brake,
As made the world apparently to ſee
All humane actions managed by mee.

That

That till revenge was wholly him bereft,
(In ev'ry thing oppoſed by my pow'r)
For him to leane to nothing being left,
And danger him moſt threat'ned to devoure,
To the laſt period of the utmoſt houre,
Oft by vaine hopes that he might get my love,
There was no perill, but I made him prove.

For whilſt his father with the Norman ſword,
His proſp'rous entrance upon England made,
I laid the project, that this youthfull Lord
In the meane time did Normandie invade,
Upon his Sire and made him draw his blade;
The meane whereby he thought he could not miſſe
That which he elſe might faile of to make his.

That *Robert* daily in diſgrace might run
With the great Conqu'ror, as he ſtill did grow
Neerer his death; who vexed by his ſon,
(His pride which but too openly did ſhow)
His ſtate deviſed wiſely to beſtow
Upon his ſecond, that his daies to cloſe,
Himſelfe he might more quietly repoſe.

And then, leſt time might chance to coole his blood,
That luckleſſe warre by ſling'ring I ſuppli'd,
That whilſt Duke *Robert* juſtly cenſured ſtood,
For diſobedience and unnaturall pride,
In heat of this the Conqu'ror *William* di'd,
Setting young *Rufus* upon Englands Throne,
Leaving his eldeſt ſtruggling for his owne.

Which

VVhich in ſhort time ſo many miſchiefes bred,
(As ſundry plagues on *William's* off-ſpring ſent)
VVhich ſoon roſe to ſo violent a head,
That policie them no way could prevent,
VVhen to deſtruction all things head-long went;
And in the end, as conſummating all,
Duke *Robert's* irrecoverable fall.

VVhom then I did auſpiciouſly perſwade,
Once more with warre to fright the Engliſh fields,
His brother (then King *William*) to invade,
To make him know the diff'rence of their ſhields;
Where though his Armes he ne'r ſo wiſely wields,
And though by him the Kingdome were not taken,
His Scepter ſhould be violently ſhaken.

Theſe ſundry ſoiles, in both of which was ſowne
(By ſo approv'd and fortunate a hand)
Seed, which to both might proſp'rouſly have growne,
Had they remain'd in friendſhips ſacred band,
In oppoſition when they came to ſtand:
Far wider wounds to either of them lent,
Than all the power that Europe could have ſent.

Thus did I win King *William* in his life,
His conquer'd Realme on *Rufus* to beſtow,
What he had got by ſtrength, to leave in ſtrife,
Thoſe to moleſt that from his ſtock ſhould grow;
Which by my canning I contrived ſo,
To plague his iſſue with a generall ill,
Yet the extreme to fall on *Robert* ſtill.

That

That Prelate *Odo* (that with *William* held)
To Biſhop *Lanfrank* for his deadly ſpight,
That *William* lov'd, againſt the King rebel'd,
With all his power abetting *Roberts* right,
Aided by *Mortain's* and *Montgomerie's* might,
Upon this Land to bring a ſecond warre,
Of her late conqueſt whilſt ſhe bare the ſharre.

And when he was in ſo direct a way,
Great friends at hand his enterprize to backe,
Ready before him, when his entrance lay;
Nor could he thinke of ought that he did lacke,
Yet won I him his enterprize to ſlacke,
Stopping the courſe which rightly he had run,
All to undoe that he before had done.

Thus did I firſt provoke him to that rage,
VVhich had ſo far prevail'd upon his blood,
And at my pleaſure did the ſame aſſwage,
When this brave heat in ſtead might him have ſtood,
So to my humour alt'red I his mood,
By taking armes, his coſt and coine to loſe,
And leaving them to animate his foes.

That by concluding this untimely peace,
I might thereby a ling'ring warre begin,
That whilſt theſe tumults for a while did ceaſe,
William on *Robert* might advantage win;
Thus let I Treaſon ſecretly in,
Giving deceitfull Policie the key,
Into the Cloſet where his counſels lay.

Thus,

Thus, in the habit of a faithfull friend,
I drew into him a moſt dang'rous foe,
His wit that uſed to no other end,
But to clothe Treaſon in a vertuous ſhow,
Which he for currant ſo contriv'd to goe,
As he in ſecret hurt Duke *Robert* more
By this ſoft peace, than in the warre before.

And to thee, Fame, I then my pow'r addreſt,
Nay, thee mine onely inſtrument I made,
That whilſt theſe brothers at this point did reſt,
Robert to warre I wonne thee to perſwade,
With thoſe that went the Soldan to invade,
With great Duke *Godfrey* preſſing forth his bands,
From his proud pow'r to free the holy Lands.

Thus by thee, Fame, did I his humour feed,
The onely way to draw this Duke abroad,
That whilſt at home his preſence moſt ſhould need,
In forraine parts to faſten his aboad;
Him in this manner wiſely I beſtow'd,
That *William* dying, *Robert* being gone,
Henry might ſeat him on the Engliſh Throne.

His eare ſo ſeas'ning with the ſound of Armes,
As in ought elſe no muſicke it could find,
Neither had any feeling of his harmes,
On Paleſtine ſo placed he his mind,
(Clearly that ſhew'd the greatneſſe of his kind)
And him ſo high and with ſuch force did beare,
As when he had moſt cauſe, he leaſt did feare.

Thus

Thus was he throwne into his endleſſe thrall,
Which though the meane deviſed was by mee,
And ev'ry thing was fitted to his fall,
Which none could hinder, though the moſt fore-ſee,
Yet here I made an inſtrument of thee:
" For where deſtruction I doe once pretend,
" All that man doth, ſtill ſorteth to that end.

He gone, and *Rufus* being rob'd of breath,
And *Henry Beaucleark* coveting to raigne,
Offred ſo fairely by King *Williams* death,
Whilſt *Robert* doth in Paleſtine remaine,
Whereby a Kingdome he might eas'ly gaine;
What by his pow'r and ſcience to perſwade,
Himſelfe a Monarch abſolutely made.

Whilſt this great Duke imbraced was by thee,
Which thou as thine do'ſt abſolutely claime,
But finds meere ſhadowes, onely miſſing mee,
And idle caſtles in the aire doth frame;
Lo, ſuch a mighty Monarcheſſe is Fame,
That what ſhe gives, ſo eaſie is to beare,
As none therefore needs violence to feare.

Till *Robert* ſafely from the holy warres
Returning, honour'd by the Pagans flight,
From forraine battels, into civill jarres,
From getting others, for his owne to fight,
Inforc'd to uſe the utmoſt of his might,
With that brave ſword, in Pagan bloud imbru'd,
To ſave himſelfe, by his owne friends purſu'd.

When

When wanting ſummes, the ſinewes of a force,
(Which his high ſpirit too quickly came to find,
Ere he could put himſelfe into his courſe)
Moſt ſtrangely ſeem'd to mollifie his mind;
And on the ſudden *Henry* ſeeming kind,
Offred his love at any rate to buy,
So that faſt to him, he the Duke might tye.

Thus of Duke *Robert* wiſely did he win,
Not then ſo well eſtabliſh'd as he would,
Till he by craft had cloſely cropen in,
Setting himſelfe ſubſtantially to hold,
Offring him great ſummes of bewitching gold,
As yeerly Tribute from this Realme to riſe,
Quite to blot out all former injuries.

Which to the poore Duke yeelding much reliefe,
Henry to paſſe his purpoſes ſo brought,
Whilſt *Robert* yet ſuſpected not that Thiefe,
Which under-hand ſo cunningly him caught:
Of whom, the leaſt when Princely *Robert* thought,
Ev'n in a moment did annoy him more,
Than all thoſe ills that hap'd to him before.

Which to this Lord (beleeving well) unknowne,
And he not finding eas'ly could not flie,
For it a bait into his way was throwne,
Which to avoid, Duke *Robert* look'd too hie:
"Into good minds craft can the eas'lieſt prie:
For in his pliant nature, as a mould,
Well could I caſt what forme ſoe'r I would.

For

For by this Tribute cutting off the claime,
VVhich he, the elder, to his England made,
His former hopes he forcibly did maime,
VVhich for a while by *Henry* being pay'd,
But after by him fraudulently ſtay'd,
As from a fountaine, plenteouſly did ſpring
Th' efficient cauſe of *Robert's* ruining.

VVhen as his friends, ſo well to him that meant,
To take his part, and did their force prepare,
Finding him thus their purpoſe to prevent,
And how thereby 'twas like with him to fare;
Upon King *Henry* planted all their care,
Giving their pow'rs, their peace with him to make,
Gath'red at firſt the Norman part to take.

And I that friendly evermore had been
To the ſtout Normans, which by me had won,
To prove my ſelfe the Earth's Imperious Queen,
And ſhew the world by me what can be done,
To ſpight this *Robert*, *William* Conquerors ſon,
VVith England againſt Normandie doe ſtand,
Conqu'red but lately by the Norman hand.

Their iſſue, which were Conqu'rors of this Iſle,
At Haſtings, which the Engliſh men did tame,
Here natives, graced with the Engliſh ſtile,
To their firſt country carry backe their claime,
Conqueſt returning whence it lately came;
That once as England felt Nueſtria's ſtroke,
To make Nueſtria to beare Englands yoke.

Thoſe

Thoſe angry brothers in the field in Armes,
Than whom there were not two more deadly foes,
Each ſeeking other in the hot'ſt Alarmes,
And at their meeting, changing deadly blowes,
Quickly that meant to win, or ſoon to loſe,
Robert would faine releaſe himſelfe of thrall,
Henry againe doth hotly put for all.

On him, which late in Paleſtine I ſmil'd,
Return'd, at fatall Tenacbray I frowne,
And from his Dukedome him that day exil'd,
Which had he won it, might have worne a Crowne:
And to be ſure him in miſ-hap to drowne,
Laſtly himſelfe he in the fight did loſe,
Taken a priſoner by his trait'rous foes.

Which bound to England baſely did him bring,
Baſelier abus'd and mockt at of his owne,
A Captive where he ſhould have been a King;
Such was the lot by me upon him throwne:
There to lament his miſery alone,
Preſcrib'd to one poore ſolitary place,
Who ſhould have progreſs'd all a Kingdomes ſpace.

Could humane knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or reaſon ſound the depth of things divine,
The world amazed at Duke *Roberts* ſtate,
Might thinke no power to be compar'd to mine;
And wiſh the gods would all to me reſigne:
In this mans fall apparently to ſee,
Above the Stars what might there reſts in mee.

That

That Blade on him in battell which had power,
Was too much blunted to abridge his dayes,
Time, that ſo faſt from all away doth ſcowre,
Deferres his end with dilatory ſtayes,
Whilſt he his brothers tyrannie obayes,
That he in life a thouſand deaths might dye;
Where I will plague, ſo tyrannous am I.

The while in Cardiffe he a captive lies,
Whoſe windowes were but niggards of their light,
I wrought, this *Henrie's* rage not to ſuffice,
But that he rob'd Duke *Robert* of his ſight,
To turne this little piece of day to night,
As though that ſenſe, whoſe want ſhould be the laſt
To all things living, he the firſt ſhould taſte.

That *Robert* ſo unfortunately blind,
No outward object might diſperſe his care,
The better to illuminate his mind,
To ſee his ſorrowes throughly what they were,
To doe ſo much to this great Prince I dare,
By taking from him that which ſerv'd him beſt,
To his affliction to turne all the reſt.

And when he was bereaved of his eaſe,
With the remembrance of ſo hainous wrong,
Upon his breaſt ſo ſtrongly that did ſeize,
And his ſad heart ſo violently ſtung,
Yet made I Nature in that Prince ſo ſtrong,
That griefe, which many doth of life deprive,
Seem'd to preſerve and keep him ſtill alive.

Him I forbad that any foe should kill,
Nor by his owne hand suffred him to die,
That life to *Robert* should be loathsome still,
And that death from him evermore should flie,
Making them both to him an enemie,
VVilling to die, by life him double killing,
Urged to live, twice dying, he unwilling.

So many yeeres as he had worne a Crowne,
So many yeeres as he had hop'd to rise,
So many yeeres upon him did I frowne,
So many yeeres he liv'd without his eyes,
So many yeeres in dying, ere he dyes,
So many yeeres shut up in prison strong,
"Though sorrow make the shortest time seem long.

Thus sway I in the course of earthly things,
To make time worke him everlasting spight,
To shew how I can tyrannize on Kings,
And in the fall of Great ones doe delight,
In finite things my working infinite:
All worldly changes at my will disposed,
For that in me all wonder is inclosed.

At Fortunes speech amazed whilst they stand,
And Fame her selfe much wondred at his woe,
When from Duke *Robert* Fortune tooke her hand,
Whose misery she thus had let them know:
When now to answer her despightfull foe,
Fame from deep silence seeming to awake,
For her deare Client modestly thus spake.

What

VVhat time I held my reſidence in Rome,
Striving my ſelfe o'r Europe to advance,
To win her Princes, to regaine the Tombe,
VVhich had been loſt by their miſgovernance,
Awaking England, Germanie, and France,
All which were woo'd, and bravely won by mee
From the proud Pagans, Paleſtine to free.

Peter, that holy Hermit putting on,
T'all Chriſtian Princes to preach out the loſſe,
And ſtirring brave Duke *Godfrey* to be gone,
Under the Banner of the bloudy Croſſe,
And whilſt in ſo faire forwardneſſe it was,
And every eare attentive ſeem'd to ſtand,
To heare what power brave Bulloyn ſhould cõmand.

Thither did I all happy Spirits exhort,
As to that buſ'neſſe luckily to bring,
Allured by the confident report,
That from ſo great an enterprize did ſpring,
T'adventure in ſo popular a thing,
And deemed no man worthy to be mine,
That was found backward in this great deſigne.

What time this Duke, great *William* Conquerors ſon,
That in his native Normandie did reſt:
For of what elſe his valiant father won,
His brother *William Rufus* was poſſeſt,
Which, whilſt he ſtriveth from his hands to wreſt,
This brave attempt brake like a deluge forth,
By my ſhrill Trumpet ſounded through the North.

Which

Which having got free entrance to his eare,
Such entertainment hapned there to find,
As suffered no perſwaſion to be there,
From that high purpoſe to divert his mind;
For being moſt religiouſly inclin'd,
Woo'd with this offer, wiſely did prepare
Himſelfe to furniſh for this great affaire.

That Kingdome he doth careleſly neglect,
VVhich *William Rufus* wrongfully did keep,
And only that doth conſtantly reſpect,
VVhere he once in his Sepulchre did ſleep,
At whoſe deare death the very rockes did weep:
His Crown of gold this Chriſtian Prince doth ſcorn,
So much he lov'd him that was crown'd with Thorn.

And though his wants him grievouſly oppreſs'd,
Of thoſe great ſummes which lately he had ſpent,
In levying power, which him ſhould have poſſeſs'd
Of England, and much hindred his intent;
Yet his brave purpoſe it could not prevent,
Although a while it ſeem'd delay to make
Of that, which he reſolv'd to undertake.

Wherefore this noble and cleare-ſpirited Lord,
Whilſt the great buſ'neſſe ſtandeth at this ſtay;
And ſince his State no better could afford,
In gage to *William*, Normandie doth lay,
Providing firſt his ſouldiers how to pay:
And of the two, yet rather choſe to leave
His Crowne, than he that Army would deceive.

To his victorious Enſigne came from farre
Th' in-Iſled Redſhanks, touch'd with no remorſe,
The nimble Iriſh, that with darts doe warre,
The Scot, that is ſo cunning on his horſe,
The Engliſh Archer of a Lions force,
The valiant Norman, not the leaſt among,
The Camber-Britan, hardy, bigge, and ſtrong.

VVhich long inclos'd within theſe colder climes,
He to the bleſſed Sepulchre did bring,
And taught them how they ſhould redeem the times,
Whence their eternall memory might ſpring,
To ſee the place whereas their Heavenly King,
Their deare redemption happily began:
Living on earth, that was both God and Man.

Ye Iſlanders, bound in the Oceans chaine,
Lock'd up like pris'ners from the cheerfull day,
Your brave Commander brought ye to the Maine,
Which to my Court ſhew'd ye the open way,
And his victorious hand became the kay,
To let ye in to my rich Treaſure, where
None ever come, but thoſe that I hold deare.

And did thereto ſo zealouſly proceed,
That thoſe faire lockes, whoſe curles did him adorne,
Till he had ſeen the holy City freed,
He deeply vow'd, he never would have ſhorne,
Which, for they ſo religiouſly were worne,
In every eye did beautifie him more,
Than did the Crowne of Normandie before.

No threats his hand could cause him to with-hold,
As I the sequell briefly shall relate,
Yet bare himselfe right wisely as he could,
And best became his dignity and state;
Teaching how his themselves should moderate,
Not following life, so with his chance content,
Nor flying death, so truly valiant.

So did he all his faculties bestow,
That every thing exactly might be done,
That true fore-sight before the act might goe,
Others grosse errours happily to shun,
Wisely to finish well what was begun,
Justly directed in the course of things,
By the straight rule which sound experience brings.

Idle regards of greatnesse he did scorne,
Careless of pomp, magnificent to be,
That man reputing to be noblest borne,
Which was the most magnanimous and free,
In honour so impartiall was hee,
Esteeming Titles meritlesse and nought,
Unlesse with danger absolutely bought.

Giving the souldier comfortable words,
And oft imbalm'd his well-received wound,
And in his need him maintenance affords,
To brave attempts encouraging the sound,
Never dismaid in any danger found:
His Tent a seat of Justice to the griev'd;
And 'twas a Court when want should be reliev'd.

So perfectly Celestiall was that fire,
Bestow'd in the composure of his mind,
To that high pitch as raised his desire,
Above the usuall compasse of his kind,
And from all drosse so cleerly him refin'd,
As did him wholly consecrate to glory,
And made him a fit subject for a story.

Who on Ambassage to the Emperor sent,
Passing along through Macedon and Thrace,
Ne'r came in bed, nor slept out of his Tent,
Till he review'd Duke *Godfrey's* reverent face;
Nor till he came into that hallowed place,
Above three houres by night he never slept:
Such were the cares his troubled braine that kept.

O wherefore thou great Singer of thy daies,
Renowned *Tasso*, in thy noble story,
Wert thou so slacke in this great Worthie's praise,
And yet so much should'st set forth others glory?
Me thinkes for this thou canst not but be sorry,
That thou should'st leave another to recite
That, which so much thou did'st neglect to write.

There was not found in all the Christian Host
Any, than he more forward to the field,
Nor could the Army of another boast,
To beare himselfe more bravely with his shield,
So well his Armes this noble Duke could wield,
As such a one he properly should be,
That I did meane to consecrate to me.

Of ſo approved and deliver force,
Handling his Lance, or brandiſhing his Blade:
For oft he had the leading of their Horſe,
That where he charg'd, he ſlaughter ever made,
At all aſſayes ſo happy to invade;
That were he abſent, when they gave the chace,
It was ſuppos'd the day did loſe the grace.

In doubtfull fights, where danger hap'd to fall,
He would be preſent ever by his will;
And where the Chriſtians for ſupplies did call,
Thither through perill *Robert* preſſed ſtill,
To help by courage, or relieve by skill:
To every place ſo providently ſeeing,
As power in him had abſolutely beeing.

When in the morne his Courſer he beſtrid,
He ſeem'd compos'd eſſentially of fire,
But from the field he ever drouping rid,
As he were vanquiſh'd, onely to retire;
Neereſt his reſt, the furth'ſt from his deſire:
And in the ſpoiles his ſouldiers ſhar'd the crownes,
They rich in gold, he onely rich in wounds.

And when they had the holy City won,
And King thereof they gladly would him make,
All Sov'raigne Titles he ſo much did ſhun,
As he refus'd the charge on him to take,
He the vaine world ſo cleerly did forſake;
So farre it was from his religious mind,
To mixe vile things with thoſe of Heav'nly kind.

He

He would that him no triumph should adorne,
But his high praise, for sinfull man that di'd,
By him no marke of Victory was worne
But the Red Crosse, to tell him crucifi'd;
All other glories he himselfe deni'd:
A holy life but willingly he leads,
In dealing Almes, and bidding of his Beads.

And as a Pilgrim, he return'd againe,
For glitt'ring Armes, in Palmers homely gray,
Leaving his Lords to lead his warlike Traine,
Whilst he alone came sadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd prey;
A Hermits staffe his carefull hand did hold,
That with a Lance the Heathen toe controll'd.

But now to end this long-continued strife,
Hence-forth thy malice takes no further place,
Thy hate began and ended with his life,
By thee his spirit can suffer no disgrace,
Now in mine armes his Vertues I imbrace,
His body thine, his crosses witnesse bee,
But mine his mind, that from thy pow'r is free.

Thou gav'st up rule, when he gave up his breath,
And where thou endedst, there did I begin,
Thy strength was buried in his timelesse death,
And as thy Conqu'ror lastly come I in;
And all thou got'st, from thee againe I win:
To me thy right I call thee to resigne,
And make thy glory absolutely mine.

To the base world then Fortune get thee back,
The earth with dreric Tragedies to fill,
Empires and Kingdomes bring thou there to wrack,
And on weake Mortals onely worke thy will;
And since thou onely do'ſt delight in ill,
Heare his complaint, who wanting eyes to ſee,
Can lend thee ſight, which art as blind as hee.

At her great words amazed whilſt they ſtand,
The Prince, which look'd moſt fearfully and grim,
Bearing his eyes in his diſtreſtefull hand,
Whoſe places flood with blood up to the brim;
And as in anguiſh quaking ev'ry limbe,
After deep ſighes and lamentable throwes,
Thus to the world diſburthened his woes.

Deare eyes, adieu, by envie thus put out,
Where in your places buried is my joy,
With endleſſe darkneſſe compaſſed about,
Which death would ſcarce have dared to deſtroy;
To breed my more perpetuall annoy,
That even that ſenſe I onely ſhould forgoe,
That could alone give comfort to my woe.

Yee which beheld faire Paleſtine reſtor'd,
From the profane hands of the Pagans freed,
The Sepulchre of that moſt glorious LORD,
And ſeen that place where his deare wounds did bleed,
Which with the ſighe my zealous ſoule did feed,
Sith from your functions night doth you diſſever,
Seclude me now from worldly joyes for ever.

Yee

Yee saw no Sun, nor did yee view the day,
Except a candle, yee beheld no light,
The thicke stone walls those blessings kept away.
What could be fear'd? ye could not hurt the night:
For then teares wholly hind'red ye of sight;
O then, from whence should *Henrie's* hate arise,
That I saw nothing, yet that I had eyes!

The wretched'st thing, the most despised beast,
Enjoyes that sense as gen'rally as we,
The very Gnat, or what than that is least,
Of sight by Nature kindly is made free.
What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to see?
O, that a Tyrant then should me deprave
Of that, which else all living creatures have!

Whilst yet the light did mitigate my moane,
Teares found a meane to sound my sorrowes deep,
But now, (aye me) that comfort being gone,
By wanting eyes, wherewith I erst did weep,
My cares alone concealed I must keep.
O God, that blindnesse, darkning all delight,
Should above all things give my sorrow sight!

Where sometime stood the beauty of this face,
Lamps cleerly lighted as the Vestall flame,
Is now a dungeon, a distressefull place,
A harbour fit for infamie and shame,
Which but with horrour one can scarcely name:
Out of whose darke grates misery and griefe,
Starved for vengeance daily begge relefe.

The day abhorres me, and from me doth flye,
Night ſtill me followes, yet too long doth ſtay,
Th' one I o'rtake not though it ſtill be nie,
The other comming vaniſheth away,
But what availeth either night or day?
All's one to me, ſtill day, or ever night,
My light is darkneſſe, and my darkneſſe light.

O yee, wherewith I did my comfort view,
Th' all-covering Heaven, and glory that it beares,
No more that ſight ſhall e'r be ſeen of you!
The bleſſed Sun, that every mortall cheeres,
Eclips'd to me eternally appeares,
Robert, betake thee to the darkſome cell,
And bid the world eternally farewell.

His ſpeech thus ending, Fortune diſcontent,
Turned her ſelfe, as ſhe away would flie,
Playing with Fooles, and Babes incontinent,
As never touch'd with humane miſerie,
As what ſhe was, her ſelfe to verifie,
And ſtraight forgetting what ſhe had to tell,
To other ſpeech and Girliſh laughter fell.

When graceſull Fame, convaying thence her charge,
(As firſt with him ſhe thither did reſort)
Gave me this Booke, wherein was writ at large,
His life ſet out, though in this Legend ſhort,
T' amaze the world with this ſo true report:
But Fortune, angry with her foe therefore,
Gave me the gift that I ſhould ſtill be poore.

THE

THE LEGEND OF MATILDA.

IF yet a Muſe there happily remaine,
That is by truth ſo diligently taught,
As caring not on fooliſh things to faine,
Will ſpeake but what with Modeſty ſhe ought;
If this be ſuch, which I ſo long have ſought,
By her I crave my life may be reveal'd,
Which blacke Oblivion hath too long conceal'd.

Oh, if ſuch favour I might hap to find
Here on this earth but once to ſpeake agen,
And to disburthen my oppreſſed mind,
By the endeavour of a powerfull pen;
In theſe my ſorrowes happy were I then:
Foure hundred yeers by all men over-paſt,
Finding one friend to pitie me at laſt.

O you, of him ſo happily elect,
VVhom I intreat to proſecute my ſtory,
Lady, moſt deare, moſt worthy of reſpect,
The Worlds rar'ſt jewell, and your Sexes glory,
It ſhall ſuffice, if you for me be ſorry,
Reading my Legend, builded by his Verſe,
Which muſt hereafter ſerve me for a Herſe.

Be you the patterne, by whose perfect view,
Like your faire selfe he wisely may me make,
For sure aliue none fitter is than you,
Whose fortune unspotted Chastity may take:
Be you propitious, for whose only sake,
For me I know, hee'll gladly doe his best,
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright *Rosamond* exceedingly is graced,
Inrolled in the Register of Fame,
Nay, in our Sainted Kalender is placed,
By him who strives to stellifie her name,
Yet will the maddest say, She was to blame;
Though full of state, and pleasing be his rime,
Yet all his skill cannot excuse her crime.

The wife of *Shore* wins generall applause,
Finding a pen laborious in her praise.
Elstred reviv'd to plead her pitied cause,
After the envie of so many dates?
And happie's he their glory high'st can raise.
Thus the loose Wanton liked is of many:
"Vice still finds friends, but Vertue seldome any.

To vaunt of my Nobility were vaine,
Which were, I know, not dete'sted of the best,
Nor would beseem an honourable straine,
And me a Maiden fits not of the rest:
All transitory Titles I detest,
A vertuous life, I meane, to boast alone;
"Our Birth's our Sires, our Vertues be our owne.

"Thou

"Thou that do'ſt fetch thy long deſcent from Kings,
"If from the Gods deriv'd thou could'ſt be, (things,
"And ſhew'ſt th' atchiev'ments of thoſe wondrous
"Which thou thy ſelfe then liv'dſt not to ſee,
"Theſe were their owne, and not belong to thee,
"If thou do'ſt ſtain that Honour which was theirs,
"Who could not leave their Vertues to their heirs.

Heaven pow'd down more abundance on my birth,
Than it before had uſually beſtow'd,
And was in me ſo bountifull to earth,
As though her very utmoſt ſhe had ſhow'd,
Her graces ſo immeaſurably flow'd,
That ſuch a ſhape, with ſuch a ſpirit inſpir'd,
Even of the wiſeſt made me moſt admir'd.

Upon my brow ſat Beauty in her pride,
To her Beholders miniſtring her law,
And to them all her bounties ſo divide,
As did to her their due attention draw;
And yet mine eye did keep her ſo in awe,
As that which only could true Vertues meaſure,
Ordain'd by Nature to preſerve her treaſure.

My carriage ſuch, as did content the wiſe,
My tongue did that ſweet decency retaine,
As of the younger was not deem'd preciſe,
Nor of the aged was accounted vaine,
So well inſtructed to obſerve the meane,
As if in Nature there were ſcarce that good,
Which wanted in the temper of my blood.

In

In me so did she her perfections vary,
As that the least allow'd not of compare,
And yet so well did teach me them to carry;
Then they could be, as made them seem more rare,
Or in my portion would have none to share,
Or in her grace would none should be but I,
Which she had made the Minion of the Skie.

Whence Fame began my Beauty first to blaze,
And soon became too lavish in the same:
For she so stuft her Trumpet with my praise,
That every place was fill'd up with my name,
For which, Report, thou too much wert to blame,
"But to thy doome is Beauty subject still,
"Which hath been cause of many Ladies ill.

This tattling Gossip hath a thousand eies,
Her airie body hath as many wings,
Now about earth, now up to heaven she flies,
And here, and there with every breath she flings,
Hither and thither lies and tales she brings,
Nothing so secret, but to her appeareth,
So doth she credit every thing she heareth.

"And Princes eares stand open to Report,
"All strive to blaze a Beauty to a King,
"Which is the onely subject of a Court,
"Whither Fame carries, and whence she doth bring;
"And which of either she doth loudly ring,
Thither, aye me, unhappily she brought,
Where I my bane infortunately caught.

There

There ſtood my Beauty boldly for the Prize,
Where the moſt cleere and perfect judgements be;
And of the ſame, the moſt judiciall eies
Did give the Goale impartially to me:
So did I ſtand unparallel'd and free;
And, as a Comet in the evening skie,
Strooke with amazement every wondring eie.

Which ſoon poſſeſt me of Imperiall *John*,
And of my Soveraigne, him my ſubject made,
By this his freedome was quite overthrowne,
Him and his powers this wholly did invade,
From this no reaſon could the King diſſwade,
This taught his eies their due attendance ſtill,
This held the reines which over-rul'd his will.

When my grave father, great that time in Court,
And by his bloud thought equall to the beſt,
Having his eare oft ſtrooke with this report,
Which, as ill newes, it hardly could digeſt;
And on my good ſince all his hopes did reſt,
He ſoon purſu'd it by thoſe ſecret ſpies,
Which ſtill in Court attend the Princes eies.

And to the world although he ſeem'd to ſleep,
Yet ſought he then the Kings intent to ſound,
And to himſelfe as ſecrets he did keep,
What his fore-ſight had providently found;
So well this wiſe Lord could conceale his wound:
Yet wiſelier caſt how dangerous it might prove,
To croſſe the courſe of this impatient love.

For

For as he found how violent a flame,
My youth had kindled in this luſtfull King,
So found he too, if he ſhould ſtop the ſame,
Upon us both what miſchiefe it might bring:
Which knowne to him, ſo dangerous a thing,
He thought to prove how he could me perſwade,
Ere for my ſafety further meanes he made.

Deare Girle, quoth he, thou ſeeſt who doth await
T'intrap thy beauty, bred to be thy foe,
That is ſo faire and delicate a bait,
As every eye it ſelfe would here beſtow:
Whoſe power the King too ſenſibly doth know,
Of his deſire that what the end may bee,
Thy youth may feare, my knowledge doth fore-ſee.

Thinke how thou liv'ſt here publikely in Court,
Whoſe priviledge doth every meane protect,
Where the enſample of the greater ſort,
Doth more than opportunity effect,
None thriving here that ſtand upon reſpect,
Being a Lottery whereat few doe win,
And yet thoſe ſeldome neither, but by ſin.

Here every day thou haſt to tempt thy ſight,
All that thy youth to pleaſure may provoke,
That ſtill at hand, wherein thou tak'ſt delight,
Which with thy ſexe doth ſtrike too great a ſtroke,
Having withall Imperious Power thy cloke,
With ſuch ſtrong reaſons on his part propounded,
As may leave Vertue ſeemingly confounded.

Many

Many she waies that lead thee to thy fall,
But to thy ſafety few or none to guide thee,
And when thy danger is the greateſt of all,
Even then thy ſuccour is the moſt deni'd thee:
Sundry the meanes from Vertue to divide thee,
Having withall Mortality about thee,
Frailty within, temptation neere without thee.

" The Leichers tongue is never void of guile,
" Nor wants he teares, when he would win his prey,
" The ſubtil'ſt Tempter hath the ſmootheſt ſtile,
" Syrens ſing ſweeteſt when they would betray:
" Luſt of it ſelfe had never any ſtay,
" Nor to containe it, bounds could have deviſed,
" But moſt when fill'd, it leaſt of all ſufficed.

And to availe his pleaſure is there ought,
That ſuch a Prince hath not within his power?
And thus be ſure hee'll leave no meanes unſought,
Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen Tow'r,
Watching th' advantage of each fitting houre,
Where every minute ſerves to doe amiſſe,
Thy banefull poyſon ſpiced with thy bliſſe.

And when this luſtfull and unbrideled rage,
Which in him now doth violently raigne,
Time ſhall by much ſatiety aſſwage,
Then ſhall thy fault apparent be and plaine,
To after-ages ever to remaine:
" Sin in a chaine leads on her ſiſter Shame,
" And both in gyves are led to Defame.

Kingg.

Kings uſe their Loves as garments they have worne,
Or as the meat, whereon they full have fed:
The Saint once gone, who doth the Shrine adorne?
Or what is Nectar, on the ground if ſhed?
What Princes wealth redeems thy Maiden-head,
Which ſhould be held as precious as thy breath,
Whoſe diſſolution conſummates thy death?

The ſtately Eagle from his higheſt ſtand,
Through the thin aire the fearfull Fowle doth ſmite,
Yet ſcornes to touch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the ſweet of his delight,
But leaves the ſame a prey to every Kite:
"With much we ſurfeit, plenty makes us poore,
"The wretched Indian ſcornes the golden ore.

When every period pointing with a teare,
He in my boſome made ſo wide a breach,
As it each precept firmly fixed there,
His counſell as continually to preach,
My father ſo effectually could teach,
So that his words I ever after found,
As grav'd on an inviolable ground.

The King, whoſe Love deluded was the while,
Yet in his boſome bare this quenchleſſe fire,
Finding his hopes like flatt'rers to beguile,
And not one jot to further his deſire,
But gone thus farre, he meant not to retire;
And thinkes, if fitly he could find but place,
His words had power to purchaſe him my grace.

For

For ſince all former practices did faile,
Nor to his mind ought kindly tooke effect,
He with himſelfe reſolv'd me to aſſaile,
And other meanes doth utterly neglect:
In ſpight what feare could any way object,
His courage doth all hindrances confute,
And me accoſting thus commenc'd his ſuit.

Know Girle, quoth he, that Nature thee ordained,
(As her brav'ſt Piece, when ſhe to light would bring,
Wherein her former workmanſhip ſhe ſtained)
Onely a gift to gratifie a King,
And from all other, as a ſeld-ſeen thing,
Seal'd thee a Charter dated at thy birth,
To be the fair'ſt that e'r was made of earth.

Hoord not thy beauty, when thou haſt ſuch ſtore:
Wer't not great pity it ſhould thus lye dead,
Which by thy lending might be made much more?
(For by the uſe ſhould every thing be fed)
Yea, and to him ſo hard for thee beſtead,
Yet no more leſs'ned than the Sun, whoſe light,
Though it light all things, loſeth not his light.

From thoſe two Stars ſuch ſtreams of lightning glide,
As through mens eyes doe pierce the ſtinneſt heart,
Which thou by cloſing ſtriv'ſt in vaine to hide;
For through their lids their ſubtle rayes doe dart,
Such power wiſe Nature did to them impart,
Thoſe two bright Planets, cleerer than the ſeven,
That with their ſplendor light the world to Heaven.

Were

Were Art ſo curious in her ſelfe to know
Thy rare perfections rightly in their kind,
In Beauty thy Divinity to ſhow,
O! it were able to tranſport the mind,
Beyond the bounds by Heaven to it aſſign'd:
But O, in thee their excellence is ſuch,
As thought cannot aſcend to, once to touch.

He is thy King, who is become thy ſubject,
Sometime thy Lord, now ſervant to thy Love,
Thy Angel beauties be his onely object,
Who for thy ſake a thouſand deaths dares prove;
" A Princes praier ſhould much compaſſion move:
Let Wolves and Beares be cruell in their kinds,
But Women meek, and have releating minds.

Vouchſafe to look upon theſe brimfull eies,
With tides of teares continually frequented,
Where love without food hunger-ſtarven lies,
Which to betray me traiterouſly conſented,
And for the fact being lawfully convented,
Is in theſe waters judg'd to have his beeing,
For his preſumption through theſe eies thee ſeeing.

Sit thou commanding under mine eſtate,
Having thy temples honour'd with my Crowne,
A beauty deſtin'd for no meaner fate,
And make the proud'ſt to tremble with a frowne,
Raiſe whom thou wilt, caſt whom it pleaſe thee downe
Be thou alone the Reck'reſſe of this Iſle,
VVith all the Titles I can thee inſtile.

Wha

What if my Queen, repining at our bliſſe,
Thee as did *Juno*, *Joves* deare Darling keep?
Mine I'le preſerve, as that great God did his;
Wiſe *Mercury* lull'd *Argus* eyes to ſleep:
" Love ever laughs, when Jealouſie doth weep,
When moſt ſhe ſtirs, my power ſhall keep her under,
She may raiſe ſtormes, but I doe rule the thunder.

Thus having made an entrance for his Love,
Which he beleev'd aſſuredly in time,
Of better newes the meſſenger might prove,
By which he after to his joyes might climbe,
Hoping a faire Fall to enſue this Prime,
Leaves me, not knowing well which way to turn me,
Warm'd with the fire that naywares might burne me.

Upon my weakneſſe which ſo ſtrongly wrought it,
That in my breaſt a mutinie aroſe,
Feare and Deſire a doubtfull combat fought,
Like two moſt eager and ambitious foes,
Th' one faine would win, the other would not loſe,
By this oft cleered, and by that accuſed,
Whilſt ſtill I fear'd by both to be abuſed.

And in my ſelfe, my ſelfe ſuſpected Treaſon,
Knowing who watch'd to win me for his prey,
And in ſo fit and dangerous a ſeaſon,
When Youth and Beauty bare ſo great a ſway,
And where he batterie ſtill to me might lay,
Who girt ſo ſtrongly every way about,
Well might I feare, I could not long hold out.

But

But ſetting all theſe ſundry doubts aſide,
From Court reſolv'd I ſecretly to goe,
And to what place my happy Starres ſhould guide,
There I my ſelfe determin'd to beſtow,
Untill time might this paſſion over-blow,
Or if at leaſt it wrought not, the extruſion
Might ſtrengthen me yet in my reſolution.

When my brave Sire, that never me forſooke,
But many a ſweet ſleep for my ſafety brake,
Much being pleaſed with the courſe I tooke,
As one that truly ſuffred for my ſake,
Did his aboad at Baynards Caſtle make,
Whom ſince I thus had left the Court, to leave me
To his protection, gladly did receive me.

Whence all thoſe ſorrowes ſeem'd to me exil'd,
Where in my life I long before did waſte,
The preſent time and happily beguil'd,
To thinke what perill I had lately paſt,
There in my freedome fortunately plac't,
Even as a Bird eſcap'd the Fowlers ſnare,
Which former danger warned to beware.

When the proud King, whoſe purpoſes were croſt,
Which this my flight had hapned to prevent,
And that thoſe meanes to which he truſted moſt,
Were thoſe, which moſt had hindred his intent,
Finding his ſuit prepoſterouſly went,
Another courſe bethinkes himſelfe to run,
Elſe farther off than when he firſt begun.

And thenceforth plotteth to diſperſe the maſſe,
Which lay ſo full betwixt him and the light,
That in his ſuit the only hindrance was,
And (leaſt expected) wrought him moſt deſpight,
Finding the cauſe why matters went not right,
He muſt fore-caſt my father to remove,
Or he was like to walke without his Love.

Thus ſcarcely cur'd of this late ſickly qualme,
And that my heart ſat happily at eaſe,
But as a ſhip, that in a quiet calme
Flotes up and downe on the unſurging ſeas,
By ſome rough guſt, which ſome ill Starre doth raiſe,
Is driven backe into the troubled Maine,
Even ſo was I, that ſafely elſe had laine.

For this great King, whom thus I did reject,
Firſt ſeeks in Court my father to diſgrace,
Thereby to give the people to ſuſpect,
To fault in ſome thing fitting neere his place,
Them by all meanes it urging to imbrace,
To which, if cleerly he could find the way,
He made no doubt, but once to have a day.

And for his purpoſe to promove his hate,
Into the plot he his Court-Divels drew,
Cunning in all the ſtratagems of State,
Which he ſuborn'd my father to purſue,
By whoſe devices he ſoon overthrew
That noble Lord, which ſuccour ſhould have given
To me, that then was from all refuge driven.

And not their cleere and far-discerning sight,
Into the quarrell that did throughly looke,
Nor our Allies, that to their utmost might,
'Gainst his proceedings on our part that stoode,
And at our need us never once forsooke,
Of the Kings malice could th' effect prevent,
But to exile my father must be sent.

Not all his service to his Soveraigne done,
In warre courageous, and in counsell sound,
Which from King *John* compassion might have won
To him, who faithfull evermore was found:
"Ingratitude, how deeply do'st thou wound!
"Sure, first devised to no other end,
"But to grieve those whom nothing could offend.

Forlorne and hopelesse, left before my foe,
By my ill fortune basely thus betrai'd,
Never poore Maiden was beseiged so,
And all depressed that should lend me aid,
Such weight the Heaven upon my birth had laid,
"But yet her selfe true Vertue never loseth, (seth.
"'Gainst her faire course, though Hell it selfe oppo-

Imbark'd for France, his sad dejected eies
Swolne up with teares in most abundant store,
His ill lucke threatned by the lowring skies,
Feare him behind, and sorrow him before,
He under saile, from sight of either shore,
Wafteth withall, his sad laments in vaine,
To the rude waters onely to complaine.

When

When, like a Deere before the Hounds imboſt,
When him his ſtrength beginneth to forſake,
Leaves the ſmooth launds to which he truſted moſt,
And to the Covert doth himſelfe betake
Doubling, and creeps from brake againe to brake,
Thus ſtill I ſhift me from the Princes face,
Who had me then contiſtually in chace.

The coaſt thus cleer'd, ſuſpition laid to reſt,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
It with much pleaſure quieted his breaſt,
That every thing ſo proſperouſly went,
And if the reſt ſucceſſefully conſent,
Of former aide I being quite forſaken,
He hopes the Fort might in ſhort time be taken.

" A Princes armes are ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
" Kings ſleeping, ſee with eyes of other men,
" Craft finds a key to open any doore,
Little it boots my ſelfe in walls to pen,
The Lamb was cloſed in the Lions den,
Whoſe watchfull eyes too eaſily deſcri'd me, me.
And found me ſoon'r, where ſur'r I thought to hide

My paths by ſpies he diligently noted,
O're me he held ſo vigilant a watch,
And on my Beauty he ſo fondly doted,
That at each looke he enviouſly did catch,
And ready ſtill attending at my latch
He had thoſe, that continually did ward,
Treaſon my hand-maid, falſhood was my guard.

And

And ſince with me it fell ſo croſſely out,
That to my ſhifts ſo hardly he me drave,
For ſome new courſe I thought to caſt about,
Where ſafer harbour happily to have:
For this was not ſufficient me to ſave,
His power ſo ſpacious every way did lie,
That ſtill I ſtood in his ambitious eie.

And feare, which taught me every meane to prove,
And with my ſelfe of many to debate,
Me at the laſt it pleas'd the Powers to move,
To take upon me a Religious ſtate,
The holy Cloiſter none might violate,
Where after all theſe ſtormes I did endure,
There I at laſt might hope to live ſecure.

Wherefore, to Dunmow I my ſelfe convai'd
Into an Abbey, happily begun
By *Juga*, of our Anceſtry, a Maid,
At whoſe ſole charge that Monaſt'rie was done,
Wherein ſhe after did become a Nunne,
And kept her Order ſtrictly with the reſt,
Which in that place Virginity profeſt.

Where I my ſelfe did ſecretly beſtow
From the vaine world, which I too long had tri'd,
Me my affliction taught my ſelfe to know,
My Youth and Beauty gently that did chide;
And by Inſtruction, as a skilfull guide,
Printed withall ſuch coldneſſe in my blood,
That it might ſo perpetuate my good.

The

The King, who heard me ſafely thus to bee
Set in my Cloiſter, ſtrongly diſcontent,
That me from thence he had not power to free,
Which his ſad breaſt ſeem'd ſtrongly to torment:
But ſince that I ſo wilfully was bent,
And he paſt hope then ever to enjoy mee,
Reſolv'd by ſome meanes laſtly to deſtroy mee.

And finding one moſt fit for ſuch a fact;
To whom he durſt his ſecret thoughts impart,
One, for his King, that any thing would act,
And for the purpoſe wanted not his art,
That had a ſtrong hand and relentleſſe heart,
On him the King (with me poore Maid enrag'd)
Impos'd my death, and him thereto engag'd.

VVho making haſte the fatall deed to doe,
Thither repaires, but not as from the King:
For well he knew what did belong thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring;
But as one ſent upon ſome needfull thing,
With a ſmooth count'nance and a ſettled brow,
Obtain'd to get in where I paid my vow.

Where I alone, and to his Tale expos'd,
(As one to him a willing eare that lent)
Himſelfe to me he but too ſoon diſclos'd,
And who it was that thither had him ſent,
From point to point relating his intent,
Who, whilſt I ſtood ſtrook dumb with this invaſion,
He thus purſues me ſtrongly with perſvvaſion.

Heare but (ſaith he) how blindly thou do'ſt erre,
Fondly to dote upon thine owne perfection,
VVhen as the King thee highly will preferre,
Nay, and his powr attendeth thy protection,
So indiſcreetly ſort not thy election,
To ſhut that in a melancholy Cell,
Which in a Court ordained was to dwell.

Yet further thinke, how dang'rous is his offer,
If thy neglect doe careleſly abuſe it:
Art thou not mad, that thus do'ſt ſee a coffer,
Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to refuſe it?
So farre, that thou want'ſt reaſon to excuſe it,
Thy ſelfe condemning in thine owne good hap,
Spilling the treaſure caſt into thy lap.

Wrong not thy faire youth, nor the world deprive
Of theſe rare parts, which Nature hath thee lent;
'Twere pity thou by niggardiſe ſhould'ſt thrive,
VVhoſe wealth by waxing craveth to be ſpent,
For which, thou of the wiſeſt ſhalt be ſhent,
Like to ſome rich Churle hoording up his pelfe,
Both to wrong others, and to ſtarve himſelfe.

VVhat is this vaine and idle reputation,
VVhich to the ſhew you ſeemingly reſpect?
Only the weakneſſe of imagination,
VVhich, in concluſion, worketh no effect,
And leſſer can the worſhippers protect,
That only ſtandeth upon fading breath,
And hath at once the being and the death.

A feare

A feare that grew from doting Superſtition,
To which your weake credulity is prone,
And only ſince maintained by Tradition,
Into our eares impertinently blowne,
By folly gathered, as by errour ſowne,
Which us ſtill threatning, hindreth our deſires,
Yet all it ſhewes us be but painted fires.

Perſwade thy ſelfe this Monaſt'rie to leave,
VVhich youth and beauty juſtly may forſake,
Doe not thy Prince of thoſe high joyes bereave,
Which happy him, more happy thee may make,
Who ſends me elſe thy life away to take,
For dead to him if needſly thou wilt prove,
Dye to thy ſelfe, be buried with his love.

Rage, which reſum'd the likeneſſe of his face,
VVhoſe eye ſeem'd as the Baſiliske to kill,
The horrour of the ſolitary place,
Being ſo fit wherein to worke his will,
And at the inſtant he my life to ſpill,
All ſeem'd at once my overthrow to further,
By feare diſſwaded, menaced by murther.

In this ſo great and peremptory triall,
With ſtrong temptations ſundry waies afflicted,
With many a yeelding, many a deniall,
Oft-times acquitted, often-times convicted,
Terrour before me lively ſtood depicted,
VVhen as it was, that but a little breath
Gave me my life, or ſent me to my death.

But ſoon my ſoule had gath'red up her powers,
Which in this need might friendlike give her aid,
The reſolution of ſo many houres,
Whereon her ſelfe ſhe confidently ſtaid
In her diſtreſſe, whoſe helps together laid,
Making the ſtate which ſhe maintained good,
Expell'd the feare uſurping on my blood.

And my lock'd tongue did liberally inlarge,
From thoſe ſtrict limits wherein long confin'd
Care had it kept, my boſome to diſcharge,
And my loſt ſpirits their wonted ſtrength aſſign'd
Into mine eyes which comming as refin'd,
Moſt bravely there mine honour to maintaine,
Checkt his preſumption with a coy diſdaine.

VVho finding me inviolably bent,
And for my anſwer only did abide;
Having a poyſon murd'ring by the Sent,
If to the organ of that ſenſe appli'd,
Which for the ſame, when fitteſt time he ſpi'd,
Into my noſtrils forcibly did ſtraine,
Which in an inſtant wrought my deadly bane.

VVith his rude touch my Vaile diſordred then,
My face diſcovering, my delicious cheeke
Tinkted with crimſon, faded ſoon agen,
With ſuch a ſweetneſſe as made death ſeem meeke,
And was to him beholding it moſt like
A little ſparke extinguiſh'd to the eye,
That glowes againe e're ſuddenly it dye.

And whilſt thereat amazed he doth ſtand,
VVherein he then ſuch excellency ſaw,
Ruing the ſpoile done by his fatall hand,
What naught before, him this at laſt could awe,
From his ſterne eyes as though it teares would draw,
Which wanting them, wax'd ſuddenly as dead,
Grieving for me that they had none to ſhed.

When life growne faint, hies laſtly to my heart
The only Fort to which ſhe had to take,
Feeling cold death to ſeize on every part,
A ſtrong invaſion inſtantly to make:
Yet e're ſhe ſhould me utterly forſake,
To him who ſadly ſtood me to behold,
Thus in mild words my griefe I did unfold.

Is this the gift the King on me beſtowes,
VVhich in this ſort he ſends thee to preſent mee?
I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,
If this in token of his love be ſent mee?
But 'tis his will, and muſt not diſcontent mee:
Yet after (ſure) a Proverb this will prove,
The gift King *John* beſtow'd upon his Love.

VVhen all that race in memory are ſet,
And by their Statues their atchievements done,
Which won abroad, and which at home did get,
From ſonne to ſire, from ſire againe to ſonne,
Grac'd with the ſpoiles that glorioufly they wonne:
O, that of him it only ſhould be ſaid,
This was King *John*, the murth'rer of a Maid!

O, keep it ſafely from the mouth of Fame,
That none doe heare of his unhallowed deed,
Be ſecret to him, and conceale his ſhame,
Leſt after-ages hap the ſame to reade,
And that the Letters ſhowing it doe bleed!
O, let the Grave mine innocency hold,
Before of him this tyranny be told!

Thus having ſpoke, my ſorrowes to aſſwage,
The heavie burthen of my penſive breſt,
The poyſon then that in my braine did rage,
His deadly vigour forcibly expreſt,
Not ſuff'ring me to ſtand upon the reſt,
Longer for him it was no time to ſtay,
And death call'd on, to haſten me away.

Thus in my Cloſet being left alone,
Upon the floore uncomfortably lying,
The fact committed, and the muth'rer gone,
Arrived at the utmoſt point of dying,
Some of the Siſters, me by chance eſpying,
Call'd all the reſt, that in moſt wofull plight,
Came to behold that miſerable ſight.

Thus like a Roſe by ſome unkindly blaſt,
'Mongſt many buds that round about it grow,
The with'ring leaves improſp'rouſly doth caſt,
Whilſt all the reſt their ſoveraigne beauties ſhow:
Amidſt this goodly Siſter-hood even ſo,
Nipt with cold death untimely did I fade,
Whilſt they about me piteous wailing made.

And

And my ſad ſoule upon her ſudden flight,
So ſoon forſaken of each ſeverall ſenſe,
VVith all the horrour death could her affright,
Strongly diſturbed at her parting hence,
All comfort fled her; for her laſt defence,
Doth to her ſpotleſſe innocence betake her,
Which left to her not, when all the reſt forſake her.

" To ſhew our pleaſures are but children's toyes,
" And as meere ſhadowes, or like bubbles paſſe,
" As yeeres increaſe, ſo waning are our joyes,
" Forgotten as our favours in a glaſſe,
" A very Tale of that which never was:
" Even ſo death us and our delights can ſever,
" Vertue alone abandoneth us never.

My ſpirit thus from priſon mancipated,
Glad to have got out of her earthly roome,
My debt to Nature faithfully diſcharg'd,
And at the houre appointed on my Toombe:
Such was the Heavens inevitable doome,
Me Baynards Caſtle to the world did bring,
Dunmow againe my place of burying.

And ſcarcely was my breathleſſe body cold,
But ev'ry-where my Tragedy was ſpread,
For tattling Fame in ev'ry place had told
My reſolution, being lately dead,
Ruing my bloud ſo prodigally ſhed,
And to my father flies with this miſchance,
That time remaining in the Court of France.

His losse too great to be bewail'd with teares,
It was not words that could expresse his woe,
Griefe had her selfe so settled in his eares,
No more might enter, nothing out might goe;
Scarce since man was, was man perplexed so:
Enough of sorrow is already showne,
And telling his, were to renew mine owne.

Let it suffice me, that I here relate,
And beare my selfe the burthen of my ill,
If to the life I have expres'd my fate,
It 's all I aske, and I obtaine my will.
" For that true sorrow needs not others skill
" Enough's that present bitternesse we taste,
" Without remembring of that which is past.

Some say, the King repentant for this deed,
When his remorse to thinke thereof him drave,
Poorly disguised in a Pilgrims weed,
Offered his teares on my untimely grave,
For which, no doubt, but Heaven his sin forgave;
And my bloud calling for revenge appeas'd,
He from the sin, I from my labours eas'd.

Thus told my Story, I my love devise
To you deare Madame, fit'st with you to rest,
VVhich all my Vertues daily exercise
That be imprinted in your patient breast,
By whom alone I rightliest am expresst,
For whom my praise, it grieves me, is too scant,
Whose happy name an Epithete shall want.

Then,

Then, moſt ſweet Lady, for a Maidens ſake,
To ſhed one teare if gently you but daigne,
For all my wrongs it full amends ſhall make,
And be my paſſe to the Elizian plaine,
In your chaſte eyes ſuch power there doth remaine,
As can th' afflicted proſp'rouſly deliver;
Happy be they, who looke upon them ever.

THE LEGEND OF *PIERCE GAVESTON.*

FRom gloomy ſhadowes of eternall night,
Shut up in darkneſſe endleſly to dwell,
O, here behold me miſerable Wight,
A while releas'd my Tragedie to tell,
Let me have leave my ſorrowes to impart,
Somewhat to eaſe my ſad afflicted heart.

Goddeſſe of Armes and Arts, *Pallas* divine,
Let thy bright Fauchion lend me Cypreſſe boughes,
Be thou aſſiſting to this Poet of mine,
With Funerall wreath's ingarlanding his browes,
Pitying my woes, when none would heare me weep,
That for my ſorrowes layes his owne to ſleep.

Thou mournfull'ſt Maiden of the ſacred Nine,
That balefull ſounds immovably do'ſt breathe,
With thy ſwolne viſage, and thy blubber'd eine,
Let me to thee my ſad complaints bequeath:
Ne're to thy ſelfe canſt thou win greater glory,
Than in exactly ſetting forth my Story.

Tell how the Fates my giddy courſe did guide,
Th' inconſtant turnes of ev'ry changing houre,
By many a low ebbe, many a luſty tide,
Many a ſmooth calme, many a ſowſing ſhowre,
The height whereto I laſtly did aſcend,
Bend my beginning to my fatall end.

When our firſt *Edward* ſate on Englands Throne,
Long-ſhankes, who long victoriouſly did raigne,
Firſt of that name, and ſecond yet to none,
In what to Knights-hood ever did pertaine;
My life began, a life ſo full of bliſſe,
Then in his dayes, thoſe happy dajes of his.

Vertue did then mens hearts ſo much inflame,
That no promotion could be got with gold:
For in his daies he that deſired Fame,
Bought it of him, that it full dearly ſold;
Hatefull exceſſe ſo much did not devoure,
Law had leſſe force, and honeſty more power.

And ſince ſwift Time ſo violently preyes,
Upon thoſe ages that even holieſt be;
Let me remember thoſe ſo happy dayes,
In theſe ſad houres which my vex'd eyes doe ſee,
With greater griefe to make me to deplore
Theſe, when I thinke of thoſe that were of yore.

Then Muſe, lo, I obſequiouſly appeale
To thee (my life ſince I intend to ſhow)
That thou of me wilt faithfully reveale,
Even what the moſt inquiſitive would know,
Whilſt here my ſoule imbodied did abide,
In this vain world, which pampred me with pride.

By

By birth a Gascoine, of a faire descent,
And of our house, the heire my father borne,
In all his warres that with King *Edward* went,
To him his Liegeman, and a Souldier sworne,
And in our Country left his whole estate,
To follow him, who seem'd to governe Fate.

Whose trust that great King highly did imploy,
And neere his person had him for the same,
VVho with my selfe, then but a little Boy,
Into the Court of famous England came,
Whereas the King for service by him done,
Made me a Page to the brave Prince his Sonne.

All men in shape I did so farre excell,
(The parts in me such harmony did beare)
As in my modell, Nature seem'd to tell,
That her perfection she had placed here,
As from each age reserving the rar'st feature,
To make me up her excellentest creature.

My lookes so powerfull Adamants to love,
And had such vertue to attract the sight,
That they could fixe it, or could make it move,
As though it followed some Celestiall light,
That where my thoughts intended to surprize,
I at my pleasure conquer'd with mine eyes.

As if some great *Apelles* in his Art,
Would that the world his Master-piece should know,
Imagination doing then her part;
VVhen he had done the utmost he could doe,
For that rare Picture to fit out a mind,
This one was I, the Wonder of my kind.

This

This dainty bait I laid for *Edwards* love,
VVhich ſoon upon him got ſo ſure a tie,
As no misfortune e're could it remove,
VVhen ſhe the utmoſt of her force did trie;
Nor death it ſelfe had after power to ſunder,
O ſeld-ſeen friendſhip, in the world a wonder!

Love, on this earth the onely meane thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with Heaven,
And it is thou that only do'ſt impart,
The good that to mortality is given.
O ſacred Bond, by time that art not broken!
O thing Divine, by Angels to be ſpoken!

Thus with young *Edward*, bath'd in worldly bliſſe,
Whilſt Tutors care his wandring yeeres did guide,
I liv'd, enjoying whatſoe'r was his;
Who ne'r my pleaſure any thing deni'd.
Whoſe watchfull eye ſo duely me attended,
As on my ſafety, if his life depended.

But whether it my rare perfections were,
That won my youth ſuch favour in his eie;
Or it pleas'd Heaven (to ſhew it held me deare)
To ſhowre on me this bleſſing from the skie,
I know not, but it rightly could direct,
That could produce ſo powerfull an effect.

O thou dread Booke, where our fates are enroll'd,
Who hath ſo cleere eyes, as to looke into thee?
What is that man, by whom thou art controll'd,
Or hath the key of reaſon to undoe thee,
When none but Heaven thy dark decrees can know,
Whoſe depth we ſound not which dwel here below?

The

The ſoule her liking eas'ly can eſpie,
(By ſympathy, to her by Heaven aſſign'd)
Through her cleere windowes, the well-ſeeing eie,
Which doth convay the image to the mind,
Without adviſement and can apprehend, (ſcend.
That whoſe true cauſe mans knowledge doth tran-

This *Edward* in the April of his age,
Whilſt yet the Crowne ſat on his fathers head,
Like ſportfull *Jove*, with his rapt Phrygian Page,
Me with Ambroſiall delicacies fed:
He might command that was the Soveraign's ſonne,
But my direction onely muſt be done.

My will a law authentically paſt,
My Yea, by him was never croſs'd with No,
In his affection chain'd to me ſo faſt,
That as my ſhadow ſtill he ſeem'd to goe,
To me this Prince ſo pliant was in all,
Still as an Ecchо anſwering to my call.

My ſmiles his life, ſo joy'd he in my ſighe,
That his delight was led by my deſire,
From my cleere eyes ſo borrowing all his lighe,
As pale-fac'd *Cynthia* from her brothers fire.
He made my cheeke the pillow for his head,
My brow his booke, my boſome was his bed.

Like faire *Idalia*, bent to amorous ſport,
VVith young *Adonis* in the pleaſant ſhade,
Expreſſing their affections in that ſort,
As though her utmoſt paſſion ſhould perſwade
The one of us, the other ſtill to move,
To all the tender dalliances of Love.

The

The table thus of our delight was lai'd,
Serv'd with what dainties pleasure could deviſe,
And many a *Syren* ſweetly to us plai'd,
But youth had not us therewith to ſuffice:
For we on that inſatiately did feed,
VVhich our confuſion afterwards did breed.

For ſtill I ſpurr'd up his untam'd deſire,
Then ſitting in the Chariot of the Sun,
My blandiſhments were fuell to that fire,
VVherein he fri'd; I for his flight begun
To waxe his wings; and taught him art to flie,
Who on his back might beare me through the skie.

VVhilſt the vaine world ſo cunningly could win
Us, her falſe flatteries who too long did truſt,
Till having loſt the clue which led us in,
We wandred in the Labyrinth of luſt:
" For when the ſoule is nuzled once in vice,
" The ſweet of ſin makes Hell a Paradiſe.

Who to the full thy vileneſſe, World, e're told?
What is in thee, that's not extremely ill?
A loathſome ſhop, where poyſon's only ſold,
VVhoſe very entrance inſtantly doth kill;
Nothing in thee but Villany doth dwell,
And all thy waies lead head-long into Hell.

The King, whoſe truſt I lewdly had betraid,
His ſon, like *Phaëton*, vent'ring on the skies,
Perceiv'd his courſe was per'lous to be ſtaid,
For he was grave, and wonderfully wiſe;
And if with skill he curb'd not his deſire,
Edward might eas'ly ſet his Throne on fire.

This

This was a corſive to old *Edwards* daies,
And without ceaſing fed upon his bones,
That in the day bereav'd him of his eaſe,
Breaking his nights ſleep with continuall mones,
This more depreſs'd, & ſadlier weigh'd him downe,
Than the care elſe belonging to his Crowne.

And though he had judicially deſcri'd
The cauſe from whence this malady firſt grew,
It was no cure, unleſſe he could provide
Meanes to prevent the danger to enſue,
Wherefore he for his purpoſe made them way,
Againſt my courſes that had ought to ſay.

When thoſe in Court, my oppoſites that were,
This faire advantage and could finely take,
And for my fall, what did to them appeare,
So fitly for their purpoſes to make,
Thereon their forces inſtantly to ground,
Me to the world perpetually to wound.

VVhat thing ſo falſe, but taken was for truth,
So that on me a ſcandall it might bring,
By ſuch as ſtucke not to accuſe my youth,
To ſin in the unnaturalleſt thing,
And all fore-paſſed outrages awake,
Me to mankind contemptible to make?

Wherefore, the Prince more ſtraitly was beſtow'd,
In forraine Realmes and I adjudg'd to roame,
And ſharply cenſur'd to be held abroad,
Who had betrayed my hopefull truſt at home,
Adjudg'd to dye, were I by any found,
After my ſet day on the Engliſh ground.

That,

That, as aſtounded with a mighty blow,
I ſtood awhile inſenſible of paine,
Till ſomewhat wakened by my colder woe,
I felt the wound by which my joyes were ſlaine,
By which I fainted hourely more and more,
Nor could I thinke what cure could me reſtore.

But as a Turtle for her loved Make,
VVhoſe youth her deare Virginity injoy'd,
Sits ſhrowded in ſome ſolitary brake,
VVith melancholy penſiveneſſe annoy'd,
Thus without comfort ſat I all alone,
From the ſweet preſence of Prince *Edward* gone.

My Beauty, that diſdain'd the Summers ſight,
Now foully beaten with bleake Winters ſtormes,
My limbs were put to travell day and night,
So often hugg'd in Princely *Edwards* armes,
Thoſe eyes oft viewing pleaſure in her pride,
Saw fearfull objects on their either ſide.

VVhilſt in theſe tempeſts I was ſtrangely toſt,
My ſelfe confining in my native France,
By many a ſad calamity ſtill croſt,
Inſeparables to my ſore miſchance;
Others that ſtem'd the current of the Time,
Whence I had falne, ſtrove ſuddenly to climbe.

Like the Camelion, whilſt Time turnes the hue,
And with falſe *Proteus* puts on ſundry ſhapes,
This change ſcarce gone, a ſecond doth enſue,
One fill'd, another for promotion gapes;
Thus doe they ſwarme like Flies about the brim,
Some drown'd, & ſome do with much danger ſwim.

And

And ſome, on whom the Sun ſhone wondrous faire,
Yet of the ſeaſon little ſeem'd to vaunt,
For there were clouds hung in the troubled aire,
Threatning that they of their deſires might want,
Which made them flagge, prepared elſe to flie,
Whilſt with their falls they fading honour buy.

When poſting Time, that never turnes againe,
Whoſe winged feet flie ſwiftly with the Sun,
By the fleet houres attending on his Traine,
His revolution fatally begun,
And in his courſe brought ſuddenly about
That, which before the wiſer ſort did doubt.

For whilſt King *Edward* wholly doth attend
A happy voyage to the holy Land,
For which the Laitie mighty ſummes did lend,
Even whilſt this buſineſſe hotly was in hand,
See but to me what fortune there can fall,
This Conquerors death hath quickly alter'd all.

Should I preſume his praiſes to report,
Thinking thereby to grace his ſo great name,
My meane endeavours would fall farre too ſhort,
And I too much ſhould but impaire his fame,
I'le leave that to ſome ſacred Muſe to tell,
Upon whoſe life a Poets pen might dwell.

Scarce was his body lap'd up in the Lead,
Before his dolefull Obſequies were done,
When Englands Crowne was ſet on *Edwards* head,
With whom too ſoon my joyfull dayes begun,
As the blacke night at the approaching day,
My former ſorrowes vaniſhed away.

Edward

Edward Carnarvon calls me from exile,
Whom *Edward Longshanks* baniſh'd to his death,
I, whom the father held moſt baſe and vile,
VVas to the ſon as precious as his breath,
What th' old King writ, the young King forth did blot,
" Th' alive's remembred, dead mens words forgot.

The faire wind waits me to that wiſh'd for place,
And ſets me ſafely on that bleſſed ſhore,
From whence I ſeem'd but baniſh'd for a ſpace,
That my returne might honour'd be the more,
There to my lov'd Lord happily to leave me,
Whoſe armes were caſt wide open to receive me.

VVho would have ſeen that noble Roman Dame,
O'rcome with joy, give up her vitall breath,
Her ſon returning founded in by Fame,
When thankfull Rome had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her perſonated right,
At my approach to my deare *Edwards* ſight.

My *Jove*, now Lord of the Aſcendent is,
In an aſpect to promiſe happy ſpeed,
And ſuch on me that influence of his,
As prais'd the courſe wherein we did proceed,
Yet moſt prodigious it to ſome appeares,
Telling the troubles of enſuing yeares.

When, like to *Midas*, all I touch'd was gold,
Upon me ſhowr'd, as into *Dane's* lap,
For I obtained any thing I would,
So well had Fortune lotted out my hap:
" For Princes Treaſures like to Oceans are,
" To whom all Rivers naturally repaire.

The

The Isle of Man the first to me he gave,
He could not stay, untill I would demand,
And to be sure to give, ere I could crave,
I next received from his bounteous hand
Faire Wallingford, which many yeeres had been
The wealthy Dower of *Elianor* the Queen.

Those summes his father had been levying long
By Impositions, for the warre abroad,
Other his Princely benefits among,
At once on me he liberally bestow'd,
When some that saw how much on me he cast,
Perceiv'd his wealth could not maintaine his waste.

He gave me siten his Secretaries place,
Thereby to traine me in affaires of State:
Me in those roomes, that I was in, to grace,
And Earle of Cornwall frankly did create;
Besides, in Court more freely to partake me,
Of England he high Chamberlaine did make me.

And to the Royall Bloud me to ally,
(Which did but backe my humour of Ambition)
In bands of wedlocke did to me affie
A Lady of an excellent condition,
VVhich *Joane* of Acres his deare sister bare
To th' Earle of Gloster, that right noble *Clare*.

O blessed Bountie, giving all content!
The only Fautresse of all noble Arts,
That lend'st successe to every good intent,
A grace that rests in the most Godlike hearts,
By Heaven to none but happy soules infused,
Pitie it is, that ere thou wast abused.

When

When thoſe here firſt that my exile procur'd,
Which in my heart ſtill hated did abide,
As they before by no meanes me endur'd,
So were they now impatient of my pride:
" For Emulation ever did attend
" Upon the Great, and ſhall ſo to the end.

To croſſe whom, into favour I wrought thoſe,
That from meane places lifted up by me,
Being factious ſpirits, were fitteſt to oppoſe
Them, that perhaps too powerfull elſe might be,
That againſt envie raiſed by my hand,
Muſt uphold me, to make themſelves to ſtand.

Having my frame ſo cunningly contriv'd,
To boulſter me in my ambitious waies,
I ſhew'd the King my hate to be deriv'd
From thoſe high honours that he on me layes,
Drawing him on (my courſes to partake)
Still to maintaine what he himſelfe did make.

Thus did my youth but exerciſe extremes,
My heed was raſhneſſe to fore-run my fall,
My wit but folly, and my hopes but dreames,
My counſell ſerv'd my ſelfe but to inthrall,
Abuſing me but with a vaine illuſion,
And all together haſting my confuſion.

VVhen as King *Edward* haſteneth his repaire,
T' eſpouſe the Princeſſe *Iſabel* of France,
Daughter to *Philip*, that was call'd the Faire,
By which he thought his ſtrength much to advance:
And here at home to perfect my command,
He left me the protection of the Land.

Giving

Giving me power ſo abſolute withall,
That I dranke pleaſure in a plenteous cup,
VVhen there was none me to account to call,
All to my hands ſo freely rendred up,
That Heaven on me no greater bliſſe could bring,
Except to make me greater than my King.

Thus being got as high as I could climbe,
VVith this abundance beyond meaſure bleſt,
I thought t' imbrace the benefit of Time,
Fully to take what freely I poſſeſt,
" Holding for truth, that he is worſe than mad,
" Fondly to ſpare, a Princes wealth that had.

Their counſell then continually I croſt,
As ſcorning their authority and blood,
And thoſe things that concern'd their Honours moſt,
In thoſe againſt them evermore I ſtood,
And things for publike privately did ſpend,
To feed my riot that could find no end.

Untill falſe Fortune, like a treacherous foe,
Which had ſo long attended on my fall,
In the plaine path wherein I was to goe,
Laid many a bait to traine me on withall,
Till by her skill ſhe cunningly had brought me
Into the trap, where ſhe at pleaſure caught me.

For when the Barons hotly went in hand,
With Tilts and Turnies for the Kings returne,
To ſhew the French the glory of the Land,
The fixed day I labour'd to adjourne,
Till all their charge was laſtly overthrowne,
Who could abide no glory but mine owne.

Thus

Thus ſought my Fate me forward ſtill to ſet,
As though ſome Engine ſeiz'd me with a ſlight:
One miſchiefe ſoon a ſecond doth beget,
The ſecond brings a third but on too right,
And every one it ſelfe imployeth wholly,
In their juſt courſe to proſecute my folly.

For when the Barons found me to retaine,
Th' ambitious courſe wherein I firſt began,
And deeply felt, that under my diſdaine,
Into contempt continually they ran,
They took up Armes to remedy their wrong,
Which their cold ſpirits had ſuffred but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuſe the King,
A waſtefull ſpender of his wealth and treaſure,
A ſecret thiefe of many a ſacred thing,
And that I led him to unlawfull pleaſure,
Who never did in any thing delight,
But what might pleaſe my beſtiall appetite.

That like a ſickneſſe on the Land was ſent,
Whoſe hatefull courſes the chiefe cauſe had been,
The Common-wealth thus totter'd was and rent,
And worſe and worſe yee every day fore-ſeen.
Thus was I ſcandall'd publikely of many,
VVho pitied none, nor pitied was of any.

And ſince I thus was match'd by men of might,
The King, my danger that diſcreetly way'd,
Seeing them to purſue me with ſuch ſpight,
Me into Ireland ſecretly convai'd,
Till with my Peeres my peace he might procure,
Or might my ſafety otherwiſe aſſure.

Like

Like one, whoſe houſe remedileſſy burning,
Seeing his goods long heap'd together loſt,
The miſchiefe no whit leſſ'ned by his mourning,
Taketh ſome one thing that he loveth moſt,
And to ſome ſure place doth with that retire,
Leaving the reſt to th' mercy of the fire.

And he that nought too deare for me did deem,
So it might ſerve to cover my diſgrace,
To make my abſence otherwiſe to ſeem,
And to the world to beare a fairer face,
Leſt my exile ſuggeſted by their hate,
In England here perhaps might wound my ſtate.

By their wiſe counſell that were him about,
Of Ireland he me Deputy doth make,
And caus'd it each-where to be given out,
My journey therefore thither I did take,
To ſtop their mouthes, that gladly would imbrace
The leaſt thing that might ſound to my diſgrace.

Whereas he ſet me in that Princely ſort,
As in my place might purchaſe me renowne,
With no leſſe bounty to maintaine a Court,
Than hourely crav'd th' revenues of a Crowne,
Thither his bounty ſo much did me bring,
That though he raign'd, yet there was I a King.

There were few weeks, but ſome the Channell croſt
With ſundry preſents of a wond'rous price,
Some Jewell that him infinitely coſt,
Or ſome rich Robe of excellent device,
That they which ſaw what he upon me threw,
Well might diſcerne ſome change muſt needs enſue.

And

And ſince the Flow me follow'd in this wiſe,
The fulneſſe I as amply entertaine,
It had been folly to have ſeem'd preciſe,
To take that which fell on me like the raine,
Such as before no age had ever ſeen,
And ſince he was, I thinke, hath ſeldome been.

So that, when the bold Barony had found
The cunning us'd in covering of my flight,
That ſhifted me but to a ſurer ground,
On which they vainly had beſtow'd their might,
Perceiv'd far off that greater perill roſe,
Than they could find how fitly to diſpoſe.

Like thoſe that ſtrive to ſtop ſome ſwelling ſourſe,
(Whoſe plenty none can comprehend in bounds)
Which climbes above th' Oppoſers of his courſe,
And that which ſhould incircle it ſurrounds,
That ſo innated in it ſelfe is bleſt,
That 'tis the more, the more it is depreſt.

For fearing much the force I had abroad,
Who knew the way the Iriſh hearts to win,
They thought me better here to beſtow'd,
And for the ſtate more ſafely farre therein,
Where though my ſpoile they hop'd not to prevent,
Yet could they ſee the giddy courſe I went.

Of which they ſcarcely had conceiv'd the thought,
And did thereto but ſeemingly deſcend,
But that the King immediately it caught,
Nor car'd he by it what they did intend,
Plot what they could, ſo he thereby might gaine me,
Once in his Court againe to entertaine me.

What

What is ſo hard, but Majeſtie commands,
Yea, and ſeverely humbleth with the eye?
Whoſe very Nod acts with a thouſand hands,
In it ſuch vertue ſecretly doth lye,
Having t' up-hold it the high power of Fate,
It is imperious both o're Love and Hate.

This King, who no occaſion could neglect,
That ought me to my happineſſe might win,
Did with ſuch care my buſineſſes effect,
And ever was ſo fortunate therein,
That he to paſſe in little time did bring,
What moſt men thought to be a doubtfull thing.

When Poſts away with their full packets went,
Me out of Ireland inſtantly to call,
Allow'd of by the generall conſent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all;
Yet 'twas ſufficient that it freedome gave me,
But to be here where he deſir'd to have me.

My proud ſailes ſwelling with a proſp'rous wind,
The boiſt'rous ſeas did homage to mine eies,
And much above their uſuall courſe were kind,
All lowring clouds abandoning the skies,
Nothing diſcern'd in any Starre to feare me,
Fortune her ſelfe ſat at the Helme to ſteare me.

What time the King a Progreſſe needs would make
Into North-Wales, his native place to ſee,
VVhich was indeed, but only for my ſake,
VVho at Weſt-Cheſter knew to meet with mee,
And there, with all the ſtate he could deviſe,
To doe me honour in the peoples eyes.

Where, for my landing, long he did provide,
That nought might want to nourish my delight,
And at each lodging as along we ride,
He entertain'd me with some pleasing sight,
And that the Realme our friendship might report,
We entred London in this royall sort.

Which prov'd sharp spurs to my untam'd desire,
Lending the reines to my lascivious will,
And put me forth upon my full careere
On places slippery, and my manage ill,
Small my fore-sight, and over-much my haste,
Which me, alas, infortunately cast.

King *Edwards* care when having at command,
Who ought would have, he must me entertaine;
And yet before it past my cripple hand,
I share the greatest part to my private gaine,
Nor car'd I what from any I could wring,
So I might come into my coffers bring.

Then daily beg'd I great Monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the Crowne,
Transporting all the best commodities
Usefull to England, needed of her owne,
And basely sold all offices, till then
The due reward of well deserving men.

And being inconsiderately proud,
Held all things vile that sorted not my vaine,
Nothing might passe, but that which I allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gaine,
Giving vile termes and nick-names of disgrace,
To men of great birth, and of greater place.

Where

Whereby brake out that execrable rage,
Which long before had boiled in their bloud,
Themſelves by oath againſt me they ingage,
VVho thus had all authority withſtood,
And in the quarrell up their armes doe take,
Or to marre all, or better it to make.

They durſt affirme my mother was a Witch,
And in the fire condemned burnt to be,
And I her ſon, ſo rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her ſorceries to me,
Urging it on, for a moſt certaine thing,
That I by Magicke wrought upon the King.

And into France they charg'd me to convay
A goodly table of pure maſſie gold,
A Relique kept in Windſor many a day,
VVhich to King *Arthur* did belong of old,
Upon whoſe margent, as they did ſurmiſe,
There were engraven *Merlins* prophecies.

And by appealing to the Sea of Rome,
They ſoon procur'd a Legate to the Land,
VVith Malediction by the Churches doome,
Upon that man, which on my part ſhould ſtand,
The King ſuſpending, ſhould he not conſent,
To ratifie the Baronies intent.

VVhich they to purpoſe proſp'rouſly effect,
Then at full ſtrength, to counterpoiſe his force;
Having withall the Clergie to direct
Them the beſt way in their reſiſtleſſe courſe,
Till at the laſt King *Edward* they procure,
By ſolemne oath me ever to abjure.

Th' uncertaine iſſue of each earthly thing,
Set out moſt lively in my ſtar-croſt ſtate,
That doth remaine in Fortunes managing,
Appearing in my variable Fate:
On me that frown'd and flatt'red me ſo oft,
Caſting me downe, then ſetting me aloft.

To Flanders then my preſent courſe I caſt,
VVhich as the fair'ſt, ſo fitteſt for my eaſe:
That way is ſaf'ſt that ſooneſt can be paſt,
All not my friends that were abroad at ſeas,
Such friends in France they daily did procure,
That there my ſelfe I doubted to ſecure.

Where, though I chang'd my habit and my name,
Hoping thereby to live unknowne to any;
Yet ſwift report had ſo divulg'd my ſhame,
My hatefull life was publiſh'd to too many,
That as I paſt through every ſtreet along,
I was the Tale of every common tongue.

From whence I found a ſecret meanes, to have
Intelligence with my kind Lord the King,
VVho fail'd no month, but he me notice gave
VVhat the proud Barons had in managing,
And labour'd then, as he had done before,
Me into England ſafely to reſtore.

For which relying on my Soveraignes love,
To whom as life I had been ever deare,
VVhich ne'r than now I had more need to prove,
VVho ſtrove t' obtaine, if any meane there were,
A diſpenſation for his former oath,
In their deſpight that thereto ſeem'd moſt loth.

Which

Which long debating, we reſolv'd at length,
Since I by marriage ſtrongly was alli'd,
That this pinch ſhould ſtand upon my ſtrength,
And ſhould for England, hap what could betide,
And in a ſhip that for my paſſage lay,
Thither my ſelfe to ſecretly convay.

VVhere ſafely landed on the wiſhed ſhore,
VVith ſpeed to Court I cloſely me betooke,
Yet gave the King intelligence before,
About what time he there for me ſhould looke,
VVho was deviſing when I ſhould arrive,
The ſureſt way my ſafety to contrive.

Which the Lords finding, whilſt their bloud was hot,
That to themſelves then onely were to truſt;
For what before was done avail'd them not,
And for my ſake they found the King unjuſt,
Bringing thereby, whilſt trifling they doe ſtand,
Sporſe on themſelves, and perill on the Land.

VVho was ſo dull, that did not then diſtaſte,
That thus the King his Nobles ſhould neglect?
And thoſe in Court we for our purpoſe plac'd,
Gave us juſt cauſe their dealings to ſuſpect,
And they that view'd us with the pleaſed'ſt eye,
Yet at our actions often look'd awry.

VVhich made King *Edward* preſently provide
A choſen Convoy of his chiefeſt friends,
To guard me ſafe to Yorke, to be ſuppli'd
With forraine ſuccours, and to Scotland ſends
To warlike *Baliol*, and to Wales from whence
He hop'd for power to fruſtrate their pretence.

But they his Agents quickly intercept,
Not then to ſeeke in ſo well knowne a thing,
And both the Marches they ſo ſtrictly kept,
That none could enter to aſſiſt the King,
Onely to chaſtiſe my abhorred ſin,
VVho had the cauſe of all theſe troubles bin.

Thus like a ſhip, deſpoiled of her ſailes,
Shov'd by the wind againſt the ſtreamfull tide,
This way the one, that way the other hales,
Now tow'rds this ſhore, & now tow'rds that doth ride,
As that poore veſſell's, ſuch my brittle ſtay,
The neerer land, the neerer caſt away.

Thou Kingdomes corſive, home-begotten hate,
In any limits never that waſt bounded,
VVhen didſt thou yet ſeize upon any ſtate,
By thee that was not utterly confounded?
How many Empires be there that doe rue thee?
Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of all ſuccour utterly bereft,
Onely ſome ſmall force that we had at ſea,
For us to truſt to, Fortune had us left,
On which our hopes upon this up caſt lay,
VVhich we to haſten ſpeedily doe make,
Our former courſes forced to forſake.

Our preſent perill hapning to be ſo,
That did for aide importunately call,
VVherefore in Yorke, as ſafeſt from the foe,
He left me to the keeping of the wall,
Till his returne me further aide might give,
Whom more and more he ſtudied to relieve.

The

The Barons then from Bedford ſetting on,
Th' appointed Randy where they gath'red head,
VVhen they had notice that the King was gone,
Tow'rds Yorkſhire with celerity them ſped,
To ſeize my perſon purpoſed that were,
Whoſe preſence elſe might make them to forbeare.

When leaving Yorke, to Scarborough I poſt,
With that ſmall force the City had to lend me,
The ſtrongeſt Fort that ſtood upon the coaſt,
And of all other likeſt to defend me,
Which at the worſt, from whence in their deſpight,
The hills at hand might priviledge my flight.

But they which kept the country round about,
Upon each paſſage ſet ſo watchfull Spies,
Of well-wall'd Yorke that I was ſcarcely out,
But on their light-horſe after me they riſe,
And ſuddenly they in upon me came,
Ere I had time to get into the ſame.

Thence with intent tow'rds Oxford to convay me,
When by the way, as Birds doe at the Owle,
Some wondred at me, ſome againe did bay me,
As hungry Wolves at paſſengers doe howle:
Each one rejoycing that I thus was caught,
Who on the land theſe miſeries had brought.

Conducted thus to Dedington at laſt,
Where th' Earle of Pembroke will'd me to be ſtai'd,
To underſtand before they further paſt,
VVhat by the King could on my ſide be ſaid
About this buſineſſe, and towards *Edward* went,
T' acquaint him with the generall intent.

But th' Earle of Warwicke (lying but too neere)
The Dogge of Arden that I us'd to call,
VVho mortall hatred did me ever beare,
He whom I moſt ſuſpected of them all,
Thither repairing with his powerfull Band,
Seized upon me with a violent hand.

To Warwicke Caſtle carrying me along,
(Where he had long deſired me to get)
With friends and tenants abſolutely ſtrong,
Whom all the puiſſant Baronie abet,
Which ſince occaſion offred them ſuch hold,
Haſten my death by all the meanes they could.

North from the Towne, a mile or very neere,
A little Hill in publike view doth lye,
That's called Blacklow of the dwellers there,
Neere to the ancient Hermitage of Guy,
To which the Lords me as a Traitor led,
And on a Scaffold tooke away my head.

My life and fortunes lively thus expreſt,
In the ſad tenor of my Tragicke Tale,
Let me returne to the faire fields of reſt,
Thither tranſported with a proſp'rous gale,
And leave the world my deſtinie to view,
Bidding it thus eternally adieu.

THE

THE LEGEND OF GREAT *CROMWELL.*

AWak'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread,
With the loud ſlander (by the impious Time)
That of my actions every-where is ſpread,
Through which to honour falſly I ſhould clime:
From the ſad dwelling of th' untimely dead,
To quit me of that execrable crime,
Cromwell appeares, his wretched plight to ſhew,
Much that can tell, as one that much did know.

Roughly not made up in the common mould,
That with the vulgar vilely I ſhould die,
What thing ſo ſtrange of *Cromwell* is not told?
What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd than I?
That with the world when I am waxed old,
Moſt 'twere unfit that Fame of me ſhould lie,
With Fables vaine my Hiſtory to fill,
Forcing my good, excuſing of my ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated name,
Your ancient malice inſtantly bewray,
And for my ſake your ill-deſerved blame,
Upon my Legend publikely ſhall lay,
Would you forbeare to blaſt me with defame,
Might I ſo-meane a priviledge but pray,
He that three Ages had endur'd your wrong,
Heare him a little who hath heard you long.

Since Romes ſad ruine here by me began,
VVho her religion pluckt up by the root,
Of the falſe world ſuch hate for which I wan,
Which ſtill at me her poyſned'ſt darts doth ſhoot;
That to excuſe it, doe the beſt I can,
Little, I feare, my labour me will boot:
Yet will I ſpeake my troubled heart to eaſe,
Much to the mind her ſelfe it is to pleaſe.

O powerfull number, from whoſe ſtricter law,
Heart-moving Muſicke did receive the ground,
VVhich man to faire civility did draw,
VVith the brute beaſt when lawleſſe he was found:
O, if according to the wiſer Saw,
There be a high Divinity in ſound,
Be now abundant proſp'rouſly to aide
The pen prepar'd my doubtfull cauſe to plead.

Putney the place made bleſſed by my birth,
VVhoſe meaneſt cottage ſimply me did ſhrow'd,
To me as dearеſt of the Engliſh earth;
So of my bringing that poore Village proud,
Though in a time, when never leſſe the dearth
Of happy Wits, yet mine ſo well allow'd,
That with the beſt ſhe boldly durſt preſer
Me, that my breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my coming wood,
Striking the wondring Borderers with feare,
And the pale Genius of that aged flood,
To my ſicke mother labouring did appeare,
And with a countenance much diſtracted ſtood,
Threatning the fruit her pained wombe ſhould beare:
My ſpeedy birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to foretell that much I came to doe.

Who

VVho was reſerved for thoſe worſer daies,
As the great Ebbe unto ſo long a Flow,
VVhen what thoſe ages formerly did raiſe,
This, when I liv'd, did laſtly overthrow,
And that great'ſt labour of the world did ſeize,
Onely for which immedicable blow,
Due to that time, me dooming Heaven ordain'd,
VVherein confuſion abſolutely raign'd.

Vainly yet noted this prodigious ſigne,
Often predictions of moſt fearfull things,
As Plagues, or Warre, or great men to decline,
Riſing of Commons, or the death of Kings;
But ſome ſtrange newes though ever it divine,
Yet forth them not immediately it brings,
Untill th' effects men afterward did learne,
To know that me it chiefly did concerne.

Whilſt yet my father by his painfull trade,
Whoſe labour'd Anvile onely was his fee,
Whom my great tow'rdneſſe ſtrongly did perſwade,
In knowledge to have educated mee;
But death did him unluckily invade,
Ere he the fruits of his deſire could ſee,
Leaving me young, then little that did know,
How me the Heavens had purpos'd to beſtow.

Hopeleſſe as helpleſſe moſt might me ſuppoſe,
Whoſe meanneſſe ſeem'd their abject breath to draw:
Yet did my breaſt that glorious fire incloſe,
VVhich their dull purblind ignorance not ſaw,
VVhich ſtill is ſettled upon outward ſhowes,
The Vulgars judgement ever is ſo raw,
VVhich the unworthieſt ſottiſhly doe love,
In their owne region properly that move.

Yet me my fortune ſo could not diſguiſe,
But through this cloud were ſome that did me know,
VVhich than the reſt more happy, or more wiſe,
Me did relieve, when I was driven low,
VVhich, as the ſtaires, by which I firſt did riſe,
VVhen to my height I afterward did grow,
Them to requite, my bounties were ſo hie,
As made my fame through every eare to flie.

That height and god-like purity of mind,
Reſteth not ſtill, where Titles moſt adorne
VVith any, nor peculiarly confin'd
To names, and to be limited doth ſcorne:
Man doth the moſt degenerate from kind,
"Richeſt and pooreſt both alike are borne;
"And to be alwaies pertinently good,
"Followes not ſtill the greatneſſe of our blood.

Pitie it is, that to one vertuous man
That marke him lent, to Gentrie to advance,
VVhich firſt by noble induſtry he wan,
His baſer iſſue after ſhould inhance,
And the rude ſlive not any good that can,
Such ſhould thruſt downe by what is his by chance:
As had not he been firſt that him did raiſe, (praiſe.
Ne'r had his great Heire wrought his Grandfires

How weake art thou that makeſt it thy end,
To heap ſuch worldly dignities on thee,
VVhen upon Fortune only they depend,
And by her changes governed muſt be?
Beſides the dangers ſtill that ſuch attend,
Livelieſt of all men pourtrayed out in mee,
VVhen that, for which I hated was of all,
Soon'ſt from me fled, ſcarce tarrying for my fall.

You

You that but boaſt your Anceſtors proud ſtile,
And the large ſtem whence your vaine greatneſs grew,
VVhen you your ſelves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually purſue,
That all good Spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth ſhould elſe diſcover you,
Giving your ſelves unto ignoble things,
Baſe I proclaime you, though deriv'd from Kings.

Vertue, but poore, God in this earth doth place,
'Gainſt the rude world to ſtand up in his right,
To ſuffer ſad affliction and diſgrace,
Nor ceaſing to purſue her with deſpight:
Yet when of all ſhe is accounted baſe,
And ſeeming in moſt miſerable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take,
Leaſt then diſmaid, when all doe her forſake.

That is the man of an undaunted ſpirit,
For her deare ſake that offereth him to dye,
For whom, when him the world doth diſ-inherit,
Looketh upon it with a pleaſed eye,
VVhat's done for Vertue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudeſt menaces defie,
More worth than life, how ere the baſe world rate him,
Belov'd of heaven, although the earth doth hate him.

Injurious Time, unto the good unjuſt,
O! how may weake poſteritie ſuppoſe
Ever to have their merit from the duſt,
'Gainſt them thy partialitie that knowes?
To thy report, O who ſhall ever truſt,
Triumphant arches building unto thoſe,
Allow'd the longeſt memory to have,
That were the moſt unworthy of a grave!

But my eleere metall had that powerfull heat,
As it not turn'd with all that Fortune could :
Nor when the world me terribleſt did threat,
Could win that place, wᵗʰ my high thoughts did hold,
That waxed ſtill more proſperouſly great,
The more the world me ſtrove to have controll'd,
On mine owne Columnes conſtantly to ſtand,
VVithout the falſe help of anothers hand.

My youthfull courſe thus wiſely did I ſteere,
T' avoid thoſe rocks my wracke that elſe did threat ;
Yet ſome faire hopes from far did ſtill appeare,
If that too much my wants did me not let :
VVherefore my ſelfe above my ſelfe to beare,
Still as I grew, I knowledge ſtrove to get,
To perfect that which in the Embryon was,
Whoſe birth, I found, time well might bring to paſs.

But when my meanes to faile me I did find,
My ſelfe to travell preſently I tooke :
For 'twas diſaſtefull to my noble mind,
That the vile world into my wants ſhould looke,
Being beſides induſtriouſly inclin'd,
To meaſure others actions with my booke,
My judgement more to rectifie thereby,
In matters that were difficult and hie.

When loe it hapt, that Fortune, as my guide,
Of me did with ſuch providence diſpoſe,
That th' Engliſh Merchants then, who did reſide
At Antwerp, me their Secretary choſe,
(As though in me ſo manifeſt her pride)
VVhence to thoſe Principalities I roſe,
To plucke me downe, whom afterward ſhe fear'd,
Beyond her power that almoſt ſhe had rear'd.

When

When firſt the wealthy Netherlands me train'd,
In wiſe commerce moſt proper to that place,
And from my country carefully me wain'd,
As with the world it meant to win me grace,
VVhere great experience happily I gain'd;
Yet here I ſeem'd but tutor'd for a ſpace,
For high imploiment otherwiſe ordain'd,
Till which the time I idlely entertain'd.

For Boſton buſineſſe hotly then in hand,
The charge thereof on *Chambers* being laid,
Comming to Flanders, hapt to underſtand
Of me, whom he requeſted him to aide;
Of which, when I the benefit had ſcan'd,
VVeighing what time at Antwerp I had ſtai'd,
Soon it me won faire Italy to trie,
Under a cheerfull and more luckie skie.

For what the meaneſt cleerly makes to ſhine,
Youth, Wit, and Courage, all in me concurre:
In every project, that ſo powerfull Trine,
By whoſe kind working bravely I did ſtirre,
VVhich to each high and glorious deſigne
(The Time could offer) freely did me ſpurre,
As forcing Fate ſome new thing to prepare,
(Shewing ſucceſſe) t' attempt that could me dare.

Where now my ſpirit got roomth it ſelfe to ſhow,
To the fair'ſt pitch to make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
VVhere higher ſtill it every day did grow;
And being in ſo excellent a plight,
Crav'd but occaſion happily to prove,
How much it ſate each vulgar ſpirit above.

The good ſucceſſe th' affaires of England found,
Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made:
For where moſt men the depth durſt hardly ſound,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade,
My ſelfe, and through the ſtraiteſt waies I wound.
So could I act, ſo well I could perſwade,
As meerly Joviall in my ſelfe was I,
Compos'd of freedome and alacritie.

Not long it was ere Rome of me did ring,
(Hardly ſhall Rome ſo full daies ſee agen)
Of Freemens Catches to the Pope I ſing,
VVhich wan much licence to my Countrimen,
Thither, the which I was the firſt did bring,
That were unknowne to Italy till then:
"Light humours, them when judgment doth direct,
"Even of the wiſe win plauſible reſpect.

And thoſe, from home that Penſions were allow'd,
And there did for intelligence remaine,
Under my power themſelves were glad to ſhrowd,
Ruſſell and *Pace*, yea oftentimes were faine,
When as their names they durſt not have avow'd,
Me into their ſocietie t' retaine.
Riſing before me, mighty as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

In forraine parts neere friends I yet forſake,
That had before been deeply bound to mee,
And would againe I uſe of them ſhould make,
But ſtill my Stars command I ſhould be free,
And all thoſe offers lightly from me ſhake,
Which to requite, I fettred elſe might bee;
And though that oft great perils me oppung,
And meanes were weake, my mind was ever ſtrong.

Yet

Yet thoſe great wants Fate to my youth did tie,
Me from the pomp of thoſe rich Countries drive,
Thereby inforc'd with painfull induſtrie,
Againſt affliction manfully to ſtrive,
Under her burthen faintly not to lie:
But ſince my good I hardly muſt derive,
Into the ſame I thought to make my way,
Through all the power againſt me ſhe could lay.

As a Comedian and my life I led,
For ſo a while my need did me conſtraine,
With other my poore Countrimen (that plai'd)
Thither that came in hope of better gaine:
Whereas when Fortune ſeem'd me low to tread
Under her feet, ſhe ſet me up againe,
Untill her uſe bad me her not to feare,
Her good and ill that patiently could beare.

Till *Charles* the Fifth th' Emperiall power did bend
'Gainſt Rome, which Burbon skilfully did guide,
VVhich faſt-declining Italy did rend;
For th' right that him her Holineſſe deni'd,
VVholly her ſelfe inforced to defend
'Gainſt him that juſtly puniſhed her pride,
To which my ſelfe I laſtly did betake,
To ſee thereof what Fortune meant to make.

And at the ſiege with that great Generall ſerv'd,
When he firſt girt her ſtubborne waſte with ſteele,
Within her walls who well-neere being ſtarv'd,
And that with faintneſſe ſhe began to reele,
Shewing her ſelfe a little as ſhe ſwarv'd:
Firſt her then noting I began to feele,
Shee, whoſe great power ſo far abroad did roame,
VVhat in her ſelfe ſhe truely was at home.

That

That the great Schoole of the falſe world was then,
Where her's their ſubtle practices did vie,
Amongſt that mighty confluence of men,
French plots propt up by Engliſh policie,
The German powers, falſe ſhuffling, and agen
All countermin'd by skilfull Italy,
Each one in poſſibility to win,
Great reſts were up, and mighty hands were in.

Here firſt to worke my buſie braine was ſet,
(My inclination finding it to pleaſe,
This ſtirring world which ſtrongly ſtill did whet)
To temper in ſo dangerous aſſaies,
VVhich did ſtrange formes of policies beget;
Beſides in times ſo turbulent as theſe,
Whereto my ſtudies wholly I did bend
To that, which then the wiſeſt made their end.

And my experience happily me taught
Into the ſecrees of thoſe times to ſee,
From whence to England afterward I brought
Thoſe ſlights of State deliv'red there to mee,
In t' which there then were very few that ſought,
Nor did with th' humour of that age agree,
VVhich after did moſt fearfull things effect,
VVhoſe ſecret working few did then ſuſpect.

When though 'twere long, it hapned yet at laſt,
Some hopes me home-ward ſecretly allur'd,
VVhen many perils ſtrangely I had paſt,
As many ſad calamities endur'd:
Beyond the Moon when I began to caſt,
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
If they at home were to the Mighty knowne,
How they would ſeem compared with their owne.

Or if that there the Great ſhould me neglect,
As I the worſt that vainly did not feare,
To my experience how to gaine reſpect,
In other Countries that do hold it deare,
I no occaſion vainly did reject,
Whil'ſt ſtill before me other riſing were,
And ſome themſelves had mounted to the skie,
Little before unlike to thrive as I.

When now in England Bigamie with bloud,
Lately begot by Luxury and Pride,
In their great'ſt fulneſſe peremptory ſtood;
Some that thoſe courſes diligently ey'd,
Slily were fiſhing in that troubled flood,
For future changes wiſely to provide,
Finding the world ſo rankly then to ſwell,
That till it brake, it never could be well.

But floting long upon my firſt arrive,
VVhil'ſt many doubts me ſeemed to appall,
Like to a Barke that with the tide doth drive,
Having nought left to faſten it withall,
Thus with the Time by ſuffring I doe ſtrive,
Into what harbour doubtfull yet to fall;
Untill inforc'd to put it to the chance,
Caſting the fair'ſt, my fortune to advance.

Making my ſelfe to mighty *Woolſey* knowne,
That *Atlas*, which the government up-ſtai'd,
VVho from meane place in little time was growne
Up to him, which that weight upon him lai'd;
And being got the neereſt to his Throne,
He the more eas'ly this great Kingdome ſwai'd,
Leaning thereon his wearied ſelfe to breath,
Whil'ſt even the Greateſt ſat him far beneath.

Where

Where learned *More* and *Gardiner* I met,
Men in thoſe times immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dulleſt ſpirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their ranke and worthily did get,
There as their proud Competitor to ſit:
" One Excellence to many is the mother,
" Wits doe, as creatures, one beget another.

This Founder of the Palaces of Kings,
Whoſe veines with more than uſuall ſpirit were fill'd,
A man ordained to the mighti'ſt things,
In Oxford then determining to build
To Chriſt a Colledge, and together brings
All that thereof the great Foundation wills,
There me imployes, whoſe induſtry he found
Worthy to worke upon the nobleſt ground.

Yet in the entrance wiſely did he feare
Coine might fall ſhort, yet with this worke on fire,
VVherefore ſuch Houſes as religious were,
VVhoſe being no neceſſity require,
But that the greater very well might beare,
From Rome the Card'nall cunningly did hire,
Winning withall his Soveraigne to conſent,
It colouring with ſo holy an intent.

This like a ſymptome to a long diſeaſe,
VVas the fore-runner to this mighty fall,
And but too unadviſedly did ceaze
Upon the part that ruinated all,
Which, had the worke been of ſo many daies,
And more againe recover hardly ſhall:
But loe, it ſunke, which time did long up-hold,
Where now it lies even levell'd with the mold.

Thus,

Thus, thou great Rome, here firſt waſt overthrowne,
Thy future harmes that blindly couldſt not ſee,
And in this worke they only were thine owne,
Whoſe knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
Which to the world before had they not ſhowne,
Ne're had thoſe ſecrets been deſcri'd by mee,
Nor by thy wealth ſo many from the plow,
Worne thoſe high types wherein they flouriſh now.

For which my Maſter *Woolſey* might and maine,
Into ſuch favour with the King me brought,
Tow'rds whom my ſelfe ſo well I did demeane,
As that I ſeem'd to exerciſe his thought,
And his great liking ſtrongly did retaine,
With what before that Card'nall had me taught,
From whoſe example, by thoſe Cells but ſmall,
Sprang the ſubverſion laſtly of them all.

Yet many a let was caſt into the way,
VVherein I ran ſo ſteadily and right,
And many a ſnare my adverſaries lay, (ſlight,
Much wrought they with their power, much with their
VViſely perceiving that my ſmalleſt ſtay
Fully requir'd the utmoſt of their might,
To my aſcendant haſting then to climbe,
There as the firſt predomining the time.

Knowing what wealth me earneſtly did woo,
VVhich I through *Woolſey* hapned had to find,
And could the path moſt perfectly unto,
The King thereafter earneſtly inclin'd,
Seeing beſides what after I might doe,
If ſo great power me fully were aſſign'd,
By all their meanes againſt me ſtrongly wrought,
Lab'ring as faſt to bring their Church to nought.

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt to the King continually I ſue,
And in this buſineſſe faithfully did ſtirre,
Strongly to prove my judgement to be true,
'Gainſt thoſe who moſt ſuppoſed me to erre;
Nor the leaſt meanes, which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purpoſes preferre
Did I omit, till I had wonne his eare
Moſt that me mark'd, when leaſt he ſeem'd to heare.

This wound to them thus violently given,
Envie at me her ſharpeſt darts did rove,
Affecting the Supremacy of Heaven,
As the firſt Giants warring againſt *Jove*,
Heap'd hills on hills, the Gods till they had driven,
The meaneſt ſhapes of earthly things to prove:
So muſt I ſhift from them that 'gainſt me roſe,
Mortall their hate, as mighty were my foes.

But their great force againſt me wholly bent,
Prevail'd upon my purpoſes ſo farre,
That I my ruine ſcarcely could prevent,
So momentarie worldly favours are,
That till the utmoſt of their ſpight was ſpent,
Had not my ſpirit maintain'd a manly warre,
Riſen they had, when I had laine full low,
Upon whoſe ruine after I did grow.

When the great King, their ſtrange reports that took,
Who as pernicious as they potent were,
And at the faire growth of my fortune ſtrooke,
Whoſe deadly malice blame me not to feare,
Me at the firſt ſo violently ſhooke,
That they this frame were likely downe to beare,
If Reſolution with a ſettled brow
Had not up-held my peremptory vow.

Ye

Yet theſe encounters thruſt me not awry,
Nor could my courſes force me to forſake,
After this ſhipwracke I againe moſt trie,
Some happier Voyage hopefull ſtill to make:
The plots that barren long we ſee doe lie,
Some fitting ſeaſon plentifully take:
" One fruitfull harveſt frankly doth reſtore
" What many Winters hindred have before.

That to account I ſtrictly call my wit,
How it this while had manag'd my ſtate,
My ſoule in counſell ſummoning to ſit,
If poſſible to turne the courſe of Fate;
For waies there be the greateſt things to hit,
If men could find the peremptory gate:
And ſince I once was got ſo neere the brinke,
More than before 'twould grieve me now to ſtrike.

Ruſſel, whoſe life (ſome ſaid) that I had ſav'd
In Italy, one that me favoured moſt,
And reverend *Hailes*, who but occaſion crav'd
To ſhew his love, no leſſe that I had coſt,
Who to the King perceiving me diſgrac'd,
Whoſe favour I unluckily had loſt,
Both with him great, a foot ſet in withall,
If not to ſtay, to qualifie my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well-neere quite ſunke, recover me that could,
And once more get me into Fortunes lap,
Which well my ſelfe might teach me there to hold,
Eſcap'd out of ſo dangerous a trap,
Whoſe praiſe by me to Ages ſhall be told,
As the two props by which I only roſe,
When moſt ſuppreſt, moſt trod on by my foes.

This

This me to urge the Premunire won,
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and hie,
In t'which the heedleſſe Prelacie were run,
That backe unto the Papacie did flie,
Sworne to that Sea, and what before was done,
Due to the King, diſpenſed were thereby,
In t' which firſt entring offred me the meane,
That to throw downe, already that did leane.

This was to me that over-flowing ſource,
From whence his bounties plentifully ſpring,
Whoſe ſpeedy current with unuſuall force
Bare me into the boſome of the King,
By putting him into that ready courſe,
Which ſoon to paſſe his purpoſes might bring,
Where thoſe which late imperiouſly controll'd me,
Strook pale with fear, ſtood trembling to behold me.

When State to me thoſe Ceremonies ſhow'd,
That to ſo great a Favourite were due,
And Fortune ſtill with honours did me load,
As though no meane ſhe in my riſing knew,
Or Heaven to me more than to man had ow'd,
(What to the world unheard of was and new)
And was to other ſparing of her ſtore,
Till ſhe could give, or I could aske no more.

Thoſe high preferments he upon me laid,
To make the world me publikely to know,
Were ſuch, in judgement rightly being wai'd,
Seemed too great for me to undergoe,
Nor could his hand from powring on be ſtai'd,
Untill I ſo abundantly did flow,
That looking downe whence lately I was clome,
Danger bad feare, if further I ſhould rome.

For first from Knighthood rising in degree,
The office of the Jewell-house my lot,
After, the Rolls he frankly gave to me,
From whence a Privie Counsellor I got,
Then of the Garter; and then Earle to be
Of Essex: yet sufficient these were not,
But to the great Vicegerency I grew,
Being a title as supreme as new.

So well did me these Dignities befit,
And Honour so me every way became,
As more than man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriv'd the name:
Where was he found whose love I not requit,
Beyond his owne imaginary aime,
Which had me succour'd, neerly being driven,
As things to me that idly were not given?

What tongue so slow, the Tale shall not report
Of Hospitable *Friscobald* and mee,
And shew in how reciprocall a sort
My thankes did with his courtesie agree,
When as my meanes in Italy were short,
That me reliev'd, I lesse that would not bee,
When I of England was Vicegerent made,
His former bounties lib'rally repaid?

The manner briefly gentler Muse relate,
Since oft before it wisely hath been told,
The sudden change of unavoided fate,
That famous Merchant, reverend *Friscobald*,
Grew poore, and the small remnant of his state,
Was certaine goods to England he had sold,
Which in the hands of Creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet lesser meanes he had.

Hither his wants him forcibly constrain'd,
Though with long travell both by land and seas,
Led by this hope, that only now remain'd,
Whereon his fortune finally he layes;
And if he found that friendship here were fain'd,
Yet at the worst it better should him please,
Farre out of sight, to perish here unknowne,
Than unreliev'd be pitied of his owne.

It chanc'd as I tow'rd Westminster did ride,
'Mongst the great concourse passing to and fro,
An aged man I happily espi'd,
Whose outward lookes much inward griefe did show,
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
Him, me thought more precisely I should know:
Revolving long, it came into my mind,
This was the man to me had been so kind.

Was therewithall so joyed with his sight,
(With the deare sight of his so reverend face)
That I could scarcely keep me from t' alight,
And in mine armes him kindly to embrace:
Weighing yet (well) what some imagine might,
He being a stranger, and the publike place,
Checkt my affection, till some fitter houre,
On him my love effectually might showre.

Never, quoth I, was Fortune so unjust,
As to doe wrong to thy most noble heart:
What man so wicked could betray the trust
Of one so upright, of so good desert?
And though obey necessity thou must,
As when th' wast great'st the same to me thou art,
Let me alone the last be left of all,
That from the rest declin'd not with thy fall.

An

And calling to a Gentleman of mine,
Wise and discreet, that well I knew to bee,
Shew'd him that stranger, whose dejected eyne,
Fixt on the earth, ne'r once looke up at mee,
Bid yonder man come home to me and dine,
(Quoth I) bespeake him reverently you see,
Scorne not his habit, little canst thou tell,
How rich a mind in those meane rags doth dwell.

He with my name that kindly did him greet,
Slowly cast up his deadly-moving eye,
That long time had been fixed on his feet,
To looke no higher than his miserie,
Thinking him more calamity did greet,
Or that I had supposed him some Spie,
With a deep sigh that from his heart he drew,
Quoth he, his will accomplisht be by you.

My man departed, and the message done,
He whose sad heart a strange impression strooke,
To thinke upon this accident begun,
And on himselfe suspiciously to looke,
Into all doubts he fearfully doth run,
Oft himselfe cheering, oft himselfe forsooke:
Strangely perplext, he to my house doth come,
Not knowing why judg'd, not dreading yet his doom.

My servants set his comming to attend,
That were therein not common for their skill,
Whose usage yet the former did amend:
He hop'd not good, nor guilty was of ill;
But as a man, whose thoughts were at an end,
Fortune (quoth he) then worke on me thy will:
Wiser than man I thinke he were that knew,
Whence this may come, or what will it ensue.

His honour'd presence so did me inflame,
That being then in presence of my Peeres,
I sdaigned not to meet him as he came,
(That very hardly could containe my teares)
Kindly salute him, call him by his name,
And oft together aske him how he cheeres:
Which still along maintaining the extreame,
The man thought sure he had been in a dreame.

At length to wake him gently I began
With this demand, If once he did not know
One *Thomas Cromwell*, a poore Englishman,
By him reliev'd, when he was driven low?
When I perceiv'd he my remembrance wan;
Yet with his teares it silently did show,
I wept for woe, to see mine Oast distrest:
But he for joy, to see his happy Guest.

Him to the Lords I publisht by my praise,
And at my table carefully him set,
Recounting them the many sundry waies
I was to this good Gentleman in debt;
How great he was in Florence in those daies,
With all that grace or reverence him might get:
Which all the while yet silently he heares,
Moisting among his Viands with his teares.

And to lend fulnesse lastly to his fate,
Great summes I gave him, and what was his due,
Made knowne, my selfe became his Advocate,
And at my charge his Creditors I sue,
Recovering him unto his former state:
Thus he the world began by me anew,
That shall to all Posterity expresse
His honour'd Bounty, and my Thankfulnesse.

But Muſe, recount before thou further paſſe,
How this great change ſo quickly came about,
And what the cauſe of this ſad downfall was,
In every part the ſpacious Realme throughout,
Being effected in ſo little ſpace,
Leave not thereof Poſterity to doubt,
That to the world obſcured elſe may bee,
If in this place revealed not by thee.

If the whole Land did on the Church relie,
Having full power Kings to account to call,
That to the world read only Policie,
Beſides Heavens Keyes to ſtop or let in all,
Let me but know from her Supremacie,
How ſhe ſhould come ſo ſuddenly to fall:
'Twas more than chance ſure put a hand thereto,
That had the power ſo great a thing to doe.

Or ought there were had biding under Sun,
Who would have thought thoſe Edifices great,
Which firſt Religion holily begun,
The Church approv'd, and Wiſedome richly ſeat,
Devotion nouriſh'd, Faith allowance won,
With what might make them any way compleat,
Should in their ruines laſtly buried lie,
But that begun and ended from the skie?

And the King late obedient to her Lawes,
Againſt the Clecke of Germany had wrie,
As he that firſt ſtirr'd in the Churches cauſe,
Againſt him greatli'ſt that oppugned it;
And wan from her ſo gratefull an applauſe,
Then in her favour chiefly that did ſit,
That as the prop whereon ſhe onely ſtai'th,
Him ſhe inſtil'd, *Defender of the Faith.*

But not their power, whose wisdoms them did place
In the first ranke, the Oracles of State,
Who that opinion strongly did imbrace,
Which through the land received was of late,
Then ought at all prevailed in this case;
O powerfull doome of unavoided fate,
Whose depth not weake mortality can know!
"Who can uphold what Heaven will overthrow?

When, time now universally did show
The power to be peculiarly annex'd,
With most abundance then when she did flow,
Yet every houre still prosp'rously she wex'd,
But the world poore did by loose riots grow,
Which served as an excellent pretext,
And colour gave to pluckie her from her pride,
Whose onely greatnesse suffred none beside.

Likewise to that, Posterity did doubt,
Those at the first not rightly to adore,
Their fathers that too credulous devout,
Had to the Church contributed their store,
And to recover only went about
What their great zeale had lavished before,
On her a strong hand violently laid,
Preying on that they gave for to be pray'd.

Besides, the King set in a course so right,
Which I for him laboriously had tract,
(Who, till I learn'd him, had not knowne his might)
I still to prompe his power with me to act,
Into those secrets got so deep a sight,
That nothing lastly to his furth'rance lackt,
And by example it to him was showne,
How Rome might there be eas'ly overthrowne.

In

In taking downe yet of this goodly Frame,
He ſuddenly not breake off every band,
But tooke the power firſt from the Papall name,
After, a while let the Religion ſtand,
When limbe by limbe he daily did it lame,
Firſt, tooke a legge, and after tooke a hand,
Till the poore ſemblance of a body left,
But all ſhould ſtay it, utterly bereft.

For if ſome Abbey hapned void to fall,
By death of him that the Superiour was,
Gaine, that did firſt Church-liberty enthrall,
Onely Supreme promoted to the place,
'Mongſt many bad, the worſt moſt times of all,
Under the colour of ſome others grace,
That by the ſlander, which from him ſhould ſpring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from heaven when by a ſecret courſe,
Diſſention univerſally began,
(Prevailing as a Planetary ſource)
I' th' Church beleeving, as Mahumeans,
When *Luther* firſt did theſe opinions nurſe,
Much from great Rome in little ſpace that wan,
It to this change ſo aptly did diſpoſe,
From whoſe ſad ruine ours ſo great aroſe.

When here that Fabricke utterly did faile,
Which powerfull Fate had limited to Time,
By whoſe ſtrong law it naturally muſt quaile,
From that proud height to which it long did climbe,
Letting 'gainſt it the contrary prevaile,
Therein to puniſh ſome notorious crime,
For which at length juſt dooming Heaven decreed,
That on her buildings ruine here ſhould feed.

Th' authority upon her ſhe did take,
And uſe thereof in every little thing,
Finding her ſelfe how oft ſhe did forſake,
In her owne bounds her ſelfe not limiting,
That awfull feare and due obedience brake,
Which her reputed Holineſſe did bring,
From ſlight regard and brought her into hate,
With thoſe that much diſlik'd of her eſtate.

Seeing thoſe parts ſhe cunningly had plaid,
Beliefe to her great miracles to win,
To the wiſe world were every day bewrai'd,
From which the doubt did of her power begin,
Damnation yet to queſtion what ſhe ſaid,
Made moſt ſuſpect the Faith they had been in,
When their Salvation eas'ly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had ſought.

Whence thoſe ill humours rip'ned to a head,
Bred by the rankneſſe of the plenteous Land,
And they not onely ſtrangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient Liberty to ſtand,
But what their fathers gave her being dead,
The ſons rap'd from her with a violent hand,
And thoſe her buildings moſt of all abus'd,
That with the weight their fathers coffins bruis'd.

The wiſeſt and moſt provident but build,
For time againe but onely to deſtroy,
The coſtly Piles and Monuments we gild,
Succeeding time ſhall reckon but a toy,
Viciſſitude impartially will'd,
The goodlieſt things be ſubject to annoy,
And what one Age did ſtudiouſly maintaine,
The next againe accounteth vile and vaine.

Yet

Yet Time doth tell, in ſome things they did erre,
That put their help her bravery to deface,
When as the wealth that taken was from her,
Others ſoon raiſed, that did them diſplace,
Their Titles and their Offices confer
On ſuch before as were obſcure and baſe,
Who would with her, they likewiſe down ſhould go,
And o'rthrew them that her did overthrow.

And th' Romiſh Rites, that with a cleerer ſight
The wiſeſt thought they juſtly did reject,
They after ſaw, that the received Light,
Not altogether free was from defect,
Myſterious things being not conceived right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect:
For in opinion ſomething ſhort doth fall,
Wants there have been, and ſhall be ſtill in all.

But negligent Security and Eaſe,
Unbridled Senſuality begat,
That onely ſought his appetite to pleaſe,
As it in midſt of much abundance ſat,
The Church not willing others ſhould her praiſe,
That ſhe was leane, when as her lands were fat,
Her ſelfe to too much liberty did give,
Which ſome perceiv'd that in thoſe times did live.

Pierce the wiſe Plowman, in his viſion ſaw
Conſcience ſore hurt, yet ſorer was affraid
The ſeven great Sins to Hell him like to draw,
And to wiſe Clergy mainly cri'd for aid;
Falſe ere he wiſt (whom perill much did awe)
On uncleane Prieſts whil'ſt faintly he him ſtaid,
Willing good Clergie t'eaſe his wretched caſe,
Whom theſe ſtrong Giants hotly had in chaſe.

Clergy call'd Friers, which neere at hand did dwell,
And them requests to take in hand the cure,
But for their Leechcraft that they could not well,
He lifted not their dressing to endure,
When in his eare Need softly did him tell,
(And of his knowledge more did him assure)
They came for gain, their end which they did make,
For which on them the charge of soules they take.

And voluntary Poverty profest,
By food of Angels seeming as to live;
But yet with them th' accounted were the best,
That most to their fraternity did give,
And beyond number that they were increast:
If so (quoth Conscience) thee may I beleeve,
Then 'tis in vaine more on them to bestow,
If beyond number like they be to grow.

The Frier soon feeling Conscience had him found,
And hearing how Hypocrisie did thrive,
That many teachers every where did wound,
For which Contrition miserably did grieve:
Now in decrete to shew himselfe profound,
His former hopes yet lastly to revive,
Gets the Popes Letters, whereof he doth shape
Him a disguise, from Conscience to escape.

And so towards goodly Unitie he goes,
A strong-built Castle standing very hie,
Where Conscience liv'd, to keep him from his foes,
Whom, lest some watchfull Centinell should spie,
And him should to the Garrison disclose,
His Cowle about him carefully doth tie,
Creeps to the gate, and closely thereat beats,
As one that entrance gladly would intreat.

Peace,

Peace, the good Porter, ready ſtill at hand,
It doth un-pin, and prayes him God to ſave,
And after ſalving, kindly doth demand
What was his will, or who he there would have?
The Frier low lowting, croſſing with his hand,
T'ſpeake with Contrition (quoth he) I would crave.
Father (quoth Peace) your comming is in vaine,
For him of late Hypocriſie hath ſlaine.

God ſhield (quoth he) and turning up the eies,
To former health I hope him to reſtore,
For in my skill his ſound recovery lies,
Doubt not thereof, if ſetting God before.
Are you a Surgeon, Peace againe replies?
Yea (quoth the Frier) and ſent to heale his ſore:
Come neere (quoth Peace) and God your comming ſpeed,
Never of help Contrition had more need.

And for more haſte he haleth in the Frier,
And his Lord Conſcience quickly of him told,
Who entertain'd him with right friendly cheere:
O Sir (quoth he) intreat you that I could
To lend your hand to my deare Couſin here,
Contrition, whom a ſore diſeaſe doth hold,
That wounded by Hypocriſie of late,
Now lieth in moſt deſperate eſtate.

Sir (quoth the Frier) I hope him ſoon to cure,
Which to your comfort quickly you ſhall ſee,
Will he awhile my dreſſing but endure;
And to Contrition therewith commeth hee,
And by faire ſpeech himſelfe of him aſſure,
But firſt of all going thorow for his fee:
Which done (quoth he) if outwardly you ſhow
Sound, 't not availes if inwardly or no.

But ſecretly aſſoiling of his ſin,
No other med'cine will he to him lay,
Saying, that Heaven his ſilver him ſhould win,
And to give Friers, was better than to pray,
So he were ſhriev'd, what need he care a pin?
Thus with his Patient he ſo long did play,
Untill Contrition had forgot to weep:
This the wiſe Plowman ſhew'd me from his ſleep.

He ſaw their faults that looſly lived then,
Others againe our weakneſſes ſhall ſee:
For this is ſure, he bideth not with men,
That ſhall know all to be, what they ſhould bee:
Yet let the faithfull and induſtrious Pen
Have the due merit; but returne to mee,
Whoſe fall this while blind Fortune did deviſe,
To be as ſtrange as ſtrangely I did riſe.

Thoſe ſecret foes yet ſubt'ly to deceive,
That me maligning, lifted at my ſtate,
The King to marry forward ſtill I heave,
(His former wife being repudiate)
With *Anne*, the ſiſter of the Duke of Cleave,
The German Princes to confederate,
To backe me ſtill 'gainſt thoſe againſt me lay,
Which as their owne retain'd me here in pay.

Which my deſtruction principally wrought,
When afterward, abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to paſſe could not be brought,
So long as yet I bare about my head,
The onely man her ſafety that had ſought,
Of her againe and onely favoured,
Which was the cauſe he haſted to my end,
Upon whoſe fall hers likewiſe did depend.

For

For in his high diſtemp'rature of blood,
Who was ſo great, whoſe life he did regard?
Or what was it that his deſires withſtood,
He not inveſted, were it ne'r ſo hard?
Nor held he me ſo abſolutely good,
That though I croſt him, I could not be ſpar'd:
But with thoſe things I laſtly was to goe,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

When Wincheſter, with all thoſe enemies,
Whom my much power from audience had debarr'd,
The longer time their miſchiefes to deviſe,
Feeling with me how laſtly now it far'd,
When I had done the King what did ſuffice,
Laſtly, thruſt in againſt me to be heard,
When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,
Making amaine to th' ſhedding of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Having his riot ſatisfied thereby,
Seems not to know how I therein did ſway,
What late was Truth, now turn'd to Hereſie:
When he by me had purchaſed his prey,
Himſelfe to cleere, and ſatisfie the ſin,
Leaves me but late his inſtrument therein.

Thoſe Lawes I made my ſelfe alone to pleaſe,
To give me power more freely to my will,
Even to my equals hurtfull ſundry waies,
(Forced to things that moſt doe ſay were ill)
Upon me now as violently ſeize,
By which I laſtly periſht by my skill,
On mine owne necke returning (as my due)
That heavie yoke wherein by me they drew.

My

My Greatneſſe threatned by ill-boding eyes,
My actions ſtrangely cenſured of all,
Yet in my way, my giddineſſe not ſees
The pit wherein I likely was to fall:
O, were the ſweets of mans felicities
Often amongſt not temp'red with ſome gall!
He would forget by his o'rweening skill,
Juſt Heaven above doth cenſure good and ill.

Things over-ranke doe never kindly beare,
As in the corne, the fluxure when we ſee
Fills but the ſtraw, when it ſhould feed the eare,
Rotting that time in ripening it ſhould bee,
And being once downe, it ſelfe can never reare:
With us well doth this Simile agree,
(By the Wiſe man) due to the Great in all,
By their owne weight being broken in their fall.

Selfe-loving man what ſooner doth abuſe,
And more than his proſperity doth wound?
Into the deep but fall how can he chuſe,
That over-ſtrides whereon his foot to ground?
Who ſparingly proſperity doth uſe,
And to himſelfe doth after-ill propound,
Unto his height who happily doth climbe,
Sits above Fortune, and controlleth Time.

Not chooſing what us moſt delight doth bring,
And moſt that by the generall breath is freed,
Wooing that ſuffrage but the vertuous thing,
Which in it ſelfe is excellent indeed,
Of which the depth and perfect managing
Amongſt the moſt but few there be that heed,
Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
Seldome enduring, and as ſeldome good.

But whilst we strive too suddenly to rise,
By flatt'ring Princes with a servile tongue,
And being soothers to their tyrannies,
Worke our much woes by what doth many wrong,
And unto others tending injuries,
Unto our selves it happing oft among;
In our owne snares unluckily are caught,
Whilst our attempts fall instantly to naught.

The Councell Chamber place of my arrest,
Where chiefe I was, when greatest was the store,
And had my speeches noted of the best,
That did them as high Oracles adore:
A Parliament was lastly my Enquest,
That was my selfe a Parliament before,
The Tower-Hill Scaffold last I did ascend:
Thus the great'st man of England made his end.

IDEA.

IDEA.

1.

LIke an advent'rous Sea-farer am I, (been,
Who hath some long and dang'rous voyage
And call'd to tell of his discoverie, (seen?
How farre he sail'd, what countries he had
Proceeding from the Port whence he put forth,
Shewes by his Compasse how his course he steer'd;
When East, when West, when South & when by North,
As how the Pole to ev'ry place was rear'd,
What Capes he doubled, of what Continent,
The Gulphes and Straits that strangely he had past,
Where most becalm'd, where with foule weather spent,
And on what rockes in perill to be cast?
Thus in my Love, Time calls me to relate
My tedious travels, and oft-varying fate.

My

2.

MY heart was ſlaine, and none but you and I;
Who ſhould I think the murther ſhould commit?
Since but your ſelfe there was no creature by,
But onely I, guiltleſſe of murth'ring it.
It ſlew it ſelfe; the Verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead, and me not acceſſary:
Well, well, I feare it will be prov'd by you,
The evidence ſo great a proofe doth carry.
But O, ſee, ſee, we need inquire no further,
Upon your lips the ſcarlet drops are found,
And in your eie, the Boy that did the murther,
Your cheekes yet pale, ſince firſt he gave the wound.
By this I ſee, how-ever things be paſt,
Yet Heav'n will ſtill have murther out at laſt.

3.

TAking my Pen, with words to caſt my woe,
Duely to count the ſumme of all my cares,
I find, my griefes innumerable grow,
The reck'nings riſe to millions of deſpaires,
And thus dividing of my fatall houres,
The paiments of my Love, I reade, and croſſe,
Subſtracting, ſet my ſweets unto my ſowres,
My joyes arrerage leads me to my loſſe;
And thus mine eies a debtor to thine eie,
Which by extortion gaineth all their lookes,
My heart hath paid ſuch grievous uſurie,
That all their wealth lies in thy beauties bookes,
And all is thine which hath been due to mee,
And I a Bankrupt, quite undone by thee.

Bright

4.

BRight Starre of Beauty, on whose eye-lids sit
A thousand Nimph-like and enamour'd graces,
The Goddesses of Memory and Wit,
Which there in order take their severall places,
In whose deare bosome sweet delicious Love
Layes downe his Quiver, which he once did beare:
Since he that blessed Paradise did prove,
And leaves his mothers lap to sport him there,
Let others strive to entertaine with words,
My soule is of a braver metall made,
I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords;
In me's that faith which time cannot invade.
Let what I praise be still made good by you:
Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true.

5.

NOthing but No and I, and I and No:
How falls it out so strangely you reply?
I tell you (Faire) I'le not be answered so,
With this affirming No, denying I.
I say, I love, you slightly answer I:
I say, You love, you peale me out a No:
I say, I die, you eccho me with I:
Save me I crie, you sigh me out a No.
Must Woe and I have nought but No and I?
No I, am I, if I no more can have;
Answer no more, with silence make reply,
And let me take my selfe what I doe crave:
Let No and I, with I and you be so:
Then answer No and I, and I and No.

6.

HOw many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in Coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no Poet sings,
Ere they be well wrap'd in their winding sheet?
Where I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these daies,
And Queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the almes of thy superfluous praise;
Virgins and Matrons reading these my rimes,
Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
That they shall grieve they liv'd not in these times,
To have seen thee, their Sexes onely glory:
So shalt thou flie above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortall song.

7.

LOve in a humour play'd the Prodigall,
And bad my senses to a solemne feast;
Yet more to grace the company withall,
Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:
No other drinke would serve this Glutton's turne,
But precious teares distilling from mine eyne,
Which with my sighes this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing carowses in this costly wine;
Where, in his cups o'recome with foule excesse,
Straightwaies he plaies a swaggering Ruffins part,
And at the banquet in his drunkennesse,
Slew his deare friend, my kind and truest heart.
A gentle warning (Friends) thus may you see,
What 'tis to keep a Drunkard companie.

There's

8.

THere's nothing grieves me, but that age ſhould haſte,
That in my daies I may not ſee thee old,
That where thoſe two cleere ſparkling eies are plac'd,
Onely two loop-holes then I might behold.
That lovely, arched, ivorie, polliſh'd brow,
Defac'd with wrinkles, that I might but ſee;
Thy dainty haire, ſo curl'd and criſped now,
Like grizzled Moſſe upon ſome aged tree;
Thy cheeke, now fluſh with Roſes, ſunke and leane,
Thy lips, with age, as any wafer thin,
Thy pearly teeth out of thy head ſo cleane, (chin:
That when thou feed'ſt, thy noſe ſhall touch thy (thee,
Theſe lines that now thou ſcorn'ſt, wth ſhould delight
Then would I make thee reade, but to deſpight thee.

9.

AS other men, ſo I my ſelfe doe muſe,
Why in this ſort I wreſt Invention ſo,
And why theſe giddy Metaphors I uſe,
Leaving the path the greater part doe goe;
I will reſolve you: I am lunaticke,
And ever this in mad men you ſhall find,
What they laſt thought of, when the brain grew ſicke,
In moſt diſtraction they keep that in mind.
Thus talking idly in this Bedlam fit,
Reaſon and I (you muſt conceive) are twaine,
'Tis nine yeeres now ſince firſt I loſt my wit,
Beare with me then, though troubled be my braine:
With diet and correction men diſtraught,
(Not too far paſt) may to their wits be brought.

T

10.

TO nothing fitter can I thee compare,
Than to the ſon of ſome rich Penny-father,
Who having now brought on his end with care,
Leaves to his ſon all he had heap'd together;
This new rich Novice laviſh of his cheſt,
To one man gives, doth on another ſpend,
Then here he riots, yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to lend ſome to one true honeſt friend.
Thy gifts thou in obſcurity doſt waſte,
Falſe friends thy kindneſſe, born but to deceive thee;
Thy Love, that is on the unworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy Beauty, which with age will leave thee;
Onely that little which to me was lent,
I give thee backe, when all the reſt is ſpent.

11.

YOu not alone, when You are ſtill alone,
O God, from You that I could private be,
Since You one were, I never ſince was one,
Since You in me, my ſelfe ſince out of me,
Tranſported from my ſelfe into Your being,
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to either,
Senſleſſe with too much joy, each other ſeeing,
And onely abſent when we are together.
Give Me my ſelfe, and take Your ſelfe againe,
Deviſe ſome meanes but how I may forſake You,
So much is mine that doth with You remaine,
That taking what is mine, with me I take You;
You doe bewitch mee, O that I could flie,
From my ſelfe You, or from your owne ſelfe I.

That

To the Soule.

12.

THat learned Father, which ſo firmly proves
The Soule of man immortall and divine,
And doth the ſev'rall offices define,
Anima Gives her that name, as ſhe the body moves,
Amor Then is ſhe Love, imbracing Charity,
Animus Moving a will in us, it is the Mind,
Mens Retaining knowledge, ſtil the ſame in kind,
Memoria As intellectuall, it is Memory,
Ratio In judging, Reaſon onely is her name,
Senſus In ſpeedy apprehenſion it is Senſe,
Conſcientia In right or wrong they call her Conſcience,
Spiritus The Spirit, when it to God-ward doth in-
These of the Soule the ſev'rall functions bee, (flame:
Which my heart lightned by thy love doth ſee.

To the Shadow.

13.

LEtters and Lines we ſee are ſoon defaced,
Metals doe waſte, and fret with cankers ruſt,
The Diamond ſhall once conſume to duſt,
And freſheſt colours with foule ſtaines diſgraced:
Paper and Inke can paint but naked words,
To write with bloud, of force offends the ſight;
And if with teares, I find them all too light,
And ſighes and ſignes a ſilly hope affords.
O ſweeteſt Shadow, how thou ſerv'ſt my turne!
Which ſtill ſhalt be as long as there is Sunne;
Nor whilſt the world is, never ſhall be done,
Whilſt Moon ſhall ſhine, or any fire ſhall burne:
That ev'ry thing whence Shadow doth proceed,
May in his Shadow my Loves ſtory reade.

14.

IF he, from Heav'n that filch'd that living Fire,
Condemn'd by *Jove* to endlesse torment bee,
I greatly marvell how you still goe free,
That farre beyond *Prometheus* did aspire:
The fire he stole, although of heav'nly kind,
Which from above he grafuly did take,
Of liveleſſe clods, to living men to make,
He did bestow in temper of the mind:
But you broke into Heav'ns immortall store,
Where Vertue, Honour, Wit, and Beauty lay;
Which taking thence you have escap'd away,
Yet stand as free as ere you did before:
Yet old *Prometheus* punish'd for his rape:
Thus poore theeves suffer, when the greater scape.

His remedy for Love.

15.

SInce to obtaine thee, nothing me will stead,
I have a med'cine that shall cure my love,
The powder of her heart dri'd, when she 's dead,
That Gold nor Honour ne'r had power to move;
Mix'd with her teares that ne'r her true Love crost,
Nor at Fifteen ne'r long'd to be a Bride,
Boil'd with her sighes in giving up the ghost,
That for her late deceased husband di'd;
Into the same then let a woman breath,
That being chid, did never word reply,
With one thrice-marri'd's prai'rs, that did bequeath
A legacie to stale Virginity:
If this receit have not the pow'r to vex me,
Little I'le say, but thinke the Divell's in me.

'Mongſt

An Alluſion to the Phœnix.

16.

MOngſt all the creatures in this ſpacious Round,
Of the Birds kind, the Phœnix is alone,
Which beſt by you of living things is knowne;
None like to that, none like to you is found.
Your Beauty is the hot and ſplend'rous Sun,
The precious Spices be your chaſte deſire,
Which being kindled by that heav'nly fire,
Your life ſo like the Phœnix's begun;
Your ſelfe thus burned in that ſacred flame,
With ſo rare ſweetneſſe all the Heav'ns perfuming,
Againe increaſing, as you are conſuming,
Onely by dying, borne the very ſame;
And wing'd by fame, you to the Stars aſcend,
So you of Time ſhall live beyond the end.

To Time.

17.

STay, ſpeedy Time, behold before thou paſſe,
From age to age what thou haſt ſought to ſee,
One, in whom all the Excellencies bee,
In whom, Heav'n lookes it ſelfe as in a glaſſe:
Time, looke thou too in this tralucent Glaſſe,
And thy youth paſt in this pure Mirrour ſee,
As the worlds beauty in his infancie,
What it was then, and thou before it was;
Paſſe on, and to Poſterity tell this,
Yet ſee thou tell, but truly, what hath been,
Say to our Nephewes, that thou once haſt ſeen,
In perfect humane ſhape all Heav'nly Bliſſe;
And bid them mourne, nay more, deſpaire with thee,
That ſhe is gone, her like againe to ſee.

To the Celestiall Numbers.

18.

TO this our World, to Learning, and to Heaven,
Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine,
One number of the earth, the other both divine,
One woman now makes three odde numbers even.
Nine orders first of Angels be in Heaven,
Nine Muses doe with learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are ever resident.
Nine worthy women to the world were given:
My Worthy one to these nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire Muse, one Muse unto the nine,
And my good Angel (in my soule divine)
With one more Order these nine Orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angel then,
Makes every one of these three Nines a Ten.

To Humour.

19.

YOu cannot love, my pretty Heart, and why?
There was a time you told me that you would:
But now againe you will the same denie,
If it might please you, would to God you could.
What will you hate? nay that you will not neither;
Nor love, nor hate, how then? what will you doe?
What will you keep a meane then betwixt either?
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too?
Yet serves not this: what next, what other shift?
You will, and will not, what a coile is here?
I see your craft, now I perceive your drift,
And all this while, I was mistaken there:
Your love and hate is this, I now doe prove you,
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you.

20.

AN evill ſpirit your beauty haunts me ſtill,
Wherewith (alas) I have been long poſſeſt,
Which ceaſeth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor gives me once but one poore minutes reſt:
In me it ſpeakes, whether I ſleep or wake,
And when by meanes to drive it out I try,
With greater torments than it me doth take,
And tortures me in moſt extremity;
Before my face it layes downe my deſpaires,
And haſtes me on unto a ſudden death;
Now tempting me to drowne my ſelfe in teares,
And then in ſighing to give up my breath:
Thus am I ſtill provok'd to every evill,
By this good wicked Spirit, ſweet Angel Divell.

21.

A Witleſſe Gallant, a young Wench that woo'd,
(Yet his dull ſpirit her not one jot could move)
Intreated me, as e'r I wiſh'd his good,
To write him but one Sonnet to his Love:
When I, as faſt as e're my pen could trot,
Powr'd out what firſt from quicke Invention came;
Nor never ſtood one word thereof to blot,
Much like his wit that was to uſe the ſame:
But with my Verſes he his Miſtreſſe won,
Who doted on the Dolt beyond all meaſure,
But ſee, for you to Heav'n for phraſe I run,
And ranſack all *Apollo's* golden Treaſure;
Yet by my Froth this Foole his Love obtaines,
And I loſe you for all my wit and paines.

Wi

To Folly.

22.

WIth Fooles & Children good Diſcretion beares;
Then honeſt people beare with Love and me,
Nor older yet, nor wiſer made by yeeres,
Amongſt the reſt of Fooles and Children be:
Love ſtill a Baby, playes with gawdes and toyes,
And like a Wanton ſports with every feather;
And Ideots ſtill are running after Boyes,
Then Fooles and Children fitt'ſt to goe together:
He ſtill as young as when he firſt was borne,
No wiſer I, than when as young as he.
You that behold us, laugh us not to ſcorne,
Give Nature thankes ye are not ſuch as we:
Yet Fooles and Children ſometimes tell in play,
Some wiſe in ſhew, more Fooles indeed than they.

23.

LOve baniſh'd Heaven, in earth was held in ſcorne,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggery;
And wanting friends, though of a Goddeſſe borne,
Yet crav'd the almes of ſuch as paſſed by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring gueſt,
With ſighes and teares ſtill furniſhing his table,
With what might make the miſerable bleſt;
But this ungratefull, for my good deſert,
Intic'd my thoughts againſt me to conſpire,
Who gave conſent to ſteale away my heart,
And ſet my breaſt, his lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my friends, when Beggers grow thus bold,
No marvell then though Charity grow cold.

24.

Heare some say, this man is not in love:
Who? can he love? a likely thing, they say;
Reade but his Verse, and it will eas'ly proove.
O, judge not rashly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Because I coolly trifle in this sort,
As one that faine his sorrowes would beguile:
You now suppose me all this time in sport,
And please your selfe with this conceit the while.
Ye shallow Censures, sometimes see ye not,
In greatest perils some men pleasant be,
Where Fame by death is onely to be got,
They resolute resolv'd stands the case with me;
Where other men in depth of passion crie,
I laugh at Fortune, as in jest to die.

25.

OH, why should Nature niggardly restraine,
That for so fine Nations relish not our tongue!
Else should my lines glide on the waves of Rheine,
And crowne the Pyren's with my living song:
But bounded thus, to Scotland get you forth,
Thence take your wing unto the Orcades,
There let my Verse get glory in the North,
Making my sighes to thaw the frozen seas;
And let the Bards within that Irish Isle,
To whom my Muse with fiery wings shall passe,
Call backe the stiffe-neck'd Rebels from exile,
And mollifie the slaught'ring Galliglasse;
And when my flowing numbers they rehearse,
Let Wolves and Beares be charmed with my Verse.

I en

To Despaire.

26.

EVer love, where never hope appeares,
Yet hope drawes on my never-hoping care,
And my lives hope would die, but for despaire.
My never-cermine joy breeds ever-certaine feares,
Uncertaine dread gives wings unto my hope;
Yet my hopes wings are laden so with feare,
As they cannot ascend to my hopes sphoare;
Though feare gives them more than a Heav'nly scope,
Yet this large roome is bounded with despaire,
So my love is still tetr'red with vaine hope,
And liberty deprives him of his scope,
And thus am I impeison'd in the aire:
Then, sweet Despaire, a while hold up thy head,
Or all my hope for fortune will be dead.

27.

IS not Love here, as 'tis in other climes,
And diff'reth it, as doe the sev'rall Nations?
Or hath it lost the Vertue with the times,
Or in this Iland alt'reth with the fashions?
Or have our passions lesser pow'r than theirs,
Who had lesse are them lively to expresse?
Is Nature growne lesse pow'rfull in their heires,
Or in our fathers did she more transgresse?
I'm sure my sighes come from a heart as true,
As any mans that memory can boast,
And my respects and services to you,
Equall with his, that loves his Mistresse most:
Or Nature must be partiall in my cause,
Or onely you doe violate her lawes.

28.

TO ſuch as ſay thy love I over-prize,
And doe not ſticke to terme my praiſes folly;
Againſt theſe folke, that thinke themſelves ſo wiſe,
I thus oppoſe my reaſons forces wholly:
Though I give more than well affords my ſtate,
In which expence the moſt ſuppoſe me vaine,
Which yeelds them nothing at the eaſieſt rate,
Yet at this price returnes me treble gaine.
They value not unskilfull how to uſe,
And I give much, becauſe I gaine thereby:
I that thus take, or they that thus refuſe,
Whether are theſe deceived then, or I?
In ev'ry thing I hold this Maxime ſtill,
The circumſtance doth make it good or ill.

To the Senſes.

29.

WHen conqu'ring Love did firſt my heart aſſaile,
Unto mine aide I ſummon'd every ſenſe,
Doubting, if that proud Tyrant ſhould prevaile,
My heart ſhould ſuffer for mine eyes offence;
But he with Beauty firſt corrupted Sight,
My Hearing brib'd with her tongues harmony,
My Taſte by her ſweet lips drawne with delight,
My Smelling won with her breath's ſpicery:
But when my Touching came to play his part,
(The King of Senſes, greater than the reſt)
He yeelds Love up the keyes unto my heart,
And tells the other how they ſhould be bleſt:
And thus by thoſe of whom I hop'd for aid,
To cruell Love my ſoule was firſt betrai'd.

Thoſe

To the Veſtals.

30.

THoſe Prieſts which firſt the Veſtall fire begun,
Which might be borrow'd from no earthly flame,
Devis'd a Veſſell to receive the Sun,
Being ſtedfaſtly oppoſed to the ſame:
Where, with ſweet wood, laid curiouſly by Art,
On which the Sun might by reflection beat,
Receiving ſtrength from ev'ry ſecret part,
The fuell kindled with celeſtiall heat.
Thy bleſſed eyes, the Sun which lights this fire,
My holy thoughts, they be the Veſtall flame,
The precious odours be my chaſte deſires,
My breaſts the veſſell which includes the ſame:
Thou art my *Veſta*, thou my Goddeſſe art,
Thy hallow'd Temple onely is my heart.

To the Criticke.

31.

ME thinkes I ſee ſome crooked Mimicke jeere,
And take my Muſe with this fantaſticke grace,
Turning my papers, aſkes, What have we here?
Making withall ſome filthy Anticke face.
I feare no cenſure, nor what thou canſt ſay,
Nor ſhall my ſpirit one jot of vigour loſe;
Think'ſt thou my wit ſhall keep the Pack-horſe way,
That every dudgen low Invention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in bundles are impreſt,
And ev'ry Drudge doth dull our ſatiate eare;
Think'ſt thou my Love ſhall in thoſe rags be dreſt,
That ev'ry Dowdy, ev'ry Trull doth weare?
Up to my pitch no common Judgement flies,
I ſcorne all earthly dung-bred Scarabies.

To the River Ankor.

32.

OUr Floods-Queen Thames, for Ships and Swans is crowned,
And ſtately Severne for her Shore is priſed,
The cryſtall Trent for Fords and Fish renowned,
And Avons fame to Albions Cliffes is raiſed,
Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee,
Yorke many wonders of her Owſe can tell,
The Peake her Dove, whoſe bankes ſo fertile be,
And Kent will ſay, her Medway doth excell,
Cotſwold commends her Iſis to the Tame,
Our Northerne borders boaſt of Tweeds faire flood,
Our Weſterne parts extoll their Wilis fame,
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood;
Ardens ſweet Ankor, let thy glory be,
That faire Idea onely lives by thee.

To Imagination.

33.

WHilſt yet mine eyes doe ſurfeit with delight,
My woefull heart impriſon'd in my breaſt,
Wiſheth to be transformed to my ſight,
That it, like thoſe, by looking might be bleſt:
But whilſt mine eyes thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their objects over-ſoon depart,
Theſe now the others happineſſe doe praiſe,
Wiſhing themſelves that they had been my heart;
That eyes were heart, or that the heart were eyes,
As covetous the others uſe to have:
But finding Nature their requeſt denies,
This to each other mutually they crave;
That ſince the one cannot the other bee,
That eyes could thinke of that my heart could ſee.

Marvell

To Admiration.

34.

Marvell not, Love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Raviſh'd a world beyond the farthest thought,
And knowing more than ever hath been taught,
That I am onely ſtarv'd in my deſire;
Marvell not, Love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To Wiſedome's ſelfe to miniſter direction,
That I am onely ſtarv'd in my deſire;
Marvell not, Love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Though my conceit I further ſeem to bend,
Than poſſibly invention can extend,
And yet am onely ſtarv'd in my deſire:
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Love,
That this to me doth yet no wonder prove.

To Miracle.

35.

Some miſ-beleeving and profane in Love,
When I doe ſpeake of Miracles by thee,
May ſay, that thou art flattered by mee,
Who onely write my skill in Verſe to prove;
See Miracles, ye unbeleeving, ſee,
A dumbe-borne Muſe made to expreſſe the mind,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kind,
One by thy name, the other touching thee;
Blind were mine eyes till they were ſeen of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed bee,
My vices cur'd by vertues ſprung from thee,
My hopes reviv'd, which long in grave had lyen:
All uncleane thoughts fonle ſpirits caſt out in mee,
Onely by vertue that proceeds from thee.

Cupid *conjured.*

36.

THou purblind Boy, since thou hast been so slacke,
To wound her heart, whose eies have wounded me,
And suff'red her to glory in my wracke,
Thus to my aide I lastly conjure thee;
By Hellish Styx (by which the Thund'rer sweares)
By thy faire Mothers unavoided power,
By *Hecat's* names, by *Proserpine's* sad teares,
When she was rapt to the infernall Bower;
By thine owne loved *Psyches*, by the fires
Spent on thine Altars, flaming up to Heav'n;
By all true Lovers sighs, vowes, and desires,
By all the wounds that ever thou hast given,
I conjure thee by all that I have nam'd,
To make her love, or *Cupid* be thou damn'd.

37.

DEare, why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
Me thinkes this time becommeth Lovers best;
Night was ordain'd together friends to keep:
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day dis-joyne by severall flight,
The quiet Ev'ning yet together brings,
And each returnes unto his Love at night?
O, thou that art so courteous else to all!
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me onely thus,
That ev'ry creature to his kind do'st call,
And yet 'tis thou do'st onely sever us?
Well could I wish it would be ever Day,
If when Night comes, you bid me goe away.

Sitting

38.

SItting alone, Love bids me goe and write;
Reason pluckes back, commanding me to ſtay,
Boaſting, that ſhe doth ſtill direct the way,
Or elſe Love were unable to endite.
Love growing angry, vexed at the ſpleen,
And ſcorning Reaſons maimed Argument,
Straight taxeth Reaſon, wanting to invent,
Where ſhe with Love converſing hath not been.
Reaſon reproached with this coy diſdaine,
Deſpiteth Love, and laugheth at her folly;
And Love contemning Reaſons reaſon wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a graine:
Reaſon put backe, doth out of ſight remove,
And Love alone pickes reaſon out of love.

39.

SOme, when in rime they of their Loves doe tell,
With flames and lightnings their Exordiums paint,
Some call on Heaven, ſome invocate on Hell,
And Fates and Furies with their woes acquaint.
Elizium is too high a ſeat for me,
I will not come in Styx or Phlegeton,
The thrice-three Muſes but too wanton be,
Like they that luſt, I care not, I will none.
Spightfull *Erinnis* frights me with her lookes,
My manhood dares not with foule *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Hecat's* charming bookes,
I ſtill feare Bug-beares in *Apollo's* Cell:
I paſſe not for *Minerva*, nor *Aſtrea*,
Onely I call on my divine *Idea*.

My

40.

MY heart the anvile, where my thoughts doe beat,
My words the hammers, fashi'ning my desire,
My breast the forge, including all the heat,
Love is the fewell, which maintaines the fire;
My sighes the bellowes, which the flame increaseth,
Filling mine eares with noise and nightly groaning,
Toiling with paine, my labour never ceaseth,
In grievous passions my woes still bemoaning:
My eyes with teares against the fire striving,
Whose scorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth;
But with those drops the flame againe reviving,
Still more and more it to my torment burneth:
With *Sisyphus* thus doe I roll the stone,
And turne the wheele with damned *Ixion*.

Loves Lunacie.

41.

WHy doe I speake of Joy, or write of Love,
When my heart is the very den of horrour,
And in my soule the paines of Hell I prove,
With all his torments and infernall terrour?
What should I say? what yet remaines to doe?
My braine is drie with weeping all too long,
My sighes be spent in utt'ring of my woe,
And I want words, wherewith to tell my wrong:
But still distracted in Loves Lunacie,
And Bedlam-like thus raving in my griefe,
Now raile upon her haire, then on her eie;
Now call her Goddesse, then I call her thiefe:
Now I denie her, then I doe confesse her,
Now doe I curse her, then againe I blesse her.

Some

42.

SOme men there be, which like my method well,
And much commend the strangenesse of my Vaine:
Some say, I have a passing pleasing Straine,
Some say, that in my humour I excell;
Some, who not kindly rellish my conceit,
They say (as Poets doe) I use to faine,
And in bare words paint out my passions paine;
Thus sundry men their sundry minds repeat:
I passe not, I, how men affected bee,
Nor who commends or discommends my Verse;
It pleaseth me, if I my woes rehearse,
And in my lines, if she my love may see:
Onely my comfort still consists in this,
Writing her praise, I cannot write amisse.

43.

WHy should your faire eyes with such sov'raigne grace,
Disperse their raies on ev'ry vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darknesse in the selfe-same place,
Get not one glaunce to recompence my merit?
So doth the Plow-man gaze the wand'ring Starre,
And onely rest contented with the light,
That never learn'd what Constellations are,
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
O, why should Beauty (custome to obey)
To their grosse sense apply her selfe so ill!
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill;
Onely compell'd on this poore good to boast,
Heav'n are not kind to them that know them most.

Whilst

44.

WHilſt thus my Pen ſtrives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where, in the Map of all my miſerie,
Is model'd out the world of my diſgrace;
Whilſt in deſpite of tyrannizing Times,
Medea-like, I make thee young againe,
Proudly thou ſcorn'ſt my world-out-wearing rimes,
And murther'ſt Vertue with thy coy diſdaine:
And though in youth, my youth untimely periſh,
To keep thee from Oblivion and the Grave,
Enſuing Ages yet my rimes ſhall cheriſh,
Where I intomb'd my better part ſhall ſave;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name ſhall mount upon Eternitie.

54.

MUſes which ſadly ſit about my chaire,
Drown'd in the teares extorted by my lines;
With heavie ſighes whilſt thus I breake the aire,
Painting my paſſions in theſe ſad deſignes,
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happy Verſe,
The ſtrong-built Trophies to her living fame,
Ever henceforth my boſome be your Hearſe,
Wherein the world ſhall now intombe her name;
Incloſe my muſicke, you poore ſenſleſſe walls,
Sith ſhe is deafe, and will not heare my mones,
Soften your ſelves with ev'ry teare that falls,
Whilſt I like *Orpheus* ſing to trees and ſtones;
Which with my plaint ſeem yet with pitie moved,
Kinder than ſhe whom I ſo long have loved.

Plain

46.

PLaine-path'd Experience, the unlearneds guide,
Her ſimple Followers evidently ſhewes
Sometimes what Schoole-men ſcarcely can decide,
Nor yet wiſe Reaſon abſolutely knowes:
In making tryall of a murther wrought,
If the vile actors of the hainous deed
Neere the dead body happely be brought,
Oft 't'ath been prov'd, the breathleſſe coarſe wil bleed.
She comming neere, that my poore heart hath ſlaine,
Long ſince departed (to the world no more)
The ancient wounds no longer can containe,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before:
But what of this? Should ſhe to death be led,
It furthers juſtice, but helps not the dead.

47.

IN pride of wit, when high deſire of Fame
Gave life and courage to my lab'ring Pen,
And firſt the ſound and vertue of my name,
Won grace and credit in the eares of men;
With thoſe the thronged Theaters that preſſe,
I in the circuit for the Laurell ſtrove:
Where, the full praiſe I freely muſt confeſſe,
In heat of bloud, a modeſt mind might move,
With ſhouts and claps at ev'ry little pawſe,
When the proud round on ev'ry ſide hath rung,
Sadly I ſit unmov'd with the applauſe,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No publike glory vainly I purſue,
All that I ſeeke, is to eternize you.

Cupids

48.

Cupid, I hate thee, which I'de have thee know,
A naked Starveling ever mai'ſt thou bee,
Poore Rogue, goe pawne thy Faſcia and thy Bow,
For ſome few rags, wherewith to cover thee;
Or if thou'lt not thy Archery forbeare,
To ſome baſe Ruſticke doe thy ſelfe preferre,
And when Corne's ſowne, or growne into the eare,
Practiſe thy Quiver, and turne Crow-keeper;
Or being blind (as fitteſt for the Trade)
Goe hire thy ſelfe ſome bungling Harpers Boy;
They that are blind, are Minſtrels often made,
So mai'ſt thou live to thy faire Mothers joy:
That whilſt with *Mars* ſhe holdeth her old way,
Thou, her blind ſon, mai'ſt ſit by them and play.

49.

THou leaden braine, which cenſur'ſt what I write,
And ſai'ſt, my lines be dull, and doe not move;
I marvell not thou feel'ſt not my delight,
Which never felt'ſt my fiery touch of Love:
But thou, whoſe pen hath like a Pack-horſe ſerv'd,
Whoſe ſtomacke unto gall hath turn'd thy food,
Whoſe ſenſes, like poore priſoners, hunger-ſtarv'd,
Whoſe griefe hath parch'd thy body, dri'd thy blood;
Thou which hatt ſcorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, ſober, glad, and ſorry;
Thou wch haſt bann'd thy thoughts, & curſt thy birth,
With thouſand plagues more than in Purgatory:
Thou, thus whoſe ſpirit Love in his fire refines,
Come thou and reade, admire, applaud my Lines.

A

50.

AS in some Countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature, destined to die,
Having the judgement due to his offence,
By Surgeons beg'd, their Art on him to trie,
Which on the living worke without remorse,
First make incision on each mast'ring veine,
Then stanch the bleeding, then trans-pierce the coarse,
And with their Balmes recure the wounds againe;
Then poyson, and with physicke him restore:
Not that they feare the hope-lesse man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more:
Ev'n so my Mistresse workes upon my ill;
By curing me, and killing me each houre,
Onely to shew her Beauties sov'raigne pow'r.

51.

CAlling to mind since first my love begun,
Th' uncertaine times oft varying in their course,
How things still unexpectedly have run,
As't please the Fates by their resistlesse force:
Lastly, mine eyes amazedly have seen
Essex great fall, *Tyrone* his peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that long-living Queen,
This Kings faire entrance, and our peace with Spaine,
We and the Dutch at length our selves to sever;
Thus the world doth, and evermore shall reele;
Yet to my Goddesse am I constant ever,
How e're blind Fortune turne her giddy wheele:
Though heaven and earth prove both to me untrue,
Yet am I still inviolate to you.

What

52.

WHat do'ſt thou meane to cheat me of my heart,
To take all mine, and give me none againe?
Or have thine eyes ſuch Magicke, or that Art,
That what they get, they ever doe retaine?
Play not the Tyrant, but take ſome remorſe,
Aſſuage thy ſpleen, if but for pities ſake;
Or Cruell, if thou can'ſt not, let us ſcorſe,
And for one piece of thine my whole heart take.
But what of pity doe I ſpeake to thee,
Whoſe breaſt is proofe againſt complaint or praier?
Or can I thinke what my reward ſhall be
From that proud Beauty, which was my betraier?
What talke I of a heart, when thou haſt none?
Or if thou haſt, it is a flinty one.

Another to the river Ankor.

53.

CLeere Ankor, on whoſe ſilver ſanded ſhore,
My ſoule-ſhrin'd Saint, my faire *Idea* lies,
O bleſſed Brooke, whoſe milke-white Swans adore,
Thy cryſtall ſtreame refined by her eies,
Where ſweet myrrhe-breathing Zephir in the Spring,
Gently diſtills his Nectar-dropping ſhowres,
Where Nightingales in Arden ſit and ſing,
Amongſt the dainty dew-impearled flow'rs;
Say thus, faire Brooke, when thou ſhalt ſee thy Queen,
Lo, here thy Shepherd ſpent his wand'ring yeeres,
And in theſe ſhades, deare Nymph, he oft hath been,
And here to thee he ſacrific'd his teares:
Faire Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, ſweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

Ye

54.

YEt reade at laſt the ſtory of my woe,
The drery abſtracts of my endleſſe cares,
With my lives ſorrow interlined ſo,
Smoak'd with my ſighes, and blotted with my teares,
The ſad memorials of my miſeries,
Pen'd in the griefe of mine afflicted ghoſt,
My lives complaint in dolefull Elegies,
With ſo pure love, as Time could never boaſt;
Receive the incenſe which I offer here,
By my ſtrong faith aſcending to thy fame:
My zeale, my hope, my vowes, my praiſe, my prai'r,
My ſoule's oblations to thy ſacred name;
Which name my Muſe to higheſt Heav'ns ſhall raiſe,
By chaſte deſire, true love, and vertuous praiſe.

55.

MY Faire, if thou wilt regiſter my love,
A world of Volumes ſhall thereof ariſe:
Preſerve my teares, and thou thy ſelfe ſhalt prove
A ſecond Floud, downe raining from mine eies:
Note but my ſighes, and thine eyes ſhall behold
The Sun-beames ſmothered with immortall ſmoake;
And if by thee my praiers may be enroll'd,
They heaven and earth to pity ſhall provoke:
Looke thou into my breaſt, and thou ſhalt ſee
Chaſte holy vowes for my ſoules ſacrifice;
That ſoule (ſweet Maid) which ſo hath honour'd thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy ſacred eies,
Thoſe eyes to my heart ſhining ever bright,
When darkneſſe hath obſcur'd each other light.

When

An Alluſion to the Eaglets.

56.

WHen like an Eaglet I firſt found my Love,
For that the vertue I thereof would know,
Upon the neſt I ſet it forth to prove,
If it were of that Kingly kind, or no:
But it no ſooner ſaw my Sunne appeare,
But on her raies with open eies it ſtood,
To ſhew that I had hatch'd it for the aire,
And rightly came from that brave mounting brood;
And when the plumes were ſmooth'd with ſweet deſire,
To prove the pinions, it aſcends the ſkies;
Doe what I could, it needfly would aſpire
To my ſoules ſun, thoſe two celeſtiall eies:
Thus from my breaſt, where it was bred alone,
It after thee is like an Eaglet flowne.

57.

YOu beſt diſcern'd of my minds inward eyes,
And yet your graces outwardly divine,
Whoſe deare remembrance in my boſome lyes,
Too rich a Relique for ſo poore a Shrine:
You, in whom Nature choſe her ſelfe to view,
When ſhe her owne perfection would admire,
Beſtowing all her excellence on you;
At whoſe pure eyes Love lights his hallow'd fire,
Ev'n as a man that in ſome trance hath ſeen,
More than his wond'ring utt'rance can unfold,
That rapt in ſpirit, in better worlds hath been,
So muſt your praiſe diſtractedly be told;
Moſt of all ſhort, when I ſhould ſhew you moſt,
In your perfections ſo much am I loſt.

I

58.

IN former times, such as had store of coine,
In wars at home, or when for conquests bound,
For feare that some their treasure should purloine,
Gave it to keep to spirits within the ground;
And to attend it, them as strongly ti'd,
Till they return'd: Home when they never came,
Such as by art to get the same have tri'd,
From the strong spirit by no meanes force the same;
Neerer men come, that further flies away,
Striving to hold it strongly in the deep:
Ev'n as this spirit, so you alone doe play
With those rich beauties Heaven gives you to keep:
Pitie so left to th' coldnesse of your blood,
Not to availe you, nor doe others good.

To Proverbe.

59.

AS Love and I late harbour'd in one Inne,
With Proverbs thus each other entertaine:
In Love there is no lacke, thus I begin,
Faire words make Fooles, replieth he againe;
Who spares to speake, doth spare to speed (quoth I)
As well (saith he) *too forward, as too slow:*
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply,
A hastie man (quoth he) *ne'r manted woe:*
Labour is light, where Love (quoth I) *doth pay*,
(Saith he) *Light burthens heavie, if far borne:*
(Quoth I) *The Maine lost, cast the By away,*
T' have spun a faire thred, he replies in scorne.
And having thus a while each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, so fooles againe we parted.

Define

60.

Define my weale, and tell the joyes of Heaven,
Expreſſe my woes, and ſhew the paines of Hell,
Declare what fate unlucky Starres have given,
And aske a world upon my life to dwell,
Make knowne the faith that Fortune could not move,
Compare my worth with others baſe deſert,
Let Vertue be the touch-ſtone of my Love,
So may the Heavens reade wonders in my heart;
Behold the clouds which have eclips'd my Sun,
And view the croſſes which my courſe doe let,
Tell me, if ever ſince the world begun,
So faire a riſing had ſo foule a ſet:
And ſee if Time (if he would ſtrive to prove)
Can ſhew a ſecond to ſo pure a Love.

61.

SInce ther's no help, Come let us kiſſe and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus ſo cleanly I my ſelfe can free,
Shake hands for ever, cancell all our vowes,
And when we meet at any time againe,
Be it not ſeen in either of our browes,
That we one jot of former love retaine;
Now at the laſt gaſpe of Loves lateſt breath,
When his pulſe failing, paſſion ſpeechleſſe lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is cloſing up his eies,
Now if thou would'ſt, when all have given him over
From death to life thou might'ſt him yet recover.

Who

62.

WHen firſt I eaded, then I firſt began,
Then more I traveld further from my reſt,
Where moſt I loſt, there moſt of all I wan,
Pined with hunger, riſing from a feaſt.
Me thinkes I flie, yet want I legges to goe,
Wiſe in conceit, in act a very ſot,
Raviſh'd with joy amid'ſt a hell of woe,
What moſt I ſeem, that ſureſt am I not.
I build my hopes a world above the skie,
Yet with the Mole I creep into the earth,
In plenty I am ſtarv'd with penury,
And yet I ſurfeit in the greateſt dearth:
I have, I want, deſpaire, and yet deſire,
Burn'd in a ſea of ice, drown'd 'midſt a fire.

63.

TRuce, gentle Love, a parly now I crave,
Me thinkes 'tis long ſince firſt theſe wars begun,
Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can have,
Bad is the Match, where neither party won.
I offer free conditions of faire peace,
My heart for hoſtage that it ſhall remaine,
Diſcharge our forces, here let malice ceaſe,
So for my pledge thou give me pledge againe:
Or if no thing but death will ſerve thy turne,
Still thirſting for ſubverſion of my ſtate;
Doe what thou canſt, raze, maſſacre, and burne,
Let the world ſee the utmoſt of thy hate:
I ſend defiance, ſince if overthrowne,
Thou vanquiſhing, the Conqueſt is mine owne.

FINIS.